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MEMOIRS

OF

HENRY THE EIGHTH

Of England,

WITH THE FORTUNES, FATES, AND CHARACTERS

OF

HIS SIX WIVES.

121

BY

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT,
Author of "The Captains of the Greek and Roman Republics,"
"The Roman Traitor," "Oliver Cromwell," etc., etc.

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TO

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EDITOR OF

THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

This Volume of the

MEMOIRS OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH,

WITH THE

Fortunes, Fates and Characters of his Six Wives,

IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

IN TOKEN OF

THE SINCERE VENERATION HE ENTERTAINS FOR HIS TALENTS AND CHARACTER,
AND OF THE HIGH VALUE HE SETS ON HIS FRIENDSHIP,

BY HIS SINCERE AND OBLIGED

FRIEND AND SERVANT,

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT

THE CEDARS, *July* 19, 1855.

PREFACE.

The Prefatory remarks which I have to offer as an induction to this volume, are few, and of small importance. It appeared to me that there has long been a void space in the department of history, which could be filled by a work, aspiring to a popular circulation by means of its style and manner, which should descend from the grave and somewhat stilted dignity of history proper, and attempt something of the point and sparkle of fictitious narrative, while closely and rigidly adhering to the solid and material truth, which can alone give value to historical compositions.

To ascertain the exact truth on all disputed points, I may say that I have spared no pains; and, I may add, that I have aimed at the strictest impartiality.

The contemporaneous chroniclers and writers of the period, not of England only, but of Spain, Italy and France, I have carefully consulted.

The curious and valuable work of my quaint ancestor of Cherbury, has furnished me accurately with dates, with details of military events and treaties, and with some curious particulars of the costume and domestic manners of the day.

The Romish historian, Lingard, has been consulted and weighed as carefully, and received as full attention, as the writers of our own church, and with profit and advantage, his work being, for the most part, as written by an avowed advocate of Papacy, honest and candid; and its investigations being conducted with justice and temperance.

To the lighter and more gossipping sketches of the lady-biographers of the queens of England, France and Scotland, I have also had occasion to refer, principally in relation to the personal qualities and costumes of the royal ladies.

In a word, I have neglected no means of arriving at facts which were within my reach, and I have used the authorities which I have consulted, with no other purpose or desire than that of ascertaining and recording "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," concerning each and every one of the distinguished personages who have afforded a topic to my pen.

Some new facts, I believe, I have been so happy as to disinter from the dust of time and misrepresentation concerning those *two*, most unfortunate and fatal, Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard; and, on the whole, I trust that I have executed the work in such a tone and spirit as shall excuse what faults it may possess, and render it not unacceptable either to the learned or unlearned of America.

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

THE CEDARS, *July* 20, 1855.

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MEMOIR OF THE LIFE,

POLITICAL, PRIVATE, AND DOMESTIC,

OF

KING HENRY VIII.

TWENTIETH NORMAN KING OF ENGLAND; SECOND OF THE HOUSE OF TUDOR.
[*] BORN, JUNE 28, 1491. CAME TO THE CROWN, APRIL 22, 1509. DIED, JANUARY 28, 1547. AGE, 55 YEARS, 7 MO. REIGN, 37 YEARS, 9 MO., 6 DAYS.

> Ceterum, peractis tristitiæ imitamentis, curiam ingressus, et de aucteritate patrum, et consensu militum profatus, consilia sibi et exempla capessendi egregie imperii memoravit; nec juventam armis civilibus aut domesticis discordiis imbutam, nulla odia, nullas injurias, nec cupidinem ultionis adferre.
>
> Tacitus, *Annales, Lib.* xiii. *cap.* 4.

> Nemo repente fuit turpissimus. Juvenal, *Satira*, ii. 83.

> How oft the sight of means, to do ill deeds,
> Makes deeds ill done. Shakspeare, *K. John, Act* iv., *Sc.* 2.

RETROSPECTIVE.

Before entering directly into any consideration of the extraordinary career, and no less extraordinary character of this monarch, it will be necessary to take a brief retrospect of the affairs of England, at the period of his father's usurpation of the crown, and the consequent establishment of the Cambrian house of Tudor, on the British throne; and to give some passing attention to the administration of the country, during the long reign of that able, but unprincipled, avaricious, and cold-hearted monarch.

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[*] Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 4.

To almost every reader, it is, of course, familiarly known, that, for nearly a century, including the whole period from the first dissensions of Richard II., the imbecile son of the famous Black Prince, with the able and ambitious Henry of Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster, in 1398, to the accession of Henry, earl of Richmond, in 1485, with the exception of the brief but glorious reign of Henry V., England was held in a constant turmoil of intestine divisions, civil wars, and bloody and barbarous battles, between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, under their respective cognizances of the White and Red Roses.

These cruel and disastrous wars, during which such was the desperate animosity of the partisans of the two factions that quarter was rarely either asked or given, especially among the nobles, even to princes of the blood-royal, had drained England of its purest and most ancient blood. Nor did the savage slaughters cease with the heat and fury of the strife; the scaffold resounded with the almost incessant din of the headsman's ax; and the assassin's knife cut off, in the secrecy of the prison-house, many a victim whom policy forbade to lead to open execution. In the short space of thirty years, in the two reigns of Henry VI. and his successor, the fourth Edward, no less than twelve pitched* battles were fought on English soil; no less than eighty princes of the blood had perished; and, so nearly was the ancient aristocracy reduced to absolute annihilation, that an ingenious, though somewhat exaggerated, writer† of the present day avows that, after the second battle of Barnet, a Norman baron of the pure blood was a rarer animal than a wolf, on English soil; and there is no doubt, though this must be regarded as a forced form of speech, that destruction had dealt unsparingly with this class, and that the great depression of this order tended much to facilitate the aggressions of the next succeeding kings, on the liberties of the English nation. For, in all ages of English history, it is remarkable that all successful resistance to monarchical encroachments, and all considerable extensions of popular privileges, have been maintained by, or have originated with the nobles, and not with the people.

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* Hume, Hist. Eng. ii. 488.

† Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Last of the Barons.

It is true, that these pitiless and sanguinary wars had one redeeming feature, that they were essentially wars against the castle, not against the cottage; and that, so soon as the obstinate conflict was at an end, and the after-carnage done, no vengeance hunted the retainer to his grange, or the peasant to his cot; though it might pursue the baron to his last hiding-place and even tear him from sanctuary to the block, and that, saving the slaughter of the actual battle and of the immediate pursuit, little scathe befel the commonalty of the nation.

A shrewd and experienced contemporaneous statesman,[*] the minister of Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, a man intimately acquainted with the condition of the principal states of continental Europe, France, Switzerland, and the Flemish and Hollandish Netherlands, having visited England, about this period, and, that, too, before sufficient time had elapsed to heal the wounds of civil war, has deliberately put it on record, that, of all the countries of which he had any knowledge, England was the best governed, with the greatest security to person and property; and that it was inconceivable to him, how a war, which by its character of atrocious desperation, had attracted the eyes of all Europe, should have rolled over the land, like a passing thunder storm, leaving so few traces of havoc and ruin. He saw, he says, no devastated fields, no villages given up to conflagration no towns destroyed by the ravages of a licentious soldiery; but a country flourishing with a rich and thrifty agriculture. hamlets full of an industrious and happy population, towns teeming with the wealth of manufactures, and marts of commerce, white with the sails, and crowded with the keels, of countless argosies.

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[*] Philip de Comines, ambassador from Charles the Bold of Burgundy to Edward IV

And a late brilliant and picturesque historian* of England has well stated, that, during all the fiercest phases of the war of the Roses, within a week of the battles of Bramham-moor, or Towton, or Bosworth-field, the esquire was flying his hawks over the ground, or the plowman furrowing the lea, as if nothing extraordinary had occurred in the neighborhood.

Still, notwithstanding this merciful exemption from the chief horrors of civil war, which the middle classes and peasantry of England appear to have enjoyed during this period, so disastrous to the nobles, the country was becoming aweary of the endless agitation of claims, in which they had little direct interest; of the interminable conflicts of armed bands, in all quarters of the realm; of the lavish outpouring of blood—always a thing uncongenial to the spirit of the English people—and, above all, of the insecurity to property and life, which is inseparable, in greater or less degree, from the state of war; and the interruption to agricultural and commercial progress, which must follow civil dissensions, even in their most mitigated form.

The wars of the Roses were especially wars of faction. No public principle, no popular interest was at stake. There was no issue between king and nobles, king and commons, or nobility and people. No question of prerogative, privilege, or liberty. The matter was resolved, at once, into a contest for precedence between the two branches, York and Lancaster, of the great royal house of Plantagenet, and their kinsmen, adherents and fautors, which should inherit the crown of Edward III., since whose time the title had been, more or less, in dispute.

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* Macaulay, Hist. of England.

Each of these great branches, almost in itself a house, had such power, in land, in intimate connection with the great barons of the realm, many of them scarcely second, in wealth, influence, and the ability to raise armies, to the crown itself, and almost all of them connected by blood with one or other of the claimants, that, in the first instance, they enlisted between them, in support of their hostile claims, nearly the whole of the feudal aristocracy, and, through them, nearly the whole of the rural population, also, of the kingdom. For many years, the interested passions of the rival nobles; the deadly and vindictive feuds arising from the merciless slaughter, on the field or scaffold, of these aristocratical partisans; and their great influence over their vassals and tenantry, which classes included almost the whole agricultural populace, kept the war alive, and sustained it with unabated vigor; until, when, in 1485, the Lancastrian pretender, Henry, earl of Richmond, long an exile in Brittany, having defeated and slain Richard III., at Bosworth-field, in Leicestershire, the house of York was silenced, at least, if not utterly subdued, by the absence of any male heir, who should support its claims to the throne. By this time, the nobles, utterly enfeebled by their long and vast exertions, decimated by war and executions, and impoverished by confiscations—and the agricultural class, weary of fruitless slaughter in a cause which had no possible interest for them—were both unable and indisposed to protract this internecine strife to utterance; and, at this crisis, the traders of the towns, the "burgesses" and "commonalty," recently erected into "corporations,"* who are always the class most averse to war, as desiring quiet and security, above all things, by means of which to acquire, enjoy, and transmit commercial wealth; and who had never cared much for the questions at issue in this protracted and bootless struggle, now came forward, and, by their weight, carried the decision in favor of rest, tranquillity, and peace, at all risk of consequences. And this is generally found to be the necessary conclusion of all questions, even where vital interests, great principles, and the true liberties of the people are involved; if, being once fairly left to the arbitrament of the sword, they cannot be resolved by a speedy and decisive victory, final on one side or other, but degenerate into a long and exhausting struggle, in the course of which, probably, the first causes are forgotten. Much more, where nothing is at stake but a barren claim of succession, about which, in truth, the people have little reason to feel concern.

Thus, on the defeat and death of Richard, no opposition of any kind was made to the accession, to the throne of the Plantagenets, of Henry, earl of Richmond, though he had no real claim to be considered the heir to the house of Lancaster; which, in its turn, had no real claim to the throne of England, by the laws of primogeniture, or legitimate hereditary descent. To many persons, doubtless, this will appear strange; for so large a majority of English and American general readers derive their most firmly fixed and clearest ideas, in regard to

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* By the 18th of Henry VI. De Lolme, ii. 149.

English history from the historical plays of Shakspere—who writing in the reign and under the special patronage of Elizabeth, herself a Tudor, and grand daughter of this very usurper, Henry VII., distorted all facts, and carried all sympathies to the side of the house of Lancaster—that it is usually regarded as the true line; and that of York, as a family of intrusive, lawless, and bloodthirsty usurpers.

The case, however, is brief, easy, and conclusive; wherefore, without farther demur, I shall submit it at once, to my readers, as curious in itself, and as having important bearing on after issues of history.

On the murder, by Piers Exton, in Pontefract castle, of the weak and hapless Richard II., sole heir of Edward, the Black Prince, eldest son of Edward III., the crown of course descended to the issue of the collateral branches, being the brothers of the Black Prince, and sons of Edward III., in regular line of descent.

The eldest of these princes, Lionel, duke of Clarence, third son of Edward, had left, by his wife Elizabeth de Burgh, one daughter, Philippa; who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, in 1381, and bore him Roger, earl of March. This Roger married Eleonora of Kent, and left one daughter, Anne, countess of March.

The second prince, John of Ghent, fourth son of Edward —William of Hatfield, the second son, having died an infant— married, as his first wife, Blanch, daughter of Henry, duke of Lancaster, and in her right succeeded to that title. By Blanch, he had Henry of Bolingbroke, earl of Derby and duke of Hereford. John of Ghent subsequently married Blanch, or, as she is sometimes called, Constance, of Castille; and, thirdly, Katharine of Swineford, by whom he had ante connubial issue, John, earl of Somerset, Henry, cardinal Beaufort, Thomas, duke of Exeter, and Joan, who married Ralph Nevil, and was grandmother to Richard, earl of Warwick, the king maker.

The third, surviving prince, Edmund of Langley, duke of York, fifth son of Edward, married Isabel of Castille, and had by her, Richard, earl of Cambridge, who married his cousin Anne, countess of March, heiress to Lionel of Clarence, third son of Edward. Richard, earl of Cambridge, had, by Anne March, Richard, duke of York, who, by Cicely, daughter of Rudolph, earl of Westmoreland, had Henry, who died young; Edward, afterward King Edward IV.; George, duke of Clarence; Richard of Gloucester, afterward King Richard III.; and Elizabeth.

At the murder of Richard II., therefore, Richard, duke of York, as heir, through his mother, Anne of March, to Lionel, third son of Edward III., was the right and legitimate successor to the throne, in preference to Henry of Bolingbroke, who was only heir to the fourth son.

This was the first division of the kindred houses, and the first usurpation of the crown by the younger line of Lancaster. For, Henry of Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster, having invaded England in arms, being in exile, overturned the government, imprisoned the reigning monarch, and procured himself to be declared king, by the lords and commons assembled in parliament, under the name of Richard II., then a prisoner of state, and shortly afterward assassinated at Pontefract.

The claim of Henry IV., for under this title he reigned ably, but illegally and tyrannically, during fourteen years, was constantly disputed, and his reign disturbed by frequent rebellions and armed risings, the most formidable of which was the union of Henry Hotspur of Percy, the earl of Douglas, and Owen Glendower, of Wales, terminated in favor of Henry, by the bloody battle of Shrewsbury; but he maintained his title, and left it regularly to his son, Henry V., by his wife, Mary of Bohun, daughter of the earl of Hereford.

He, after an able, brilliant, and moderate reign, according to the ideas of those times, during which he conquered and held two-thirds of France, left the crown undisputed to his infant son by Katharine, daughter of Charles VI. of France, Henry of Windsor, sixth king of England, of that name, since the conquest.

His long minority, the reverses in France, which succeeded to the wise and energetic regency of Bedford, and resulted in the loss of all the French provinces of England, joined to his imbecility of character, irreparable even by the dauntless courage and strong intellect of his man-minded wife, Margaret of Anjou, gave an occasion, to the wrongfully dispossessed house of York, to throw once more for the crown; and they were not slow to profit by it.

The intrusive house of Lancaster had now been kings *de facto*, for a space of fifty-six years, during the last forty of which their claim had been scarcely disputed; and had commenced a dynasty which had already extended to the third prince regnant, and might have been firmly established, had the temper of Henry VI. and his rival been different, or had they changed positions.

By right of blood, the house of Lancaster had no claim, as we have above seen, whatever; although Henry of Bolingbroke, evidently aware of the illegality of his title, as by parliamentary election, attempted in his challenge to revive an absurd and antiquated story, to the effect that Edmund, earl of

Lancaster, son of Henry III., was really the elder brother of Edward I., and that, through him, he was the rightful heir to the throne. This attempt, however, was so manifestly futile, and the story on which it was founded so obviously false, that no stress has been laid on it, and it is scarcely named in history.

The pretended deposition of Richard II. and proclamation of Henry IV., was the work of an assemblage, utterly unworthy to be styled a parliament, consisting either of open partisans of Bolingbroke, or of men under intimidation from actual force—which was brought into play against the Bishop of Carlisle, who alone had intrepidity to except to their lawless proceedings—and convoked by no legal authority; since, although the name of the captive king was used for form's sake, the meeting was really called by Henry, duke of Lancaster, who had no more power to call it than any other peer of the realm; and this parliament, if it should be so called, sat but one day, during which period it deposed one king, and placed another on the throne, having been convened solely for that purpose.

The rival faction of York, however, now took up arms; and, after much severe fighting, many atrocious cruelties, perpetrated on both sides, such as the mutilation of the corpse of Richard, duke of York, the murder of his son Rutland, by Clifford, and the wholesale executions of the leaders and nobles taken in arms on either side, succeeded in establishing their chief, in the person of Edward IV., son of Richard, duke of York, and grandson of Anne March, whose superior claim to the throne, I have shown above, in possession of the government.

This bold and politic prince, who possessed in a high degree the affections of the Londoners, and of the burgher class, in general, through the kingdom, whose favor he had conciliated by his concessions, wise domestic regulations, and foreign negotiations in favor of trade, finally defeated and crushed the Lancastrian party, at the second battle of Barnet, where fell Warwick, the king maker, his brother, the earl of Montacute, and the flower of the Norman aristocracy; which was thenceforth so much reduced, that years elapsed before it could again make effectual head against the encroachments, whether of the kings or the commons.

At his death, which found him in undisputed possession of his crown, he left two sons, Edward V., unmarried, and Richard, duke of York, married to Anne of Norfolk; Elizabeth, subsequently wife of Henry VII.; and four other daughters, Cicely, Bridget, Anne, and Katharine, of whom no more is heard in history, though they formed alliances with English noblemen of rank.

No sooner was Edward IV. in the grave, than his wily, inscrutable, and wholly unscrupulous brother, Gloucester, whom he had himself appointed regent, quarrelled with Dorset, Rivers, Gray, Hastings, and Stanley, the kinsmen, friends and advisers of the queen-dowager, brought three of them to the block without form of law, made himself master of the persons of the princes, his nephews, whom he committed to the tower, and procured himself to be nominated protector, by the council, without awaiting the sanction of parliament. After this, impudently alleging that his own mother had been false to his father's bed, that his elder brothers, Edward IV. and George, duke of Clarence, were illegitimate, with their issue, and that he was himself, therefore, the only true heir, he seized the crown, with no shadow of plea or excuse, no popular consent, no authority of parliament, no sanction of any kind whatsoever.

The absurd allegations, which he put forth to justify his seizure of the royal office, he never attempted to support by any proof, nor were they ever received by the people at large, or by any considerable party in the state. He called no parliament for five years; nor did he dare, until all his enemies were either dead, in exile, or prostrate at his feet, to ask the sanction of the houses, intimidated, helpless, and in his power, to his usurpation; though, when asked, they had no choice but to concede it.

What passed in the interim, is less evident, and is even open to some speculation, if not doubt. The opinion generally received, is that the young princes, Edward and Richard, were smothered in the tower, by three ruffians, Slater, Forrest, and Dighton, under the orders of Tyrrel, appointed to be constable of the tower, in lieu of Sir Robert Brackenbury, for that one night, and for that very purpose. It is added, that their bodies were buried very deep, at the foot of the stairs, under a heap of stones; and that, in the reign of Charles II., the bones of two persons, corresponding to the size which might be expected from the reputed age of the princes, were found in that spot, and suitably interred by order of the then king.

On the contrary, it is certain that Henry VII., after his usurpation and marriage with Elizabeth, in default of heirs male, the inheritrix of the honors of the house of York, having every possible inducement to establish the facts of the decease of these princes, since their existence would have set aside his claim to succeed, failed, though he caused urgent search to be made in that very place, to discover any relics; nor, arbitrary and cold-booded as he was, and sanctioned in all his aggressions on liberty and law by a timorous and subservient parliament, did he ever dare to bring to trial, or punish, any one of the alleged murderers.

There is also some reason to suspect, that, although the first pretender, Lambert Simnel, was clearly an impostor, the second, Perkin Warbeck, as he was termed, might have been Richard, the duke of York, escaped, as he averred, from the tower.

There are undoubtedly circumstances connected with his recognition by many persons, who had sufficient means to be acquainted with the appearance of Richard, his own mother among the rest, which seem to justify such a surmise; but, on the other hand, there is as much to be adduced on the opposite side of the question; and it is more probable he was a bastard of Edward IV.

The strongest reason for believing that they were actually dealt upon, at the time, if not in the place or manner stated, is this—that all Richard's actions point to his own conviction of their death, or, at least, non-existence. He, at first, married Anne, the widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Henry VI.; and, after her death, not without suspicion of foul play, was on the point of marrying Elizabeth, his own niece, and daughter of his brother, Edward IV., from which he was only prevented by the occurrences, which led to another usurpation, less flagrant and impudent only than his own.

His object in desiring to contract the latter incestuous alliance, was to establish himself on the throne, by a union with the eldest surviving heir of Edward III.; and to make Elizabeth such an heiress, the princes must have been by him presumed dead, or otherwise the marriage was useless and absurd, as well as odious and illegal.

But now came the last usurpation, which placed on the throne of England not the house of Lancaster, but that of

Tudor; and which, with the subsequent marriage of the usurper, constituted his son, Henry VIII., the subject of my present memoir, legitimate and very king of Enlgand.

I have shown above, on pages nineteen and twenty, that the house of Lancaster had no valid title to the throne, as against the house of York, the former being descended from the fourth, the latter from the second son of King Edward III. I shall now proceed to show that Henry of Richmond had no title to be held heir, even to the secondary house of Lancaster.

After the death of Henry VI. and his son Edward, prince of Wales, the legitimate issue of John of Ghent, by Blanch of Lancaster, was extinct. By Blanch, or Constance, of Castille, he had Katharine, who married King Henry III. of Castille, and appears no farther in English history. By Katharine of Swineford, while his mistress, he had illegitimate issue, among others, John Beaufort, earl of Somerset.

It is but right, here, to admit that Richard II. granted, with the authority of parliament, a charter legitimating these bastards; but it is clear that this was, on its face, an *ex post facto* law; and no *ex post facto* law, legitimating bastards, or bastardizing legitimate heirs, could stand for a moment, even as to the inheritance of private property, much less in the succession to a crown.

Yet, on this wretched assumption, rests his only shadow of pretense to the crown.

After the death of King Henry V., the conqueror of France, his wife, Katharine of Valois, now the widowed mother of Henry VI., married, in second wedlock, Owen Tudor, a private gentleman of Wales. To him she bore Edmund Tudor, earl of Richmond, uterine brother to Henry VI., but of no earthly kin to the house of Lancaster.

This Edmund Tudor married Margaret, daughter of John, earl of Somerset and Kendal, and granddaughter of the *bastard*, John Beaufort, earl of Somerset, son of John of Ghent and Katharine of Swineford.

Edmund Tudor and Margaret Beaufort had issue, in the person of Henry, earl of Richmond, afterward Henry VII. of England, and father of my hero.

His pedigree was in every way vitiated; on his father's side he was of no kin to either royal house; on his mother's, his descent was null by the bar or bäton of bastardy.

The true heiress to the throne was, beyond question, Elizabeth of York; and, failing herself and her issue, then each one in succession of her sisters, Cicely, Bridget, Anne, and Katharine, and their issue; and even, if the pedigree of Margaret Beaufort had been clear of stain, her son Henry could by no means have succeeded, during the lifetime of his mother.

Notwithstanding this defect, or, to speak more correctly, this total absence of right, in his title, no sooner did Richmond land at Milford Haven, in his native Wales, than the leaders of the old Lancastrian party flocked to his standard in arms. The earl of Oxford, Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir Walter Savage, and Jasper Tudor, earl of Pembroke, joined him at once and openly. Sir Rice ap Thomas deserted to him, with Richard's new Welsh levies, and Lord Stanley, who was in command of a large force, nominally in arms for York, awaited only an occasion for betraying him.

They met at Bosworth-field, where, by Stanley's defection at the very crisis of the day, the victory was decided for Henry. Richard died fighting with courage worthy of a better cause; he killed Sir Henry Brandon, Henry's standard-bearer, unhorsed Sir John Cheney with his own hand, and was on the point of bringing Richmond to the arbitrement of a personal conflict, when he would probably have determined the fortunes of the day by his rival's death. But, at this moment Stanley's men treacherously falling on his flank and rear, he was overwhelmed by numbers, and killed by an unknown hand.

The victory of Richmond was disgraced by the dishonorable treatment of Richard's corpse, which was paraded, naked and covered with blood, thrown carelessly across a pack-horse, through the streets of Leicester; and by the barbarous executions of the adherents of the house of York, which can be palliated by no principle of justice or even of vengeance; since it can never be held a crime in the subject of any government, *de facto*, to defend that government by force of arms against a foreign invader.

The battle being won, Henry of Richmond was hailed, it would seem, "by a natural and unpremeditated movement"[*] of the soldiers, with acclamations of "Long live King Henry VII.!" and Sir William Stanley crowned him, on the field,[†] with a circlet of precious stones, which had been worn, as was then not unusual, by Richard, on his basnet, and was taken, as *spolia opima*, from his corpse.

The acclamatory election by the soldiery, and the extempore coronation by a bloody-handed captain, fresh from a base treason, had been all well enough for a Roman imperator, or a wild champion of the Goths, but was scarcely valid, as a title to the crown of already constitutional England. Some other plea had to be sought, therefore, for this high-handed usurpation, and although no opposition was offered to the usurper, it was long ere he could discover one which seemed, even to himself, satisfactory or sufficient.

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[*] Hume, Hist. Eng, iii, 1.

[†] As at the battle of Beaugè, in France, where the Duke of Clarence wore a jeweled crown on his casque.

> "When Swinton laid the lance in rest,
> Which tamed, of yore, the sparkling crest
> Of Clarence's Plantaganet."—Scott.

There were, it seems, three or four pleas* on which Henry might have attempted to rest a claim. First, on the actual right of the house of Lancaster; but this claim, originating as it did, in Henry IV., who had never clearly defined his pretensions, while at the same time, he had avoided to rest his title on popular election, was not sufficiently tenable; the rather that Henry was not the true heir of Lancaster, the Somerset line having been totally ignored in all settlements of the crown, even by their own party, until the failure of the legitimate succession.

Secondly, he might have rested on the recognition of the house of Lancaster as the true house, by several parliaments; but such acts of recognition were so clearly of a partisan character, that no reliance could be placed on them; the rather that they had been regularly annulled by other parliaments, whenever the Yorkists came into temporary power; and, again, the flaws in his own Lancastrian descent militated against this title.

Thirdly, he might have urged his title on the plea of right by conquest; but against this, first, stood the fact, that his victorious army consisted mainly of Englishmen, who could not be said to have conquered the crown of England; and, second, the extreme odiousness of the plea of right by conquest, insulting all the patriotic feelings of the entire nation; a plea which even William of Normandy, at the head of his victorious foreign army, dared not to assert, until he was fully established on the throne, and the realm pacified.

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* Hume, in Henry VII., vol. iii. p. 27, &c

Fourthly, he might have claimed the crown *fairly*, in right of Elizabeth of York, had he married her instantly, as he had pledged himself to do. But he had no idea of holding the crown, only under the limited rights of king consort, and was resolved to be himself king of England.

To this end, when he entered London, amid the acclamations and rejoicings of the fickle populace, weary of war and bloodshed, anxious above all things for repose, and naturally attracted by the charm which invests a young and victorious prince, he summoned a parliament, and procured his recognition as "king in possession," and an entail of the crown, couched in words which equally avoided the assertion of a previous hereditary right, and the appearance of a new ordinance, no mention being made in it of the princess, Elizabeth of York, or any of her family.

"The parliament* voted simply, 'that the inheritance of the crown should rest, remain, and abide in the king;' but whether as rightful heir, or only as present possessor, was not determined."

In like manner, though the crown was settled on the heirs of the body of the king, no attempt was made, in the case of their failure, to exclude the house of York, or to give precedence to that of Lancaster; the king politicly preferring to leave that question ambiguous.

Henry of Richmond was crowned King Henry VII., by Cardinal Bourchier, archbishop of Canterbury; he shortly afterward married Elizabeth, the heiress of York; and, in the following year, as if, after all his precautions, he was still unsatisfied with the validity of his own title, he obtained from Pope Innocent VIII. a bull confirmatory of it. In this document, *all* his titles, by succession, marriage, parliamentary choice, and conquest, are enumerated; and the thunders of the church are launched "against every one* who should seek to disturb himself in the present possession, or the heirs of his body in the future succession, of the crown."

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* Hume, in Henry VII., vol. iii. p. 9.

His first regal act, by consent of parliament, was the reversal of all the attainders passed by preceding parliaments against the adherents of the house of Lancaster; but this deed of grace and justice he sullied by procuring the passage of acts of attainder against the late king himself, against the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Surrey, the Lords Lovel, Zouch, and Ferrars of Chartley, and some thirty knights and gentlemen, who had fought on the side of the late king at Bosworth—an act equally unjust, inexpedient, and injurious to the popularity with which Henry began his reign.

It is not a little remarkable, that in this very king's reign, and by his complaisant and servile parliament, a statute was passed—2 Henry VII. c. 1—clearly recognizing the wickedness and injustice of such retributory penalties;† "by which a shield was acquired against the violence and vengeance of factions, and the civil duty of allegiance was placed on a just foundation, by destroying the distinction between governments '*de jure*' and '*de facto*.'

"It enacts that no person, who in arms or otherwise assists the king, for the time being, should afterward be convicted or attainted thereof, as of an offense, by course of law, or by act of parliament, and all process and acts of parliament to the contrary should be void."

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* Hume, in Henry VII., vol. iii. p. 9.

† Stephens on the English Constitution, vol. 1, chap. vi, p. 154-5. This statute was acted on by William and Mary, in 1688.

In order to avoid protracting this preliminary notice, which will be found absolutely necessary for the comprehension of the occurrences of the reign of Henry VIII., and of the causes which enabled him to ride, as it were, rough-shod over all the prejudices and predilections, religious and political, all the liberties and most of the laws, of a people, free and ordinarily tenacious of its rights, privileges, and customs—I shall proceed to quote a few passages from Stephens' History of the British Constitution, which, while admirably portraying the character of Henry VII., the nature of his aggressions, and the means by which he effected them, show also conclusively the effects of these on the temper of the English nation, and preclude the necessity of entering into minute historical particulars.

"Henry VII.," says he,* "a creature of the people, had been raised to the throne, in order to cut up the roots of faction, to restore public tranquillity, and to establish a legal government on the ruins of tyranny.

"He did the very reverse of this; his reign and that of his son have been two of the severest under which our country hath groaned; and yet in these very reigns, the foundations of liberty were laid much broader and stronger than ever.

"The king, under the pretext of establishing liberty, obtained an ascendency over the deliberations of the commons, and as practical proofs of the sincerity of his 'liberal professions' to his 'liberal friends,' procured the powers of th Star-chamber, and causelessly procured numerous bills of attainder, in order to gratify his hateful prejudices.

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* Stephens, Brit. Const., vol. vi., p. 151, et seq.

"The increased powers of the estates of parliament are evinced by their vesting the crown in Henry VII., without alleging *any title in him* to that crown, by inheritance, election, or otherwise.

"This had the effect of exalting the authority of the commons, and Henry availed himself of such authority, by exercising all his tyrannical acts through their instrumentality; in fact, both united in one common object, namely to destroy the influence of the peers.

"The facilities, which had been given to the lords to alienate their lands, united with the enlargement of commerce and navigation, had increased the property of the commons, and consequently their power in the state; *but*, as the nobility decreased, the tyranny of the king and commons increased, and to a much more dangerous extent than it had ever done under the feudal laws.

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"In the house of lords the influence of the crown was always predominant, the number of temporal peers having, during this reign, averaged about forty,[*] and at the commencement not so many; the spiritual lords having been therefore always the majority of the house.

"Henry VII. proceeded, as he had been suffered to set out, and established by degrees, and those not slow, a power almost absolute. By making an ill use of this power, the king was the real author of all the disorders in the state, and of all the attempts against his government; and yet, the better to prevent such disorders and to resist such attempts, further powers were entrusted to him.

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[*] The number of barons summoned to parliament in the reign of Edward I., and in the first years of Edward II.,—in whose Close Roll, 15 Ed. II., the earls and barons are first called "Peers of the land"—averaged about eighty.

The house of lords in the first parliament of Richard II., consisted of the archbishops, bishops, twenty-two abbots, two priors, one duke, thirteen earls, forty-seven barons, twelve judges and privy counsellors.—*Dugdale's Summons*, 299.

"Because he had governed ill, it was put in his power to govern worse; and liberty was undermined for fear it should be overthrown. It hath fared sometimes with monarchy as it hath with the church of Rome; both have acquired greater wealth and power by the abuse of what they had; and mankind have been egregiously the bubbles of both."

After proceeding to point out the adoption by this monarch, Henry VII., of the "unfair system of benevolences or contributions," which gifts, though apparently voluntary, were extortions; his unceasing and oppressive efforts to amass treasure, by every alteration of the laws, by prosecutions upon old and forgotten penal statutes, by perversion of the feudal rights, by the imposition of excessive fines on king's wards, by the prostitution of justice and commutation of punishments for a price, and by the open sale of every office in his court, and of the highest dignities in the church,—Stephens concludes by observing, with his usual shrewdness and pith—"These extortions and corruptions contributed to the unpopularity of Henry, and answered the end of invigorating his power; they were tolerated by the commons, because the fines and forfeitures impoverished and intimidated the nobility."

The same writer says, quoting from Hume, "It has, however, been justly observed, that the measures of parliament, during this age, furnish us with examples of a strange contrast of freedom and servility. They scruple to grant, and sometimes refuse, to the king the smallest supplies, the most necessary for the support of the government, even the most necessary for the maintenance of wars, for which the nation, as well as the parliament itself, expressed great fondness; but they never scruple to concur in the most flagrant act of injustice or tyranny which falls on any individual, however distinguised by birth or merit.

"These maxims, so ungenerous, so opposite to all principles of good government, so contrary to the practice of present parliaments, are very remarkable in all the transactions of the English history for more than a century after the period in which we are now engaged."*

Finally, he closes his relation of the enactments, laws, innovations, and policy of the reign of this cold-blooded and unprincipled man and king, by these striking words:

"The only objects of Henry VII. were, *per fas aut nefas*, to maintain the possession of the throne, depress the nobility, and exalt the prerogative; these he pursued without being blinded by passion, relaxed by indolence, or misled by vanity."

And this brings me to the period when the first prince of the house of Tudor, who had ascended the throne, as it were, by acclamation and among the loud joy of the people, departed from it and life together, amid their far more general and, if not louder, infinitely sincerer rejoicings. He was a selfish, cold-blooded, far-sighted, clear-headed, avaricious, and unfeeling man—a politic, wise, energetic, able, sleepless, grasping, and oppressive king.

Publicly and privately, with the exception of his own son and successor, he was the most reckless and cruellest, with the exception of James, the first English king of the Scottish house of Stuart, the basest-minded, and altogether, from his con summate craft and total lack of passion, the most dangerous tyrant, who ever sat upon the throne of England.

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* Richard III., 1483, 1485.

It may be added here, not inappropriately, that the systematic depression of the nobles and of the aristocratic branch of the legislature, by the seventh and eighth Henrys, by the arbitrary and self-willed, but lion-hearted, Elizabeth, and by that odious, contemptible, and beastly pedant, sot, catamite, and coward, James I., was severely avenged on their posterity, in the persons of the two Charles Stuarts, when they found to their fate, that the peerage had lost its power to stand between the crown and the aggressions of the people, as it had been previously robbed of that, to stand between the individual and the tyranny of the crown.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HIS ACCESSION, 1509, TO THE GENERAL PACIFICATION, 1518.

On the 22d day of April, 1509, King Henry VII., who had ascended the throne of England twenty-four years before, amid the acclamations of a whole people, almost unanimously hailing him as the man of a new era, and the founder of a new epoch, died in the midst of joy far more general, sincere and better founded than that which had greeted his accession.

On that same 22d of April, 1509, his son, King Henry VIII. ascended the same puissant seat, among the same joy, the same acclamations, under far brighter auspices, far loftier promise, in his turn to die, after a reign of thirty-seven years, on the 28th day of January, 1547, amid the undissembled rejoicings of the most loyal people in the world, alienated from the true affections, which they bore him, by tyranny, cruelty, crime, happily unexampled in Europe, unless we return to the days of Tiberius, Nero, and Domitian.

For the oppressions, bad as they were, of the seventh Henry, there are palliations, if not excuses, to be found in the circumstances, both antecedent and subsequent to his seizure of the throne. Even for his seizure of it there was some shadow of apology.

England, at the period of his invasion, was groaning under the usurped rule

> "Of an untitled tyrant, bloody sceptered;"

the true heiress to the crown was a weak girl, who, even if it had been possible for her to attain her rights, could by no conceivable chance have governed the turbulent spirits of the two rival factions, which, for well nigh a century, had torn the intestines of their native land; and he himself, if not the legitimate heir, had in some degree been led to regard himself as such, and was, it must be admitted, the only living person who could be hoped to unite such a force under his banners as to rescue England, and when rescued, to give her peace, repose, and the blessings of a permanent and just government.

That he did not, scarcely made a show even of doing, this latter is his crime and his disgrace; but it must be remembered—

That he ascended the throne under these difficulties— He ascended it, at the best, with a doubtful and disputed title; with powerful, greedy, and clamorous partisans, to be conciliated and preserved only by rewards, necessarily more or less illegal; with active and formidable enemies to be suppressed; with a flagrant feeling of wrongs to be avenged.

Throughout his whole reign he felt his occupancy of his throne and the permanency of his race at least doubtful. To secure both he took all means, by overpowering enemies, quelling the free spirit of the people, amassing treasures, whereby to weigh down opposition. That he should do so, was natural in itself; that he did so, wrongfully, oppressively, illegally, and heartlessly, was his sin and his shame, and the consequence was not wanting.

He died the wealthiest, probably the most powerful, assuredly the most detested, prince in Europe.

His son succeeded him, with the gayest and most glorious auguries that ever lighted a young heir to royalty. There was not one cloud to cast a shadow upon the sunshine of his promise.

His title was undisputed, his crown his by right, as in fact, and as by the universal consent of the people, over whom God in his wonderful wisdom permitted him to reign. He had no hatreds, public or domestic, to gratify, no injuries to avenge, no feuds to cherish, no onerous benefits to repay, no clamorous adherents to conciliate or satisfy. He was in the flower of youth, just entering his eighteenth year; overflowing with health and animal spirits; handsome, of royal port and manly stature of the largest mould;* expert in all graceful and athletic exercises; blessed with an education,† most rare for princes or nobles in those days, and entitled to be held learned, even among men of uncommon learning.

He possessed a bold, frank, open address, which ever wins favor from the people; he had a ready wit; was not without that sort of bluff and burly good humor arising, in truth, only from a sense of well-being and self-gratification, which so often passes in the great for goodness of heart; and was abundantly liberal, even to lavish profusion, which, of all qualities in princes, most challenges the admiration, and purchases the affection of the masses.

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* Sir Henry Halford, who examined the remains of Henry VIII. in his coffin—when it was discovered, during the search made by George IV. for the remains of Charles I., broken open, probably, at the interment of that monarch—was astonished at the extraordinary size and power of his preserved frame, which was well suited to his enormous arm-chair, said to be at Windsor. He resembled the colossal figure of his grandfather, Edward IV., who was six feet two inches in height, and possessed of tremendous strength.—*Note to Miss Strickland's Queens of England, vol.* ii. p. 235.

† His education was accurate, being destined (as a credible author affirms) to the archbishopric of Canterbury, during the life of his elder brother, Prince Arthur; that prudent king, his father, choosing this as the most cheap and glorious way for bestowing a younger son. For as he at once disburdened his revenues and the public from the charge incident to so great a person, so he left a passage open to ambition; ever since *Eugenius*, 4, had declared the place of a cardinal above all other in the church. * * * * By these means, not only the more necessary parts of learning were infused into him, but even those of ornament; so that besides his being an able Latinist, philosopher, and divine, he was (what one might wonder at in a king) a curious musician; as two entire masses, composed by him, and often sung in his chapel, did abundantly witness.—*Lord Herbert of Cherbury, pp.* 3-4.

In view of his occasions, his personal capacities, his acquired qualifications, the real grandeur of his position, which had no single draw-back, and his general popularity with all classes and estates of the realm, it may be safely said, that no monarch ever climbed the steps of state with such opportunities of real utility, greatness, and goodness, of living rich in a people's love, and dying with an immortal name, as Henry VIII. of England.

"It is not easy," says Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his exordium to the history of King Henry VIII., "to write that prince's history, of whom no one thing may be constantly affirmed. Changing of manners and condition alters that coherence of parts which should give an uniform description; nor is it probable that contradictories should agree to the same person. So that nothing can shake the credit of a narration more, than if it grow unlike itself; when yet, it may be, not the author, but argument caused the variation. It is impossible to draw his picture well who hath several countenances.

"I shall labor with this difficulty in King Henry VIII.; not yet so much for the general observation among politics, that the government of princes rarely grows milder toward their latter end; but that this king, in particular, being, about his declining age, so different in many of his desires, as that he knew not well how either to command or obey them, interverted all, falling at the last into such violent courses, as in common opinion derogated not a little from those virtues which at first made him one of the most renowned princes of christendom."

There is not, however, so much to be admired at in the declension of Henry VIII. as it would seem to have appeared to his quaint and eccentric biographer; for, according to the views in which I see his vicious and loathsome character, I can discover nothing beyond an original proclivity to evil, increasing gradually, through self-indulgence, through entire absence of all governance or restraint by himself or others, through almost absolute power of self-gratification, and through the basest adulation of all around him, until everything that there had existed in him of relatively good was merged in a slough of sensuality, selfishness, self-sufficiency, and disregard to all but his own pleasures; and he became a mere slave to his vile lusts and unbridled passions.

This is but the common course of daily human nature. The first sin, before the commission of which the novice shrinks and trembles, essayed, repeated, unresisted, followed by no sensible retribution, become habitual, is but the introducer to another, to a thousand others, each uglier than the last, until the consequential train of that first trivial-seeming error has swollen into a burthen of millstone offences that might suffice to unsphere and sink the brightest star of honor. To me there are discoverable none of those varieties of countenance, of which the historian speaks, in the hideous picture of Henry's career of lust and cruelty. Only that gradual darkening of the first faint glimmer of light, if any light can be found in the beginning, until the whole is utter darkness.

No one, as the Roman satirist declared, having the Roman Nero in his eye, can be entirely infamous from the first; crime must be hatched out of sin, and brooded by indulgence.

The soul must be hardened and annealed by successive and progressive heatings of the furnace before it can acquire that temper which can defy all impress of nature, virtue, or humanity. It is only the superficial observer, who mistakes the absence of active vice for the reality of actual virtue, that is astonished at the alteration, at the regular but rapid deterioration of character in the career, whether of the English or the Roman Nero.

But from theorizing on the principles involved, I will turn at once to the display of the facts of his career.

He ascended the throne of England, as I have stated, in the eighteenth year of his age, at the commencement of a great epoch in the world's history, and in an era distinguished by more great names of greatest men contemporaneous, and greatest events crowding each one the other out of notice, than any that had occurred before, since the fall of the Roman empire, or has occurred since, until the end of the eighteenth and commencement of the nineteenth centuries.

Less than forty years before his birth, in 1455, the first bible had been printed at Mentz; and books which, multiplied only by the slow and painful art of the copyist, were previously valued at almost their weight in gold, and were attainable only by the greatest and most wealthy, became so general that the truth could no longer be concealed from the masses, whether for good or for evil, nor darkness any more usurp the place of light.

When he was but one year old, America was rediscovered by Christopher Columbus, who, as the phrase went in those days, gave a new world to Castille and Leon; and to the niggard and unkingly avarice of his father, Henry VII., alone, is it to be ascribed that those vast realms of tropical fertility and auriferous wealth, now slowly but surely dropping from the hands of the degenerate Spanish race which first won them, had not fallen, on their first discovery, to that great and energetic Anglo-Norman tribe, which now seems destined one day to possess them.

Ten years after he ascended the throne, Luther began to preach against the sale of indulgences and the supremacy of the pope; began to sow the seeds of that wondrous and beneficent revolution, in which Henry himself, unwittingly as unwillingly, and through the instigation of his odious lusts, the agency of his atrocious cruelties, was destined to play so important, and, had he but played it knowingly and faithfully, so magnificent a part.

Five years yet later, when he had ruled England only fifteen years of the thirty-seven during which he oppressed her throne with the weight of his bloody tyranny, chivalry fought its last fight, and found its grave at Marignano and Pavia; and gunpowder decided that the steel-clad cavalry of the feudal aristocracies should no longer override the people, and decide the fate of nations, by the shock of their lances and the clang of their iron horse-hoofs.

Four new powers in the world, within the space in which one man creeps from his cradle to his grave! And what four powers!—each mightier in itself and in its consequences, than all which the intellect of man had developed, in all the antecedent centuries—each in itself sufficient to have revolutionized the world, and recreated a new society; and, when all four united, incapable of what?

A new power of the intellect, giving ubiquitous expansion, everlasting life, incompressible circulation, to all other powers it had before, or should invent hereafter; making knowledge omnipresent, light instantaneous, truth universal.

A new world, destined from its very origin to invent, to imagine, to aim at, to compass all things new; ideas, governments, liberties, religions, theories; to strike at all things old, loyalties, hierarchies, venerations, superstitions, creeds; and to strike down many of them; many of them it may be, for good; many, it is to be feared, for evil.

A new power of religion, shaking the world of ancient error to its foundations; tearing the black veil of abominable darkness with which a tyrannous and polluted church had enshrouded its light, from before the sanctuary; proclaiming the inviolability of conscience; the responsibility of the individual man to his God, and the accessibility of God to the individual man, apart from the mutterings of any earthly confessional, or the indulgence of any mortal mediator or dispenser.

A new power in war, equalizing the weak with the strong, the peaceful with the warlike; snatching the sway of battles from the fierce nobles, who had monopolized it for centuries, with their iron squadrons; and giving it to the yeoman and the hunter, to the humble infantry of the masses.

Four powers, all tending to one end, the perfect establishment of perfect liberty and truth; and yet by what unhallowed means, by what unholy instruments, through what vicissitudes, by what men!

What men, indeed! Of what other king, save Henry VIII. of England, can we summon up such contemporaries? In Germany, Charles V. In France, Francis I. In Spain, Ferdinand and Isabella. In the Papal chair, Leo X. In the Sublime Porte, Solyman the Magnificent. And, as the inferior persons, yet real powers of the states, and motors of the masses, Columbus, Luther, Wolsey, Calvin, Cranmer—when will the world again behold such men combined, and such a crisis? And yet what part do we find Henry playing, which side bucklering, on this great stage, in this mighty conflict of opinions, causes, principles? What part worthy of a man exceedingly superior in natural qualifications, and splendidly endowed with artificial acquirements—what side worthy of the king of a nation, free, as freedom went in those days, intelligent, enlightened, and earnest in the question? The answer is brief and ready. At the head of a powerful and united nation, secured, as one would have thought, from all danger of collision with his Scottish neighbors, by the marriage of his eldest sister, Margaret, to the king, James IV., of that brave and restless nation, possessing the richest treasury in Europe, in command of the finest infantry in the world, which had never failed in the time of direst need, and of a chivalry second to none, Henry was the first English monarch who ever designedly and avowedly interfered, as an European power, in the politics of the continent.

The kings, his predecessors, the lion-hearted and iron-handed Plantagenets, had indeed, waged bloody wars in France; and on more than one occasion had given the English banners to wave in Spanish and Burgundian breezes; but their efforts against France were personal, their hostility partaking the character of a family feud, and their cause of war originating in the maintenance, vindication, or recovery of their provinces of Normandy, Brittany, hereditary appanages of the crown, from the time of the conqueror, and of Anjou and Guienne, acquired by intermarriage with the heiresses of those states or counties. Their incursions into Spain, Holland, or the Low Countries, had arisen from casual and capricious alliances with various princes at various times, always having some reference to their traditional enemies beyond the channel. All their continental enterprises, in fact, with the exception of their persistence in their claim to the Anglo-French demesnes, had borne more the character of angry and predatory incursions than of wars undertaken on any settled principles.

Henry now advanced his claim to be heard in Europe, as a voice potential; and, owing to his insular and almost inaccessible position at home, to his brave and powerful armies, to his great resources, and unbounded popularity in England, he might have acted as arbiter and umpire between all the conflicting parties, the two most powerful, France and Spain, most easily; and, holding that eminent position, might have procured for himself and his country, at no expense, whether of wealth or blood, all the advantages to be obtained by wasteful and needless wars.

Instead of this, urged by vanity rather than ambition, by recklessness rather than policy, he kept the country involved in constant warfare, now on the French, now on the Spanish side; now aiding the pope, now the Protestant princes of the Smalcaldic league, with absolute inconsistency and total want of either scheme or principle. It may be safely said, that not one of the wars in which he lavished all his hereditary treasures, all the subsidies that he could by any means extort from his people, until from the wealthiest he declined into the poorest prince of Europe, was undertaken in accordance with any national necessity, any sound principle of English or European policy, was closed with any gain either of advantage or honor, or was in any wise productive either of real or reputed good to himself or to his people. I do not, of course, allude to his war with the Scots, which was forced upon him, not sought.

and which would probably never have been undertaken, had he remained at peace within his own dominions, whence no cause but his own reckless vanity had called him to commence an onslaught on France, which had, from the earliest times, maintained the closest intimacy and alliance with the Scottish princes of the house of Stuart, with whom she was closely connected in her blood-royal.

In the like manner, in the mighty earthquake of the Reformation, his policy was vacillating, his purpose null, his weight thrown away, until, when at length it was cast into the balance, and instantly bore down in the scale the arrogant assumptions of the Papal See, and raised the mounting principles of liberty and conscience to the skies, it did so not only without his hearty accession, but in spite of his fierce prejudices and cruel opposition to the cause which he obliquely and unintentionally favored, only because to do so favored his own sensuality.

Not to anticipate, however, it appears that on his first accession to the throne, he submitted himself for a time to the guidance of his paternal grandmother, the countess of Richmond and Derby, and by her advice retained the old advisers of the king as his council. These were Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, his chancellor; Sir Thomas Lovel, constable of the tower; Sir Edward Poyning, comptroller; Sir Henry Marney, Sir Thomas Darcy, Doctor Ruthal, and Sir Henry Wyatt, to whom he associated the Earl of Surrey, who became his especial favorite, as treasurer, and Fox, bishop of Winchester, secretary and privy seal. By their advice he repudiated by proclamation all the illegal extortions and levies of his father, promised redress of grievances, and the punishment of all the agents, informers, and "promoters," as they were cerned, by whom the rapacity of Henry VII. had been fed, and the life-blood drained from the impoverished and groaning people, during the last reign of brass. The redress spoken of extended not, however, to the restitution of one mark of the extorted property; and the proclamation only enkindled the rage of the people against the instruments of the late king's oppressive tyranny.

The only permanent effect of so much noise and promise was the illegal verdict of a jury, the infamous attainder by act of parliament, and the barbarous warrant of the king, his first act of judicial murder—meet commencement of a reign which blushed crimson, ere its close, with noble and guiltless blood—by which Empson and Dudley were sacrificed to the popular rage, and judicially slaughtered on the scaffold, on a charge utterly impossible, and which not a man in all England believed to be true, of having conspired against the king, and plotted to seize the reins of government—a charge brought against them only, because it was determined to destroy them, whereas they had committed no crime for which they could be brought to punishment, even had they not been entitled to plead the king's authority in defence of all that they had done.

Thus did this much belauded boy-king, in the first days of his new dignity, repay his people moneys wrongfully acquired and no less wrongfully retained, by the innocent blood of two wretched men, whose only crime was their implicit obedience to his own odious father. Such was the early and precocious virtue so much admired by his fautors, and the mole-eyed historians who have followed them, "which at first made him one of the most renowned princes of christendom." "And thus,"* to borrow the apposite remark of Hume, "in those arbitrary times, justice was equally violated, whether the king sought power and riches or courted popularity."

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* Hume, in King Henry VIII., vol. iii. p. 81.

But, in order to preserve the thread of this narrative of Henry's first blood-guiltiness, I have somewhat overstepped the mark; for, although these wretches were convicted, pilloried, and paraded through the streets with their faces toward their horse's tails, within a few hours, or days at farthest, after the king's accession, they were not butchered on Tower Hill until the 18th of August, of the ensuing year, when it was found necessary either to give the petitioners their promised redress, or to satiate them, in lieu of it with what is so far cheaper, blood. And, in the meantime, a circumstance had occurred, the events consequent on which led to results the most important not only of that king's life, but of the history of England—results which have not ceased, and shall not cease for countless unborn generations, to reckon for blessings to her and her inhabitants.

Eight years before the accession of the present monarch to his place, there had been a day in England, glorious for a grand celebration; and Henry, then a boy of ten years, destined to be the future archbishop of Canterbury,* had doubtless borne his part in the show, and delighted vastly in his own gorgeous apparel, and in the pomp of the procession, the splendor of the chivalric pageantry, the trumpets, the shoutings, and the salvos of the ordnance.

That day hailed the nuptials† of his elder brother, Arthur, prince of Wales, and heir apparent of England, then in his sixteenth year, with Katharine of Arragon, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, ten months her bridegroom's senior, a lady of extraordinary beauty and accomplishments; and the rejoicings of all parties appear to have been as sincere and hearty as the pageantry was gay and glorious.

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* Henry, as duke of York, actually conducted the bride to St. Paul's, in quality of his brother's groomsman.

† This marriage took place November 14, 1501. Prince Arthur was born September 20, 1486, and was therefore fifteen years two months old. Catalina was born December 15, 1485, in the town of Alcala de Henares. She had just entered her sixteenth year.—*Miss Strickland.*

But the happiness of the young pair, if happiness there were, was as transitory as the show that inaugurated it; for on the 2d day of April, 1502, "Prince Arthur died of the plague, being in the principality of Wales, in a place they call Ludlow. In this house was Donna Catalina left a widow when she had been married scarcely six months." *

This passage, at a later period, may be remembered with profit, as it apparently goes to admit that they lived as husband and wife during their sojourn at Ludlow; as there is no conceivable reason why they should not, for although sixteen would be thought young now, especially on the male side, as an age at which to marry, no one would hesitate to admit that the parties, being a vigorous English boy and a Spanish maiden, were decidedly marriageable; and it must be remembered that, at the date of which I write, marriages were contracted far earlier than would be now held judicious or advisable. After the death of her young husband, Katharine still continued in England; until, as it appears, much against her will, Henry VII. and her father, Ferdinand, a cold-blooded, crafty politician, not widely differing in manner from the English usurper, hatched up a marriage between her and Henry, duke of York, and obtained a dispensation from the then ruling pope, Julius II., on the ground that the former marriage had been merely

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* Bernaldes, Spanish Hist. p. 236. Quoted by Miss Strickland, vol. ii. p. 78.

formal and had remained unconsummated, owing to the youth of the parties.

In virtue of this, the young couple were betrothed in June, 1503, at the house of the Bishop of Salisbury, in Fleet-street; and it is worthy of remark that Katharine, although she[*] objected to this second marriage, her "distaste" to it and "the inconvenience" of such an arrangement, and yielded only to the policy of her father, nowhere opposed it as incestuous or grievous to her conscience, as she would probably have done, had she been actually and in the fullest sense the wife of Henry's brother.

It would appear that her mother, Isabella of Castille, in some sort shared in her daughter's repugnance; for she would not consent until she had obtained a breve, or authenticated copy of the bull of dispensation, which she afterward contrived to transmit to her daughter, who had it in her possession six-and-twenty[†] years afterward, when the validity of her marriage was so basely and brutally called in question. This strange matter did not, however, end here; for three years later, Elizabeth of York, his amiable and delicate wife, being dead, the old tyrant, Henry VII., was seized with an idea of marrying Joanna, Katharine's eldest sister, the widow of Philip the Fair, and heiress of the throne of Castille, and actually compelled his son Henry, then prince of Wales, to sign a protest against his marriage with Katharine, *on the ground of her previous alliance with his brother.* This document was signed on the day previous to Henry's entering his fifteenth year, but the intentions of his father in regard to Joanna being frustrated by the lady's insanity, the matter was hushed up, and the protest so carefully concealed, that it may be held certain that Katharine never heard of it until many years afterward.

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[*] Miss Strickland, vol. ii. p. 74.

[†] Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 206, quarto ed. of 1740. "The breve was only a copy, subscribed and signed with the hand of Juan Vergara, a canon of Toledo, and public notary *auctoritate apostolica*, and with the seals of Baltasar Castiglione, the pope's nuncio, and the Right Reverend Father in God, Alfonso di Fonseca, archbishop of Toledo."

It is to this fact doubtless that Hume alludes when he says, "the prince made all the opposition of which a youth of twelve years old was capable;"* but it is not true that he did so, for, on the contrary, no sooner did he imagine himself to be debarred from her by the protest which he had signed, than, showing already the waywardness which afterward hardened into the wilful and iron obstinacy of his later character, the young prince made such efforts to obtain her, that his father actually set a watch on him to prevent his having clandestine interviews with his betrothed.

At length, Henry VII. being unwillingly convinced of Queen Joanna's hopeless insanity, abandoned his schemes matrimonial, which Ferdinand, to do him justice, had from the first strenuously opposed, when the design of Henry's, the prince of Wales, marriage with Katharine was renewed, and two installments of her dowry were paid during the life of the old king. These singular and disreputable intrigues were only recently cleared up by Dr. Lingard,† who from consultation of the Spanish authorities, especially Mariana, has explained what before appeared inexplicable in the conduct of Henry, thus at one time protesting against contracting marriage with a girl, who did not, to say the least, desire it, and then eagerly pressing the same alliance, when it was at his own option to break it. There can be, however, no doubt that this protest was the cause of his first conceiving the idea, in after years, of a divorce on the pretext of undue consanguinity.

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* Hume, in Henry VII., vol. iii. p. 601, Anno 1502.

† Lingard, in Henry VII., vol. vii. p. —

Immediately after his father's death, and of his own head, Henry brought up the matter of the marriage, declaring to Fuensalida that "he desired and loved her beyond all other women."* A deed confirmatory of her dowry was accordingly signed by herself, as princess of Wales, by Fuensalida, as Spanish ambassador, by Ferdinand as king of Aragon, and by Joanna as queen of Castille, June 7, 1509. Her marriage followed a few days afterward, although it is stated by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, to have occurred on the third. His account is, however, clearly set aside by the date of the above deed, and by the circumstantial account of Bernaldes, the Spanish historian. "Donna Catalina," says he, "wedded the brother of her first lord, who was called Enrico in a place they call Grenuche" —Greenwich—"on the day of St. Bernabo,"—June 11—"and was crowned afterward on the day of St. John, with all the rejoicings in the world."† Ferrara, another Spanish historian, states that "her father, King Ferdinand, was so well pleased at his daughter's second marriage, that he celebrated it by grand festivals in Spain, particularly by the *jeu des cannes*, or Moorish game of the jerreed, in which he himself bore a part."‡

Katharine was at this time very beautiful, in the Spanish style, tall and of stately person, with a profusion of magnificent black hair. "There were few women," is the testimony of Lord Herbert, by no means too favorable a witness on her side, as confining himself to statements of facts more than to the offering of opinions, "who could compete with Queen Katharine." It should be observed in this place that Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, and chancellor of England, did object in council to the celebration of this marriage, in consequence of undue affinity of the parties, but Fox, bishop of Winchester, urging it strongly on the grounds of expediency, the king pressing it with all the willful headstrongness of his passionate nature, and Katharine asserting, with the attestation of several noble matrons, that her marriage with Prince Arthur never had been consummated, all opposition was withdrawn, and the nuptials were performed as above stated, with a pomp and splendor, on which I shall dwell more at length when we come to treat of the queens in detail.

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* Cardinal de la Pole, Apol. Regis, p. 86. Quoted by Lingard, vol. vii. p. 2.

† Bernaldes, from the Middlehill MS. cap. 163, §236. Quoted by Miss Strickland.

‡ Ferrara, Hist. Spain, vol. viii. p. 334. Quoted by Miss Strickland, ii 76.

It was in the month of October, following her wedding, that the young queen is believed by her intercession to have procured a respite for the unhappy men, Empson and Dudley, though guilty of no crime against the state, which Henry, satisfied with the confiscation of all their properties, was not unwilling to grant.

During the following summer, however, he made a royal progress, in the course of which he was so much harassed by the petitions of his subjects for redress of grievances, and for the punishment of the promoters, that it seems he found himself compelled to grant them satisfaction on one score or the other. When the question lay between the surrendering his own selfish gratification, or sacrificing two innocent men, Henry VIII., even in his virtuous years of youth, could not be expected to hesitate, and he did not.

He was not avaricious, like his father, he did not value money for itself, in the least, but he desperately loved what money alone could produce, splendor, luxury, profusion, pomp. His masques, his revels, his banquets, his tournaments, his progresses, were already making inroads on the hoarded treasures of his father. And now his people were clamorous for his gold, and he gave them, what pleased them as well, and suited himself far better, blood.

The cry was hushed, and he returned to his pastimes, pageantry, and pleasure. For two years the court of England was brilliant with one continuous display of masques, banquets, balls by night, tournaments, jousting, and fighting at the barriers with sword or battle-ax by day, in the presence of the queen and her ladies, who dispensed the rewards of valor to the victors.

Vanity was as distinct and as active an ingredient as either sensuality or selfishness, in the character of Henry VIII. It was moreover, as is not unusual, the first to develop and display itself in broad colors, for both sensuality and selfishness require indulgence and nutriment, whereby to grow great, and are rarely strongly marked in the young. Henry's noble stature, immense power, and vigorous activity, in his earlier years, before his limbs grew heavy and his frame obese, gave him surpassing advantage in all military and athletic exercises; and it cannot be doubted that, in all that pertained to the use of weapons, the management of horses, the personal skill of the knight, he was a consummate man-at-arms. Proud, young and strong, he was brave by concurrence of natural endowments, as by the necessities of blood and birth. To do him but bare justice, he was every inch a man.

And he was now burning to display his manhood in some wider and more glorious field than in the tiltyard at Westminster, or the barriers at Greenwich. He was afire to equal the honors of the living house of Tudor to the glories of the dead Plantagenets—his daily dream was the recovery of the French provinces, lost so ingloriously in the reign of the sixth monarch of his own name, and a participation in the renown of Henry of Agincourt, and his own gigantic grandsire, Edward the Fourth, of York. He waited an occasion only, and one was soon made to his hands. Julius II., a wise, politic, and warlike prince, who, although far advanced into the winter of life, was still actuated by the fire and ambition of youth, filled the chair of St. Peter; Maximilian represented the authority of the imperial Cæsars in Germany; Louis XII. wore the crown of France, at length united into one compact and powerful kingdom; Ferdinand, on the throne of Castille, had laid firm the foundations of that vast and terrible Spanish monarchy, which, although now sunk into hopeless decadence, for so many centuries overshadowed Europe with the awe of her invincible valor and the horror of her bloody superstition. Unhappy Italy, then as now, partitioned among many powers, enslaved and oppressed by all, was the bone of contention among the nations.

The rich diadem of Naples, or the two Sicilies, was an appanage of the Spanish crown in the south. On the north, Louis XII. had wrested the splendid duchy of Milan from the arms of Ludovico Sforza. On the north-east, the Venetians, proud, grasping, warlike, mercantile republicans, the European prototypes, in many respects, of the United States of America, late the bulwark of Europe against the victorious power of the Ottoman, had encroached on the Adriatic shores of Italy, and severed the northern part of the Romagna from the church. On these encroaching islanders the warrior pope first declared war; and, having speedily reduced them to sue for peace, granted it, as he affected to say, at the instances of Henry VIII. 't was not, however, the Venetians, but the French, of whom he was jealous; and, the war in the Adriatic regions composed, his ulterior views were speedily developed by his invasion of the territories of Alphonso, duke of Ferrara, a vassal of the Holy See, on pretext of some violation of his feudal rights.

Louis XII. not deceived by the pretense, and perceiving that in his attachment to France lay the real offense of Alphonso, succored him with his army from the Milanese, under Chaumont, who soon compelled the pope to evacuate the dominions of Ferrara, shut him up in Bologna, and besieged him in that city, without any declaration of war. Chaumont was forced, thereafter, to retire by the arrival of Colonna at the head of a body of Spanish horse, and being beaten back into the Milanese, is said to have died of a broken heart. In the succeeding spring, however, the French arms resumed their supremacy; the citadel of Bologna was stormed; Julius was forced to seek safety in Ravenna, and a general appeal was made to all christian Europe to sustain the holy church against the insolent aggressions of the French; who, it was asserted, had causelessly attacked the estates of the church, insulted the person of the pontiff, and, having conquered Milan, now aimed at adding to those unjustly acquired domains the hereditary possessions of the church.

Europe, already alarmed at the extension of the French power and dominions, was rudely startled at the call. An alliance, offensive and defensive, was concluded between Venice and Rome; Maximilian affected, indeed, for a while, to hesitate; but Ferdinand took arms at once, and Henry, urged by vanity, ambition, and the hope of reconquering the Anglo-French provinces, solicited moreover by his father-in-law, and gratified by the pontiff with the title of "Head of the Italian

League," eagerly declared for the church. The emperor of Germany soon afterward joined the league, and all parties prepared earnestly for instant war.

It was agreed that Ferdinand and Henry should at once invade Guienne from the side of the Pyrenees, England furnishing six thousand five hundred men, and Spain nine thousand, for this purpose; while, for the protection of the channel, each power should keep a squadron afloat, manned with three thousand mariners and artillerists. On the third day of June, 1512, Clarencieux, king-at-arms, having demanded the restitution of the ancient patrimony of the English crown in France, and received a solemn refusal, denounced war; and on the same day the Earl of Dorset sailed, with the English army on board Spanish transports, for the coast of Guipuscoa; while the Lord Admiral Sir Edward Howard cruised between Spain and England, during the summer, with the fleet.

This consisted—and it is not incurious in these days of colossal armaments, to observe what three hundred years ago was considered a vast naval equipment—of eighteen ships. The greater part, as was usual in those days, were merchantmen, hired into the service and fitted for war, as best might be, for the time. Of these, the largest ship, the "Regent," was royal property, of one thousand tons burden, commanded by Sir Thomas Knyvett, with a crew of seven hundred mariners, gunners, and soldiers. The other seventeen vessels, varying from five hundred to one hundred tons, had a complement of seventeen captains, seventeen hundred and fifty soldiers, and twelve hundred and thirty-three gunners and mariners; of whom the lord admiral received ten shillings a day; the captains, eighteen pence, and all the others ten shillings by the lunar month.

one half for wages, and the other for provisions.* These armaments, however, were wholly unsuccessful. Ferdinand refused to accede to Dorset's desire of invading Guienne by way of the passes of Fontarabia, until the kingdom of Navarre, which was in the possession of Jean d'Albret, a vassal of France for the principality of Bearn, and known to be in strict allegiance with that monarch, should be reduced, and its fortresses occupied by the Spanish forces. When this end was accomplished, and, the Spanish army having advanced to St. Jean Piè de port, the invasion of Guienne was proposed in earnest, Dorset, whose army, lying inactive at Fontarabia, had been attacked by disease and infected by a spirit of mutiny, utterly refused to stir; alleging his distrust of the king, and the necessity of adhering to the strictest letter of his instructions. Six weeks of dissension and recrimination followed; disease and discontent increased, and Lord Dorset returned home with all his forces, just before Windsor, the herald, arrived with the king's commands that he should remain, and obey the orders of the Spanish monarch.

Henry was seriously and justly aggrieved. He had fully reckoned on the recovery of Guienne; but, as is usually the case when England is acting in alliance with continental powers, he had as his lot the losses, mortifications, and expenses, while his allies and enemies divided the advantages.

Ferdinand conquered the kingdom of Navarre; Louis seized the principality of Bearn; both of which provinces belong, to this day, to the successors of the monarchs who conquered them. Jean d'Albret lost the whole of his dominions, the French king having entered on a composition with Ferdinand, though he made a show of succoring Navarre, by sending a force—under Richard de la Pole, titular duke of Suffolk, who had been, since the reign of Henry VII., a political exile in France, and who was now guilty of the frantic folly of reviving the party of "the White Rose," against the house of Tudor—to the relief of Pampeluna. The expedition failed, if, indeed, it was ever intended to succeed. Jean d'Albret fell to the ground between the two great kingdoms, which absorbed his small dominions. Louis and Ferdinand satisfied themselves with securing their new conquests. Henry VIII. saw his army return to England, after an idle and inglorious campaign, weakened by the loss of nearly three thousand men,* who perished without drawing a sword, by the malignant fevers of the country, stimulated by excess in the hot wines of Spain. The folly of Richard de la Pole in taking service under the French, and reviving an unfounded and unsupported claim to the English crown, had no result beyond the death of his brother Edmund, earl of Suffolk, who had remained, since the late king's death, a prisoner in the tower, and was shortly afterward brought to the block, chiefly, it would seem, on account of his brother's treason.

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* Rymer xiii, 313 to 319. Quoted by Lingard, vi. : 0.

The fortune of the English fleet was in no wise superior, during this campaign, to that of the army; for, having fallen in with a powerful French squadron off Brest, a naval engagement ensued, in the course of which the desperate courage of Knyvett having involved the great ship, "Regent," in the midst of the enemy, he was grappled by Primauget, the French commander, in a yet greater ship, the "Cordelier de Brest," when both vessels taking fire, were utterly consumed with all their crews, a few of the enemy alone excepted, who made their escape by swimming. The French declined further action, and found refuge under the batteries of Brest; but the loss of the "Regent" was regarded an event so disastrous that it was concealed from the public, until the king had supplied its loss by the construction of a yet larger vessel, which he named "Henry Grace Dieu," but which is familiarly known to this day as the "Great Harry," the largest ship in the world, of those days.

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* Lord Herbert of Cherbury, 23.

I should have observed that in the preceding year, 1511, two events had occurred, both of which, although neither of much immediate importance, had some influence on the future circumstance of this remarkable reign.

The first of these was the delivery of Queen Katharine, on the first day of the year, of a son, to the great joy of the father, and among the general rejoicings of the nation. The happiness, however, of both king and people proved to be premature; for the child died before the month closed, and his fate seemed to be in some sort prophetic; since out of several births no heir male was spared to Henry, who earnestly desired one, nor did any other child survive of this marriage, except the Princess Mary, afterward queen, who was born on February 18, 1516.

The second was the capture and destruction, near the mouth of the Thames, by the Lord Thomas and Sir Edward Howard, of a Scottish squadron, commanded by three brothers named Barton, the bravest and most experienced officers of James IV. These brothers, it appears, had, in 1506, received letters of marque and reprisals against the Portuguese, who had, they alleged, above thirty years before, captured a merchant vessel of their father's. Not content, however, with revenging themselves on their legitimate enemies, from privateering they turned to piracy, and committed such violences on English commerce, that the king issued orders for their capture and the destruction of their vessels was followed by hostilities with Scotland, which took advantage of the continuance of the war with France, to lend aid to her old ally, and plant a thorn in the side of her border enemy.

It was about this time that Thomas Wolsey, a man of inferior birth, but of parts, energy, capacity, and ambition equal only to the elevation to which he afterward rose, and to the depth of his downfall and disgrace, began to acquire the great ascendency over the king, which he so long enjoyed.

The son, it is said, though to me the report seems doubtful, of a butcher in Ipswich, he had become chaplain of the household, almoner, and, at last, one of the counselors of the late king; and in the latter quality displayed so much prompt ability, that his farther rise was, it is supposed, prevented only by the death of the monarch. His learning first recommended him to Henry VIII., himself both erudite and proud of his erudition, nor unwilling, at times, to mix in literary disquisitions, and to busy himself earnestly in the affairs of the realm. His rare tact in adapting himself to the humors of his patron, his willingness to join in his revelries, his jovialities, his pleasures, and his pomps, his ready wit, profuse liberality, and art in "making his private house a theatre for all manner of pleasures, whither he frequently brought the king,"* endeared him yet farther to the magnificent and pleasure-loving prince. And finally his artifice of introducing business in the midst of pleasure, inducing the monarch to give just so much of attention to its transaction, at hours when he would fain have been otherwise employed, as should suffice to disgust him with it, and then relieving him of the unwelcome burthen, succeeded in raising him to the highest place of trust, to the absolute confidence of Henry, and, in fact, to the supreme conduct of the affairs of England.

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* Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 80.

In the meantime, if Henry's interference in the affairs of Europe had produced no advantages to himself, it was far otherwise with the league; to which the powerful diversion, effected by the presence of his troops on the southern frontier of France, his threatened invasion of Guienne, and the necessity imposed on Louis of keeping a large force on foot to hold him in check, secured the advantage.

Although, in the outset of the campaign, French valor and impetuosity carried all before it in Italy; though a thunderstroke at Ravenna fell on the Spanish and Papal forces; and though that city was carried by storm—reverses ill-compensated by the loss of ten thousand men and their gallant leader, Gaston de Foix, to the victors — the armies of Louis were forced, step by step, to fall back into the Milanese; were routed, one fourth of their numbers being slain on the Tesino; and were, before Christmas, driven in confusion across the mountains; so that the boast of the pope was fulfilled to the letter, that he was "resolute to chase the last barbarian beyond the Alps."

During the winter, finding himself unable to cope with the united league in arms, Louis XII. had now recourse to finesse, and fortune favored him. Julius, the ambitious and warrior-pope, was gathered to his predecessors, and Giovanni di Medicis, who was elected in his stead under the title of Leo X., though he did not avowedly secede from his engagement with the allies, at least ceased to exert himself actively in a cause which, it is said,* he never seriously approved. Ferdinand of Spain, a crafty, politic, and never too trustworthy prince, was easily induced to abstain from active operations, and to remain neutral while the Venetians, who had of late been engaged on the Roman party, were enabled by Leo's lukewarmness to seced from the allies, and make common cause with Louis.

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* Lingard, Hist. Eng. Henry VIII.

Henry, however, was only incensed by this defection, and rendered more resolute to persist; the Swiss had engaged to second him by an irruption into Burgundy; the Emperor Maximilian, whom he had subsidized with one hundred and twenty thousand crowns,* had promised to second the Swiss, with eight thousand Germans; the people of England were strenuous for the prosecution of the war, and granted him an ample sum to be raised by rigorous taxation; † and, thus encouraged, he determined to take the field in person, and reconquer the lost inheritance of the kings, his predecessors.

The war commenced with naval operations, in the month of April, when the admiral, Sir Edward Howard, sailed in quest

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* Hume, Hist. Eng. iii. 96.

† This tax was fixed after the following rate—Rolls xxvi–xxvii.

	£	s	d
A duke, ...	6	13	4
Marquess or earl, and wives, .	4	0	0
Baron, baronet,‡ and baroness,	2	0	0
Knights not lords of parliament,	1	10	0
Proprietors of lands above £40, yearly value, ...	1	0	0
From £20 to £40, ...	0	10	0
From £10 to £20, ...	0	5	0
From £2 to £10, ...	0	2	0
Below £2, ...	0	1	0
Possessors of £800, personals, .	2	13	4
From £400 to £800, . . .	2	0	0

	£	s	d
Possessors of personal property, from £200 to £400, . .	1	6	8
From £100 to £200, . .	0	13	4
From £40 to £100, . . .	0	6	8
From £20 to £40, . . .	0	3	4
From £10 to £20, . . .	0	1	8
From £2 to £10, ...	0	1	0
Laborers and servants with wages of £2 yearly, ...	0	1	0
From $1 to $2, ...	0	0	6
All other persons, ...	0	0	4

Quoted by Lingard, vi. 14.

‡ From these rates it appears that the old distinction between greater and lesser barons was not yet abolished. They are called barons and baronets, and are considered equally as lords of parliament.—*Lingard.*

The above rate is very curious, as showing the comparative value of money; and also the comparative poverty of the greatest peers; a duke being taxed only as an owner of personals to the value of about £900.

of the enemy, having sworn, it seems, to avenge the loss of the Regent, or to die in the attempt. The French fleet, it seems, lay in Brest harbor, and refused, though insulted by the English squadron, to come out and engage, expecting daily to be relieved by Prejent, a knight of Rhodes, with six galleys. An attempt was made to attack the enemy at their moorings, but it failed altogther, one ship, the "Plantagenet," being cast away on a blind rock, and the rest of the squadron compelled to haul off, by the fire of the batteries, as well as by rafts and fire-ships, which were prepared to drift down with the tide on the English ships.

Meanwhile, Prejent arrived with six galleys and four foysts,* and put into *Blanc Sablon Bay*, near *Conquet*, a little below Brest, and moored his vessels between two rocks, which had bulwarks on them, full of ordnance. From this strong position the lord admiral determined to cut them out; and, attacking them with four galleys, himself grappled Prejent and boarded him in person, one *Carroz*, a Spanish cavalier, and seventeen Englishmen following him. Whether, however, the grapnels parted, or the mariners, overpowered by the fire of the enemy's batteries, cut them loose, the brave Sir Edward was left unsupported, and was, in the end, after casting his golden whistle, the insignia of his office as lord admiral, into the sea, borne overboard, by the pikes of the French, into the waves, where he perished unknown to his adversaries.

Dejected and disconcerted by this loss, the English fleet retreated into its own harbors, and Prejent insulted the coasts of Sussex, and even landed on them; but was repulsed with the loss of an eye, extinguished by an arrow shot, and of some of his men. This appears to have contented him, or probably the

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* Herbert of Cherbury, fol. 29.

English squadrons were so strongly reinforced, Lord Thomas Howard being now appointed admiral in lieu of his brother, that he could no longer keep the seas against them. At all events, he made no more head that year, but returned to his own ports, leaving the mastery of the narrow seas to the Lord Howard, who scoured them effectually and secured the debarkation of the invading forces at Calais.

Wolsey was now fully admitted as prime minister of the kingdom, and to him it was, doubtless, in some sort, due that the parliament agreed, though not without opposition, to the departure of the king in person, at the head of the army of invasion, to the victualing of which Wolsey had been appointed, not without some sarcasm on his origin. The objections of the parliament were founded on the fact, that the king had as yet no heirs male; that his sister Margaret, wife of James IV. of Scotland, was the next in the line of succession; and that, in case of any disaster befalling Henry and his forces, the realm would probably be again thrown into confusion by the rivalry of divers competitors for the crown.

The king's ambition of glory was not, however, to be restrained; and by the aid and arguments of Wolsey the scruples of the parliament were overcome, and the army was embarked for Calais. It was, however, deemed expedient, in order to secure the peace of the kingdom and remove a dangerous competitor, to bring the unfortunate earl of Suffolk, Edmund de la Pole, to the block; and he was accordingly executed, under Henry's warrant, in the tower.

This unhappy nobleman, who was the nephew of Edward IV., being son of John de la Pole, duke of Suffolk, by that king's sister, Elizabeth, and consequently nearly connected to Henry, had, through his intrigues against the late king, and the ill favor in which he stood with his court, been induced to take refuge in Burgundy, then under the rule of Philip of Castille. From that monarch, who was forced by stress of weather to land on the English coast, while on his way to his Spanish kingdom, which he had inherited in right of his wife, Joanna, Henry VII. had extorted the surrender of Suffolk; and, though at Philip's intercession he spared his life, he had kept him in close confinement in the tower, where he had continued to this moment.

It is said that the late king on his death-bed had earnestly advised Henry to this act of cruelty, no farther legal process being requisite, as he had been already attainted by the peers; but it appears to me improbable—as it is evidently doubted by the elder historians—that this was the true or sole cause of his being now, after the lapse of four years since the old king's death, brought to the block, without farther cause of suspicion.

Edmund de la Pole was himself, it is clear, a man of bold and turbulent spirit; one of his brothers, the Earl of Lincoln, had fallen in the bloody battle of Stoke, supporting the cause of the impostor, Lambert Simnel; another, now in arms for the French king, had revived the faction of York, and set up the rival emblem of "the White Rose;" and, whether it be true or no, as Henry's ambassadors were ordered to allege at the courts to which they were accredited, that a treasonable correspondence had been discovered between the brothers, it is clear to me that jealousy of his pretensions, apprehensions of the popular good will to the house of York, and a well-founded dread of disturbances during the absence, or in case of the demise, of the king, led to this execution. Policy certainly commended the measure; strict justice, as it was then understood, did not forbid it; and Henry, even in his yet un perverted youth, was not one to be deterred by a little blood, shed on grounds even more questionable than this of Suffolk, from securing his ease, much more his security, and the succession to his throne.

Suffolk died, therefore, cruelly enough, but not probably so innocent as has been pretended by some writers, and certainly not without warrant of law.

The vanguard of England now sailed for Calais, consisting of eight thousand men, under George Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, the high steward, Thomas Stanley, earl of Derby, Sir Robert Ratcliffe, the Lord Fitzwater, the Lord Hastings, the Lord Cobham, and Sir Rice ap Thomas, the captain of the light horse. These landed in the English pale, in the middle of the month of May, and were followed within fifteen days by Herbert, the lord chamberlain, with the Earls of Northumberland, Kent and Wiltshire, the Lords Audley and De-la-warr, the Barons Carrow and Curzon, and many knights and esquires, in command of the middleward, or centre, consisting of six thousand men. On the 17th of June, by the king's orders, these forces marched in good order of battle to Terouenne, where they arrived on the 22d, and sat down at about one mile's distance before the town, which "was fenced with a large ditch, strong bulwarks, and a quantity of ordnance, which shot freshly, insomuch that the Baron of Carrow, master of the ordnance, was the first night killed by a bullet in the Lord Herbert's tent, which came so near him, that the French, though erroneously, write that he was slain there."*

Terouenne was garrisoned by about two thousand foot, and two hundred and fifty lances, commanded by Mons. Francois de Teligny, and Anthoine de Crequy, seigneur de Pondormy, and was at once invested by Shrewsbury on the north west, and Herbert on the east side of the place, whence they made their approaches with such vigor that it was soon evident, that unless relieved, the town must ere long surrender. A powerful army was now raised by the French for this purpose, reinforced by ten thousand men under the Duke of Guelders, and six thousand under Richard de la Pole, brother of Edmund, who had been recently beheaded; but they moved slowly and with hesitation, for Louis, when he had advanced so far as to Amiens, received intelligence of the defeat of his armies at Novara, in Italy, and of the irruption of the Swiss, supported by three thousand German horse of the emperor's, into Burgundy, where they had laid siege to Dijon, and, alarmed by the news and humbled by the disaster, resolved, with the advice of his counsel, not to risk a battle, but merely to endeavor to protract the siege, and try the effect of negotiation.

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* Lord Herbert of Cherbury, fol. 38 *et seq.*, from whom most of the following details are taken

At length, in the end of June, Henry set sail in person, having before his departure appointed "his most dear consort,* queen Katharine, rectrix and governor of the realm," and left the Earl of Surrey as his lieutenant in the north, to protect the borders against James, who was openly arming, and in avowed alliance with France.

Four hundred sail of transports conveyed the young and daring monarch, accompanied by his new almoner and favorite, Wolsey, the Duke of Buckingham, Sir Charles Brandon, recently created Earl of Lisle, the Earl of Essex, Sir Edward Poynings, Sir Henry Guilford, bearer of the royal standard, and many more, the flower of the English chivalry and aristocracy, with about twelve thousand men, a powerful wagon train, and a strong park of great ordnance, among which were the famous pieces known as the "twelve apostles."

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* Rymer xiii. 870, 872. Quoted by Lingard, Hist. Eng., Henry VIII., vol. vi. 15.

For nearly a month Henry lingered in Calais, where he was visited by the ambassadors of the emperor, by the Duke of Brunswick, and the regent of Flanders, wasting his time and a portion of the treasures destined to the maintenance of his army and the prosecution of the war, in carousals, entertainments, pageants and pomps of all kinds, in which he ever took so much delight.

At length, hearing that the French were in motion to relieve Terouenne, he moved his army on the 21st of July, and had barely advanced so far as to Ardres, when it was announced that the enemy's outposts were in view. Hereupon, Sir Rice ap Thomas, who had ridden forth with about five hundred light horse to meet the king, reïnforced by the Earl of Essex and Sir Thomas Guilford, with a detachment of horse archers, advanced and drove them back, though two English guns were lost, one of which was recovered on the following day, after a sharp skirmish.

On the 4th of August, Henry pitched a sumptuous pavillion for himself under the walls of Terouenne, and made preparations to receive the Emperor Maximilian, who was on his way to join him with a few German and Flemish soldiers, and to make his excuses for that he had failed of furnishing the Switzers with his full complement of men. About the same time, Lyon, the Scottish king at arms, made his appearance in the camp and was introduced to the king by Garter, king at arms, as bearer of a letter from James IV., containing expostulations for pretended injuries, and a denunciation of war in case satisfaction should be refused. Henry, at first, delivered a sharp, verbal reply, but Lyon refusing to be the bearer of any answer by word of mouth, afterward indited a letter, in which he plainly declared, that he was aware of his intent, which was merely to pick a quarrel, with a view to aid the French king, and to invade his dominions in his absence; warned him to take heed lest he shared the fate of Jean d'Albret of Navarre, who had lost his crown for aiding Louis in like manner, and concluded by saying that he had left a stout earl in the north, who would well know how to defend his master's cause in his master's absence, and assuring him that "what he did to him or his realm now he was absent, would be remembered and requited again in like measure."*

This letter, however, James was never destined to receive; for, before his herald could return, he had invaded England, and falling, with the flower of his kingdom's chivalry, had lost crown and life together, on the fatal field of Flodden.

Terouenne had not, up to this time, been completely invested; and a French leader, De Fonterailles, taking advantage of the unfinished state of the lines on the side of the river Lys, broke through them at the head of eight hundred Albanian horse, each of whom carried a sack of gunpowder and two quarters of bacon, *en croupe*, and throwing down the supplies thus boldly introduced at the gates of the town, brought off his men in safety, before the English could muster sufficient force under arms to intercept him.

On the 12th of August Maximilian arrived in camp, and as he brought no considerable power with him, assumed the red cross of St. George, and asked permission to serve as Henry's volunteer, which flattered Henry's pride to such a degree, that beside assigning to the Imperial private pay of a hundred crowns a day, and erecting a splendid pavilion of cloth of gold for his entertainment, he entirely overlooked his failure to fulfill his engagements of coöperation, and deferred so much to his advice, that he was in fact the real commander of the combined armies.

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* Herbert of Cherbury, fol. 85.

Immediately on his arrival, Henry caused five bridges to be thrown across the Lys, and on the 16th he crossed the river in person, with Maximilian and a considerable portion of the army.

Scarcely were they across the river, when the light horse announced the approach of the French in force, who emboldened, it would seem, by their late success, intended to renew the attempt on a larger scale. Under the Dukes of Longueville and d'Alencon, the French army, consisting principally of cavalry, which had been collected at Blangy, divided into two parties, advanced on the two sides of the Lys, when Henry, by the advice of his imperial volunteer, who was well acquainted with the country, and had already twice beaten the French on nearly the same ground, determined to give them battle.

Maximilian accordingly advanced with a few squadrons of German horse, and the horse archers of the English,* while Henry mustered the infantry and brought it up to support the cavalry; but the main body of the troops had no opportunity to distinguish themselves, for an event ensued equally unexpected and incomprehensible. The French gendarmerié, consisting entirely of gentlemen at the head of their feudal retainers, inured to service in the Italian campaigns, during which they had covered themselves with glory, and acquired the reputation of being the best cavalry in Europe, constituting a body of ten thousand incomparable horse, gave way at the first shock of the advanced guards. The panic spread from man to man, through the whole force, their officers, laboring to rally them, were abandoned to the pursuers, and, for above four miles, they fled in headlong rout and consternation before three troops of German reiters and a few hundreds of English light horse, not equal to a tithe of their own numbers, who had execution of them through the whole distance, and made prisoners of many, the proudest names in France and most celebrated knights in Europe. Hymbercourt and La Palisse were taken, but either escaped in the confusion of the melee, or, as some say, were admitted to ransom and released on the instant; but the Duke de Longueville, the Marquis de Rotelin, the Chevalier Bayard, Bussy d'Amboise, La Fayette, and Clermont were secured, and presented by their captors to Henry and the emperor, when the latter returned, still wearing the red cross badge of England, and greeted his nominal commander as victor of the day. No better fortune befell the enemy in other quarters of the field; for a detachment, which had endeavored to intercept an English convoy between Guisnes and Terouenne, was routed with great loss, and its commander, Mons. du Plessis, slain. In the meantime, the French horse, on the other side of the Lys, which had beat up the Earl of Shrewsbury's quarters, with a view to introduce succors and to reprovision the town, were met by Sir Rice ap Thomas, with a sharp sally, and forced to retreat, having effected nothing; while a sortie, *en masse*, of the garrison and townsmen, intended as a diversion in the opposite quarter, was anticipated by Lord Herbert, who had his men under arms and well in hand to receive them, and beaten in again more quickly than they had sallied.

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* It is not clear what this arm of the service was. The terrible English longbow of six feet in length, with its clothyard arrows, was incompatible with horse service. These men were probably mounted only on the march, for speed, but fought on foot

This was the famous battle of Guinegate, better known as the "Battle of the Spurs," as it was termed by the French, equally prompt to ridicule their own and their enemies' misadventures, on which rested all the small glory which accrued to Henry from this unprofitable war, barren of all advantage beyond the capture of two frontier towns, wholly unimportant, unless as a basis for future operations. A Te Deum was performed in honor of this easy victory, and, a few days afterward, the Seigneur de Pondormy, despairing of relief, surrendered the place with all its ordnance to the king, on condition that he should march out with bag and baggage, drums beating and colors flying. And this he did on the 24th of August, when the allies entered the place, Maximilian still yielding the precedence to the English monarch, who, at his solicitation, caused the whole town, with its fortifications, defences, and even its private dwellings, to be razed to the ground, nothing being excepted but the churches and religious houses. This, although it nearly adjoined the English pale, and might have been maintained at no great cost, because it bordered so closely on Maximilian's territory in the Low Countries, and so greatly straitened his cities of Aire and St. Omar, that, should it at any time fall into the hands of the French, it would be a severe thorn in his side? France was at this moment in the most imminent peril. No similar dangers had beset her since the dark days of Poictiers. Henry was at the head of a powerful, complete, and victorious army, with but a few days' march, and no covering army, between himself and the gates of Paris. The chivalry of the kingdom, dispersed and disorganized by their late disgrace, could not be rallied to defend the capital, many of the inhabitants of which were beginning to dislodge, without knowing whither to resort for greater security. The Swiss were besieging Dijon, which could not be relieved, nor could be expected long to resist their assaults. Ferdinand of Spain, though he had made a truce with Louis, could be depended on by him, so long only as his interests should be subserved by neutrality.

Louis was in the extremity of consternation and perplexity, not knowing whither to turn for assistance, when the blundering strategy, and yet more blundering diplomacy, of his enemies liberated him from all anxiety.

Henry, who could, beyond doubt, have marched almost unopposed to the gates of Paris, and perhaps have there dictated a peace, turned aside to invest Tournay, a French town, strongly fortified, within the limits of the Spanish Netherlands, affording to its possessors, for the time being, the key of either country.

To Spain, therefore, as owning the Low Countries, and to France, the possession of this fortress was of primary importance, since either nation must necessarily occupy it before advancing into the territories of the other, in order to strike a telling blow.

To England, it must, under any circumstances, be worthless, even while that country held the fortress and seaport of Calais, with the adjoining district within the English pale, since it is so remote, even from that frontier, as to render its occupation, except by an enormous garrison, impossible in peace, and in war altogether hopeless.

It was nothing short, therefore, of absolute folly in Henry, to suffer himself to be turned aside from the true object of the war to this vain and useless enterprise; Maximilian, however, whose interests were nearly concerned, as they had been in the razing of Terouenne, persuaded him to the undertaking, which was begun and completed with equal facility. On his way thither, Henry tarried, however, three days at Lisle, at the instance of the Archduchess Margaret, the regent of Flanders, and of his nephew, the Prince Charles of Spain, nephew of his own royal consort Katharine. Fast flew those three days of revelry and merry-making, and scarce less fast the eight of open trenches, which only, after sending a bold and chivalrous defiance in reply to the king's summons to surrender, the fat burghers of Tournay endured, before yielding themselves on base conditions. They accepted an English garrison, swore fealty to Henry, and paid down for the expenses of the war, fifty thousand crowns of the sun in one sum, agreeing to pay forty thousand livres Tournois, by instalments, within the ten years next ensuing.

There, on the very day of the surrender of the city, being September 21st, came to the king a messenger from the Earl of Surrey, bearing the tidings of the decisive battle of Flodden Field, with, as a token of its truth, the gauntlet and coat armor of the unfortunate James, who fell there, in an unjust quarrel, though with a gallantry well worth a better cause, with all the flower of his realm. The battle was fierce, terrible, and well contested, and had, in truth, well nigh gone against the English, as indeed it must have done, but for the skillful strategy of the Earl of Surrey, and the chivalrous daring of his officers.

In the commencement, the Scottish had so much the advantage of position, which they appeared resolute to keep, that the defeat of the English seemed inevitable, until, by a skillful movement, at the advice, it is said, of his son, Lord Thomas Howard, the high admiral, Surrey crossed the river Till to its right bank, and having executed a long flank march, as if with a view to giving the enemy the slip and penetrating into Scotland, recrossed it by Twisel bridge, in the rear of the Scottish camp, and advanced as if to assault the king's lines.

James, alarmed by this demonstration, fired his camp on the hill to conceal his movements, and covered by the smoke of the conflagration, broke down in five solid phalanxes of spears, the favorite Scottish order of battle, upon his enemies, who scarce saw, before they felt, his columns. The conflict was stern and doubtful. The right wing of the English, under Sir Edmund Howard, was broken, its banners beaten down and its commander unhorsed, by the desperate onset of Lord Home, with his serried spearmen; but the battle was restored by the bastard of Heron with a band of border outlaws, and the strife closed again dark and dubious, until Lord Dacre with the reserve of fifteen hundred lances, charged home on the flank of the Scottish pikes, and finished the struggle in that quarter by putting the enemy to a precipitate rout. Next, toward the centre, the admiral was long oppressed by the stern charge of the Earls of Huntley, Errol and Crawford, with a dense mass of seven thousand Scots, probably Highlanders, on whom he could make no impression, till at length, when their chiefs were slain, they wavered and were thrown into confusion. In the centre, Surrey had to sustain the steady and sustained attack of James himself, who fought on foot at the head of the flower of his army, all cased in complete steel, on whom the fatal hail of the English archery was showered almost in vain.

Foot by foot, animated by the presence of their king, bear ing down all before them, onward and onward pressed the unbroken iron lines of that mighty column, which, like the famous Macedonian phalanx of old, could be shaken by no front attack, however fiery or persistent. In vain Surrey exhausted all his efforts to resist them. Resolute to win, ignorant how the day went in other quarters, and confident of victory, they bore onward, onward—they were within three spears' length of the royal banner, and Surrey looked abroad for who should rescue it, and saw none. For, on the right, the dreadful contest, which the admiral's division had endured, was not yet so far decided that he could detach a man to relieve the centre, and on the left all seemed wild and inextricable confusion. From the left, however, the succor was to come which should convert that half-lost battle into an almost unexampled victory, the saddest day for Scotland, bewailed by her border bards in those sweet laments which still survive, complaining in their simple pathos that "the flowers of the forest are a' wede away."

For there fought Sir Edward Stanley, with the Cheshire men hardened in the Welch wars, and the famous Kendal archery, and there the column of Argyle and Lennox, whose tartan plaids could not brook the clothyard arrows like the steel coats of the Lothianers and Mersemen, opened its ranks, unable to endure the murderous volleys of the Westmoreland bowmen, and "therein seemed to give one of the first overtures of victory."* Their confusion was completed by a charge of three companies of men-at-arms, when Stanley, by a general advance, drove them over the ridge of the hill, and wheeling promptly and in good order to his right, fell on the flank and rear of the king's yet unbroken column. That gallant monarch fell by an unknown hand within a spear's length of Surrey, but his death was not known at the time to either party. Once checked in its forward career, that great solid mass of spears, like the Roman army at Cannæ, like the mighty English square at Fontenoy, like the thundering column of Lannes at Aspern, like the young guard of Ney at Waterloo, was hemmed in on all sides, and, though it fought to the last, undaunted, neither giving nor receiving quarter, was, ere the sun set, annihilated. From the right, at last victorious over their immediate adversaries, in rushed Sir Edmund and the admiral; in rushed, with his bloody lances, Dacre and the reserve, which had already carried all before them and restored the day, when the Blanche Lion of the Howards reeled to the blows of the Scottish Unicorn. Yet still outnumbered and surrounded, the stubborn hardihood of Scotland endured to the last. Forming, when all was lost, a huge serried circle, they long resisted all attempts to break them, and were at last crushed, not conquered, for until darkness closed over that dreadful scene,

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* Lord Herbert of Cherbury, fol. 40.

> "Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
> As fearlessly and well,
> Each stepping in his neighbor's place,
> The moment that he fell."*

In the account of the lord admiral, the whole Scottish force is roundly stated at eighty thousand men; but it is probable that of these nearly thirty thousand were a mere rabble of camp followers, and that Lord Herbert states the king's power more truly at fifty thousand. The battle began between four and five in the afternoon, and lasted, according to the last author, nearly three hours, which made, he says, "the event doubtful and the execution great." Night, which came on ere the action was well over, and the want of cavalry on the part of the English, who seem to have had no horse, except Dacre's reserve of fifteen hundred lances on the right, and a few squadrons of men-at-arms on the left, put an early end to the pursuit; but in the conflict itself, so bloody were the hand-to-hand encounters of those days, ten thousand Scots were left dead on the field, while of the victors, no less than five thousand were slain.

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* Sir Walter Scott, Marmion.

On the following morning, however, the results of that bloody action were more easy to be perceived; of the English dead, the great part were persons of small note, and no one individual of high celebrity had fallen. Of the Scottish, on the contrary, beside the king, who was found where he had fallen, with two wounds, either of them mortal, the one of an arrow-shot, the other the fearful gash of a brownbill, all the flower of the nobility lay there, cold in their gore. The illegitimate son of James, titular archbishop of St Andrews, two bishops, two abbots, twelve earls, thirteen barons, five eldest sons of barons, and fifty gentlemen, knights of lineage and distinction, were among the slain. All the ordnance, consisting of seventeen brass pieces, "the best fashioned, with the smallest touch-holes, and the finest for their length and calibre," according to the lord admiral's statement,* "which he had ever seen," fell into the hands of the conquerors, and among them "seven extraordinary fair culverins,† called the seven sisters."

On the receipt of this news, which, it appears, was brought to him on the very day in which Tournay capitulated, Henry either felt, or affected to feel, compassion and regret for his brother-in-law, no less than satisfaction at the success of his arms, and the safety of his kingdom; "It put him in mind," says Lord Herbert, "of the vicissitude of all earthly things." Nevertheless, he caused the Te Deum to be performed; and the Bishop of Rochester preached before him, laying the whole blame of the late occurrences on the unhappy James, who undoubtedly had atoned for his false policy with his blood, though, for a long time, his subjects believed that he had escaped from the carnage of the field, and, according to one legend, betaken himself to the Holy Land, while another, equally unfounded, asserts that he was murdered in Home Castle, after the battle.

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* Letter of Lord Thomas Howard, preserved in the Herald's office. Pinkerton, Appendix., vol. ii., 456. Quoted by Lingard, vi., 25.

† Lord Herbert of Cherbury, 41.

With the siege of Tournay the active operations of this campaign ended; for on the real coöperation of Ferdinand no reliance was to be placed; and the Swiss had suffered themselves to be deceived into a separate negotiation with La Tremouille, governor of Burgundy; who, having no authority to treat, and knowing well that Louis would disavow all his proceedings, cared not what terms he promised, so that he could purchase their retreat.

It was determined by the council, in which Wolsey is said to have played the principal part, that, notwithstanding its distance from the English frontier, and the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of supporting it, Tournay should be retained and garrisoned—and this, though, among the reasons given for dismantling Terouenne, the very arguments were adduced, which did apply to Tournay, although not to the place in question. The whole case of Wolsey is, however, involved in so much difficulty by the furious animosities of the times, and the manifest partiality of all the writers, *pro* or *con*, who have treated of his extraordinary career, that it is necessary to use the utmost discretion before pronouncing judgment on his measures. In this case, he had certainly private interests to be served; and no part of his career shows him superior to these, as personal aggrandizement and the means of personal splendor and ostentation seem to have been hardly less his objects than the advancement of the monarch, and the extension of the church, to which he belonged.

Tournay was a city, even then, of eighty thousand inhabitants, one of the richest in Europe; it was also the seat of a wealthy bishopric, and to this, with the consent of the pope, Wolsey was incontinently advanced. It may be that this was the cause of his advocating the retention of the city; it may be, however, that it was only his reward. For Henry was himself desirous of retaining the trophy of his expensive and showy campaign, and the emperor would of course support his arguments. The whole policy of Wolsey, from the beginning to the end of his career, was founded on the maintenance of the balance of European power between the emperor of Germany and the king of France, and the preserving to England the post of arbiter between the two.

However well conceived, his plan, nevertheless, was not well carried out; as he was constantly vacillating between the two powers, as the fortunes of either seemed to ascend in the scale; so that, constantly involving his country in damaging and expensive alliances, he materially aided neither party, and but partially attained the object at which he aimed, at the expense of men, money, and consistency; when, by a resolute attitude and inflexible policy, he might probably have preserved the peace of Europe without striking a blow.

Still, for the time, his policy was sincere; and, being at this moment engaged wholly on the imperial or Spanish side of the question, he probably believed in the force of the arguments which he produced. These were, in brief, that, by razing the defences of Terouenne, he had made the emperor his fast friend forever—that it must ever be the policy of that prince to keep Tournay out of the hands of France, so that he was bound both by interest and policy to support its garrison, as against a *coup de main* of the French. On the other side, should a rupture occur with Spain, France, he argued, would of necescessity become the ally of England, and would necessarily prefer, also, to see Tournay an English rather than a Spanish garrison.

Arguments are easily found, when it is desirable to find them; and he who desires to be convinced is not hard of conviction. The entry of the victors into Tournay was celebrated by festivities of all kinds, the most fanciful and gorgeous. Margaret of Burgundy was invited, with her ladies, and Prince Charles of Castille, to share the king's hospitality, in requital of that she had extended to him at Lisle. A contract of marriage had existed between Charles and Henry's beautiful sister, Mary, since the time of the late king, although the bridegroom was several years younger than the lovely lady; and this match was, for the present, farther confirmed between them; while, at the same time, overtures were made for a union between the gay and gallant Charles Brandon, Lord Lisle, the king's especial favorite, and the Princess Margaret; "which, though it took no effect, was not yet without much demonstration of outward grace and favor on her part."* In honor of the princess and her ladies, who were right royally entertained, for many days in succession, the king and emperor, as associates, did hold a solemn justs against all comers, which they performed valiantly and successfully; and on the return of the ladies, the royal hosts became in turn the guests, accompanying their fair inviters back to Lisle. There the Princess Margaret "caused a justs to be held in an extraordinary manner, the place being a large room, raised high from the ground by many steps, and paved with black, square stones like marble; while the horses, to prevent noise or sliding, were shod with felt or flocks; after which the lords and ladies danced all night."*

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* Lord Herbert of Cherbury, fol. 37.

These jollities, however, as they are termed by the noble author, quoted above, appear to have had a meaning and purpose less frivolous than mere amusement or ostentation, being in fact devised in order to account for a concourse of illustrious persons, and to conceal a scheme of negotiation for the farther maintenance of the war. This, it appears, was set on foot by Ferdinand of Castille, who had been from the first the chief instigator of the war, as he had chiefly profited by it; and who now, learning that military operations were at an end for this season, sent envoys, Pedro de Orrea, Juan de la Nuca, and Gabriel de Orti, to Henry VIII., with commission to treat for a league, by which both kings, with the emperor, should enter France the next spring. In virtue of this treaty, it was agreed, that Ferdinand should invade Guienne, from the kingdom of Navarre, with seventeen thousand of his own subjects, to be maintained at his own cost, and six thousand Germans at the expense of Henry, and that the war should be made in the king of England's name, and for the recovery of his patrimony of Guienne. On the other side, Henry, assisted by Maximilian, was bound to attack Normandy or Picardy with twenty thousand men; and the pope, the prince, the archduke, the

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* Lord Herbert of Cherbury, fol. 87.

Duke of Milan, the Swiss, and the Florentines, were all to be invited to join in this common league against the aggressive power of France.

On the 17th of October, this treaty was signed, at Lisle, by the Bishop of Winchester and the Marquis of Dorset, for the king; by the Seigneur de Bergues, and Gerard de Pleine, president of the council, for the emperor; and by Pedro de Orrea, Don Lewis Carroz, and Juan de la Nuca, for Ferdinand. But, notwithstanding the great expectations from this grand combination of princes, potentates, and powers, it was found, in the end, as is apt to be the case, where many parties are united against one, with no connecting link beyond a temporary combination of selfish and perhaps really conflicting interests, that, for all its stability or real value, this solemn league might as well have been engrossed on the sea sand, as on the parchment, which was the most enduring portion of the document. However, it gave great satisfaction for the moment; and Henry returned, by way of Calais, to his own dominions, where he shortly afterward rejoined his queen at Richmond; and there, amid great festivities and rejoicings over his bootless and barren conquests, and great preparations for his intended campaign of the next spring, he bestowed high honors and rewards on those whom he considered to have deserved well at his hands during the war.

To Thomas, earl of Surrey, the victor of Flodden, he restored the title of Duke of Norfolk, of which his father had been deprived, for adherence to Richard III. Lord Thomas Howard, his son, was created earl of Surrey; Sir Charles Brandon, earl of Lisle, was raised to the dukedom of Suffolk; while Sir Charles Somerset, who was also Lord Herbert of Chepstow, Gower, and Raglan, in right of his wife, Elizabeth.

daughter of William Herbert, earl of Huntingdon, was created Earl of Worcester; and Sir Edward Stanley was made Lord Mounteagle. Beside this, a great number of gentlemen were made knights and bannerets, and Thomas Wolsey, bishop of Tournay, was elevated to the diocese of Lincoln.

In the course of this winter, however, it was made known to the king, by Louis of Orleans, duke of Longueville, who was a prisoner in England since the battle of the Spurs, that the pope and Ferdinand of Spain had both abandoned the league, the former revoking all his former censures against France, and the latter consenting to a prolongation of the existing armistice for twelve months, as the price of his confirmation, in permanence, in his title to Navarre. Maximilian was also seduced from his fidelity to Henry, by the bribe offered to him, in the shape of an offer of Reneè, the daughter of Louis of France, as wife to Charles of Spain, his grandson—who was already betrothed to Henry's youngest sister, Mary—carrying with her, as dowry, the cession of the duchy of Milan to Spain by the crown of France, which held it by conquest from Ludovico Sforza, its rightful owner and sovereign.

The king affected, at first, to doubt the authenticity of the French duke's information; but, if he did really distrust it, his hesitations were soon removed by the evasive answers which the regency of Flanders returned to his demand, that they should now proceed to celebrate the stipulated marriage between Charles and Mary.

Indignant at what he justly considered the falsehood of his allies, Henry instantly broke off all connection with the confederates, and, by aid of the Duke of Longueville, speedily came to the closest terms with Louis XII., whose queen, Anne of Bretagne, had lately left him a widower, at the age of fifty three years.

The binding of this contract was ratified by the hand of Mary, the beautiful and blooming sister of Henry; who. though but sixteen years of age, and believed to be in love with Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, either yielding to state necessity, or seduced by the dazzle of royalty, consented to the contract, receiving the same jointure and dowry with the late queen of France. She carried to Louis four hundred thousand crowns as her portion. Tournay was ceded to England, a million of crowns accrued to Henry, as arrears due to himself and his father, and Richard de la Pole was banished to Metz, with a pension assigned to him by the French king.

Early in September the first ceremonies of the marriage were performed by procuration, Louis of Longueville contracting the marriage *per parole de present*, under authority from the king, and Mary's procuration to the same effect being sent to Paris, where the ceremony was solemnly held at the Celestins, on the fourteenth of the month. In October, she was escorted to the sea shore by Henry and his queen, in person, and took ship for Boulogne under the guidance of the Duke of Norfolk, with a splendid retinue and train of attendants, among whom the most remarkable were Lady Guilford, whom the queen called her mother, and the beautiful mistress Anne Boleyn, destined in after days to play so considerable and sad a part in English history. From Boulogne she was escorted to Abbeville, by a great train of the most distinguished persons in France, and at that place met her somewhat aged but deeply enamored wooer, to whom she was wedded with much splendor, on St. Deny's day, the ninth of October.

The ceremony performed, Louis bestowed many splendid jewels on the queen, and rich presents on those of her suite; but immediately afterward, somewhat to Mary's discontent, in the first instance, though it seems that the attentions of her doting husband and the splendid pageantries of Paris soon reconciled her, he summarily dismissed all the English in her train, with the exception of a few officers and ladies of her personal attendance, among whom the lovely Anne Boleyn was suffered to remain. Lady Guilford he especially discharged, replying to the Earl of Worcester's remonstrances, that "his wife was of age to take care of herself, and required no longer a governess;" a decision in which Mary appears soon to have coincided, since we find her shortly afterward declaring herself perfectly content with her French servants. Domestically speaking, Louis was wise in his decision; and perhaps, since his conduct gave no offence in England, politically also. Where a foreign princess is married into a strange land, it is always desirable that anything like the maintenance of a distinct and separate nationality should be avoided. In the first place, internally, the royal household must be disturbed by the conflicting interests, jealousies, and dislikes of two sets of attendants, inevitably falling into rival cliques and seeking national favoritism, and probably incapable of comprehending one another fully, from difference of language; while the close intimacy and perfect confidence of the royal persons would naturally be diminished, by suspicions instilled by the agency of rival favorites. In the second place, the original nationality of queens consort, if at all markedly exhibited, is always a source of distrust, suspicion, and, sometimes, hatred against them, to the subjects of their husbands. The merest trifle, difference of national costumes, creates prejudice, excites ridicule, and begets ill-will in the illiterate masses.

In almost every case of such marriages recorded in history, we find the ill effect of the maintenance of such trains in the courts into which foreign princesses or princes have been admitted, and the happiest instances of such espousals have invariably been those, in which the person introduced has most entirely ignored the customs and costumes of the old, and adopted those of the new country.

A few striking instances illustrate this fact. In the reign of the very king, Henry VIII., of whom I am treating, the costumes of the German ladies-in-waiting of Anne of Cleves, excited universal ridicule and disgust among the courtiers, and probably added not a little to the prejudice of the monarch against the "mare of Flanders," as he coarsely and brutally nicknamed his virtuous and noble consort. That she, after her divorce, held so high a place in the feelings of her former subjects, must be attributed—as was seen also in the case of her right royal predecessor, Katharine of Arragon—to a total avoidance of all distinctions of nationality, and to her having lived, throughout her life, in the style, and after the customs, of an English lady of rank.

With the hapless Mary of Scotland, the first bitter prejudice, both of nobles and people, against their beautiful sovereign, which afterward increased into vindictive and almost personal animosity, may be traced to the French attendants, French manners, French frivolities, and, perhaps it may be added, French morals, engrafted by her on the grim austerity, gloomy decorum, and stiff solemnities of her northern court.

In the reign of England's reproach—the pale, frigid, bloody

Mary—neither her bigoted cruelty, nor the real wrongs inflicted on them by the morose and savage Philip, more enraged the groaning English, than the sight of the black-garbed, starch-ruffed, stately, unbending cavaliers, the Spanish hose and long rapiers of the whiskered matadoros, the bare feet and cowled heads of the tonsured friars, and the Romish pomp of the proud, austere prelates, who had followed him from the land of the Inquisition.

No one of the unhappy English Stuarts but suffered from the same cause. Henrietta Maria, though she was daughter of the good and great Henry IV., subject of so much English sympathy, never conciliated the favor of her unhappy husband's people; she was, to the mass of the people, ever the Frenchwoman, and, to the stricter Puritans, the painted Jezabel of Paris. In the time of his loose, licentious son, Charles II., the brown Portuguese waiting women, with their foreign farthingales and sevenfold *vertugardins*, more even than her barefoot confessor, rendered the people indifferent, if not actually hostile, to his ill-treated queen, Katharine of Braganza.

Nor, while speaking of this topic, though incidentally, can one fail to recall to mind the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, against whom the furies of revolutionary France, and the vocabulary of republican abuse could invent no reproach more odious, no cry more stimulating to the passions of the rabble, than the national denunciation, "*a bas l'Autrichienne*"—down with the Austrian woman! In like manner, with princes; the Dutch guards, the Schiedam schnapps, and the Middleburgh tobacco of William the Third, the great prince of Orange, though he had crossed over from Holland at their own invitation, and restored to them their liberty and religion, long preserved a hostile prejudice among his people against that great and Protestant king.

The house of Brunswick, never, until the accession of George IV., who, undoubtedly, was the least worthy of his line, but who had this advantage over all his predecessors, that he was the first thoroughly English prince of the family, had completely overcome the offence given to the nation by the preference of German nobles in attendance, German preceptors and governesses in the royal nurseries, German grooms, and even German horses, in the stable, to natives of the unmixed breed.

Even in the present most prosperous and most popular reign, in spite of the deep and enthusiastic attachment of the whole nation to their beloved queen, in spite of the great caution and prudence which he has exhibited in his whole career, and his total avoidance of foreign favoritism, that almost universal error of alien princes, the slightest suspicion of Germanism, even in the shape of a soldier's hat, or the adjustment of his cross-belts, much more in the conduct of a war, has sufficed to raise against the unobtrusive consort a burst of ridicule or a storm of obloquy. It appears, however, that in this instance, though they might not improperly have taken some umbrage at the summary proceeding of Louis XII., and though it would have been clearly characteristic of Henry's temper to do so, no offence arose from the course adopted by the French king, as is rendered clearly evident by the circumstances which followed shortly afterward, and which I quote from the history of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, himself an enthusiast and champion in exercises such as he describes.

"Francis de Valois, duke of Angoulême, and next heir male to the crown, having in May before married Cloud,[*] eldest daughter of Louis XII., by Anne, who was inheritrix of Bretagne, desired now in the king's declining age to give some proof of his valor. Therefore, before the English departed from Abbeville, he caused a justs to be proclaimed; which, for being so extraordinary—the persons and manner considered —I thought worth the relating. The effect thereof was that, in November ensuing, he with nine aids, would answer all comers, that were gentlemen of name and arms, on horseback and on foot. The laws on horseback were, that with sharp spears they should run five courses at tilt, and five more at random, being well armed and covered with pieces of advantage for their best defence. After this to fight twelve strokes with sharp swords. This being done, he and his aids offered to fight at barriers with a handspear and sword. The conditions were that if any man were unhorsed, or felled fighting on foot, his armor and horse should be rendered to the officer of arms.

"That for this purpose an arch triumphant should be set forth at the Tournelles, near the street St. Antoine, in Paris, on which four shields should be placed. That he who touched the first, which was silver, should run at tilt, according to the articles. Who touched the golden shield should run at random. He that touched the black shield should fight on foot with handspears and swords for the one hand; six foins with the handspear, and then eight strokes to the most advantage, if the sword so long held, and after that twelve strokes with the sword. He that touched the tawney shield should cast a spear on foot with a target on his arm, and after fight with a two-handed sword. This proclamation being made, the Duke of Suffolk, and Marquis of Dorset, and his four brethren, the Lord Clinton, Sir Edward Neville, Sir Giles Capell, Thomas Cheyney, and others, obtained leave of the king to be at the challenge, which they so hastened, that before the end of October they came to St. Denys, where they found the queen, the solemnities for her coronation, as also for her reception at Paris, being not yet in readiness. Francis de Valois knowing how good men-at-arms the Duke of Suffolk and Marquis of Dorset were, requested them to be two of his aids, to which they assented. But while these things were in preparing, Mary, the French queen, was, upon the fifth of November, crowned in St. Denys, the Earl of Worcester and Dr. West, who were appointed for this purpose by our king, attending at the solemnity thereof, and Francis de Valois, afterward king, holding the crown, which was very weighty, over her head. The day following she entered Paris with great pomp, and the morrow after, the justs begun, of which the king and queen were both spectators, the king being yet so weak that he lay on a couch. These justs continued three days, in which three hundred and five men-at-arms were answered by the defendants, among which some were so hurt that they died not long after. At Random and Tournay, the Duke of Suffolk hurt a gentleman very dangerously, and the Marquis of Dorset did no less. Then the duke overthrew a man, both horse and arms, and so did the marquis. Francis, at last being hurt, desires the duke and marquis to fight at barriers, who therefore took the first place against all comers. In the meanwhile, Francis, intending an affront, as was thought, to the duke, causeth a German, the strongest person in all the court, to be armed secretly, and present himself at the barriers; they both did well; yet the duke, at the last, with the butt end of his spear struck the German till he staggered, and so the rail was let fall. The Marquis of Dorset also foiled another Frenchman. Then they took some breath, and returned to fight again, when the duke so pommelled the German about the head, that blood gushed from his nose, which being done the German was conveyed away secretly. Divers other brave feats were done likewise, which the reader may find elsewhere. At last our English, with singular honor, returned to their king and master, whom they found much comforted for the birth of another prince, though not living long after."*

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[*] Claude, the eldest daughter of Louis, by Anne of Brittany, who destined her to the Archduke Charles.—*Mennechet*, *Hist. France*, ii. 82.

Such were the fierce and dangerous sports in which our Anglo-Norman ancestors rejoiced, which were not deemed too sanguinary or too cruel for the entertainment of fair and gentle ladies, and in which Henry himself took especial pride and pleasure.

Great and extraordinary, however, as were the rejoicings at this royal marriage, and sumptuous as were the entertainments which followed Mary's elevation to her royal state, she was not destined long to enjoy them. Perhaps, had the revelries been less lasting and superb, the state might have endured the longer; for the king, a confirmed valetudinarian, and a martyr to the gout, declined rapidly under the effect of banqueting, late hours, and suppers, after grand court balls, protracted until midnight. He was so anxious to please his gay and beautiful bride, says an old writer,† "that he changed all his habitudes of life; for, whereas he had been used to dine at eight o'clock, he agreed to put off dinner until noon, and whereas he used to retire to bed at six o'clock in the evening, he now often sat up until midnight."

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* Herbert of Cherbury, 48.

† Hist. de Bayard, apud Henault, 423.

At what hour the good king Louis had been wont to *breakfast*, when it was his habit to *dine* at eight o'clock in the morning, does not appear; but one cannot but smile at the idea of a man of fifty-three, certainly not a very advanced age, suffering seriously from the fact of his deferring his dinner hour until noon. In truth, however, it is the name, rather than either the quality, or the hour, of the midday and evening meals, relatively considered, that has changed, from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, so far as regards the upper classes in Europe and America. Then, the dinner was a secondary meal, served usually between the hours of eleven and one, breakfast having been taken at five or six; while supper, which was the grand solid affair of the day, came on the board from six to eight o'clock of the evening, corresponding almost exactly to the usual luncheon and dinner hours of the modern fashionable world.

Be that, however, as it may, greatly to the grief of his worthy Parisians, but considerably, one would say from what followed, to the satisfaction of his fair young widow, the good King Louis died, within three months after his marriage, whether in consequence of indigestion from his late meridian dinners, or from other causes, may be held doubtful. Francis of Valois, duke of Angoulême, his next heir of blood, and husband of his eldest daughter, Claude, succeeded him; and Mary's former lover, Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, having been sent to Paris by Henry with a message of condolence, was persuaded, between the blandishment of his lady love, and the encouragement of Francis, who had reason to apprehend that she would be given in second marriage to the Archduke Charles, to risk the anger of his lord and master, by espousing his fair sister, without awaiting the ceremony of asking his consent. It is said, that the amorous widow, taking advantage of her high rank, adopted the privilege, which is said to belong to the whole sex, in leap year, and asked her lover, "if he dared, without farther reflection, to marry a queen," assuring him, at the same time, that her brother would far more readily pardon them for anticipating his sanction, than for acting in defiance of it. The gentleman said "Yes," and they were wedded secretly in Paris. Nor were Mary's anticipations incorrect, if indeed the whole matter were not preärranged, which seems probable; since Wolsey, it is known, was privy to the scheme, and neither attempted to oppose, nor yet divulged it to Henry. That monarch probably felt that, as both parties were out of reach of his authority, he could not prevent their union; and preferred pardoning, to allowing, his sister's ill-assorted marriage with a subject. It may be added, moreover, that in those times the intermarriage of royal houses with their own subjects of the feudal aristocracy was not unusual, and that Suffolk himself was, up to this time, Henry's especial favorite and companion.

About the same time, the other sister of the English king, Margaret, who likewise had been left a widow, and queen regent of Scotland, by the death of James IV. on Flodden field, also married a noble from her own subjects, the Earl of Angus; although she thereby forfeited the regency, which was left to her on the express condition that she should not remarry, and was shortly afterward compelled to take refuge with her husband, though she failed to bring off her youthful sons, at the court of her brother, in consequence whereof, superadded to the recall of the Duke of Albany, a prince totally in the interests of the French king, and his promotion to the regency, war was, not long afterward, rekindled between the bordering nations.

In the meantime, the queen dowager of France, with her splendid husband, and all the train which had escorted her to France, returned to their native land, with the exception of Mistress Anne Boleyn, who was appointed maid of honor to the French queen, Claude; and perhaps of Mistress Jane Seymour also, although her name is not recorded as having followed Mary of England to France, who also figured, nearly at the same time, as maid of honor to the same royal lady—a fact which is established by the existence, in the gallery of the Louvre, of portraits of these two celebrated beauties, by the no less celebrated Hans Holbein.

Shortly after Mary's return, she and her husband received Henry's formal pardon, and were publicly married in his presence at Greenwich; Suffolk did not, however, continue long to engross the favor of Henry, but soon afterward, disgusted by the overweening growth and overbearing audacity of Wolsey, retired to his country-seat, at the same time with Warham, the archbishop of Canterbury and ex-chancellor, Fox, bishop of Winchester, and the noble Duke of Norfolk.

For, from this moment, never did any subject ascend so rapidly in his monarch's favor, or obtain so vast an ascendency both in favor and wealth, as this obscure and low-born priest, partly, it must be admitted, through his administrative and diplomatic talents, but far more by his rare tact, his shrewdness in intrigue, and his dexterity in administering to the passions, prompting the will, and conciliating the unstable affections of the fickle king.

After his return from France, where he had been made bishop of Tournay, we have seen him raised to the see of Lincolr., he was now successively created Bishop of Bath, Durham and Worcester, and Archbishop of York, if not holding the titles, at least enjoying the revenues of all at once, in addition to the abbacy of St. Albans, which he held *in commendam*, and the tithes of the bishoprics of Hereford and Winchester, and other ecclesiastical preferments. On the resignation of William Warham, as chancellor, he received that place, after obtaining from Leo X. the cardinal priestship of St. Cicely beyond the Tiber, by which that pontiff hoped to secure his influence over the king, his master, and subsequently the appointment of legate *a latere*, by which he held the right of visiting, which carried with it the power of suspension, confiscation, and imprisonment, all the ecclesiastical establishments in England.

"Thus," says the author I have so often quoted, "were dignities and wealth heaped so fast on Wolsey, that, being in his nature insolent, he grew at length intolerable. Neither could those excellent parts with which he was endowed exempt him; insomuch that not only much arrogance, but extreme vanity, was observed in him; whereas yet nothing commends churchmen so much as a pious modesty; all degrees of persons, but especially theirs, being like coins or medals, to which howsoever virtue gives the stamp and impression, humility must give the weight. Yet this cardinal, contrary to all example, is noted by Polydore, to have used silk and gold in his outward vestments, and even saddles. He caused also the cardinal's hat to be borne, by some principal person, before him, on a great height, like some consecrated idol, and when he came to the king's chapel, would admit no place to rest it on but the very altar; he had besides his serjeant-at-arms and mace, and two gentlemen carrying two pillars of silver, beside his cross-bearer, concerning which it is observed, that he did bear the cross of York, somewhat to the prejudice of that of Canterbury, which perchance might be some discontentment to the Archbishop Warham. In conclusion, all his actions argued a naughtier spirit than could become his place."

Though there is doubtless much truth in the reports of Wolsey's arrogance, it must be remembered that Polydore Virgil was, for especial cause, his bitter enemy, having been thrown into the tower by his orders; while it is admitted that "a strict administration of justice took place during his enjoyment of his office; and no chancellor ever discovered greater impartiality in his decisions, deeper penetration of judgment, or more enlarged knowledge of law and equity."* It cannot be denied that the country was tranquil and sufficiently well-governed at home; that he caused it to be respected abroad, and that, if his foreign policy in some degree lacked consistency, vacillating between French and Spanish interests, it was that he, the first, conceived the idea of preserving an equilibrium between the greater powers, and that he could not have sided uniformly with one, or maintained an unbroken alliance with either of two princes so puissant, so ambitious, and so unscrupulous as Charles V. and Francis I., without giving to one a supremacy, dangerous alike to his country and to the world. He was a liberal and munificent protector of letters, a powerful patron of the arts; he had a noble taste in architecture, which he bounteously promoted, having built at his own cost, and it is said from his own designs, the chaste and splendid palace of Hampton Court, which he afterward presented to the king, his master, fully furnished in a style of princely munificence—the most noble gift ever bestowed by a subject on a crowned head. If he were grasping of wealth, it was to spend it in lordly lavishness, prompting all the arts of industry and civilization, not to hoard it in avaricious coffers, or bestow it on unworthy favorites.

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* Sir Thomas More, quoted by Hume; vol. iii. 109, from Stowe, p. 504.

He has been accused of encouraging Henry to extravagance, and discouraging him from business, in order to have the greater hold on him, as being the more necessary both to his pleasures and his councils; but I can discover no shadow of foundation for the charge.

He has been accused of influencing his master, at divers times, to different lines of policy, for the convenience of his own ambitious schemes, not for the interests of England. Thus the conquest and retention of Tournay, an impolitic measure, certainly, and a possession useless and expensive to England, which must needs be a source of constant irritation to France, has been laid to his charge, for purposes of self-aggrandizement. But, in his age, the impolicy of maintaining such places, in the heart of hostile countries, was little understood; the national pride was enlisted in their retention, and the surrenders of Tournay, Calais, and Dunkirk, in after days, were in no degree less obnoxious to the patriotic feeling of the time, than would be now the proposal to deliver up the rock of Gibraltar to Spain, or the heights of Abraham to the United States of America.

Moreover, I find that the cardinal is charged equally with obedience to self-interest when he advised the restoration of the same fortress to France, in shape of a dowry for the infant princess, Mary, on her betrothal to the infant dauphin, in consideration of the payment to Henry of six hundred thousand crowns by Francis—certainly an ample remuneration for the cession of a fortress to retain which was both a dead loss and a decided danger—as when he counselled its retention. One of these charges, therefore, frustrates the other; and weighing all sides of the question, I cannot but conclude that, on the whole, Wolsey's foreign policy was honest, beneficial to the world at large, and thoroughly English. Perhaps, by carrying a higher hand, he might have enforced peace between the emperor and the king, but it would have been at the expense, if not of a resort to actual warfare, at least of an armed neutrality, while by the course he did pursue, he lost, so far as I can see, no valuable possession, and certainly no honor, to his country, which never held a higher place on the continent, than while it was under his high and haughty rule.

To his influence over Henry's councils, it is certainly to be ascribed that by conciliating Francis, so long as conciliation was possible, that warlike king was prevented from creating a powerful diversion in the sister kingdom, by lending armed assistance to the regent, Albany. To his influence it must be ascribed that conciliation ceased, and the force of England leaned toward Maximilian, after the bloody battle of Marignano, which, after lasting two entire days, and costing forty thousand lives, opened the whole of the Milanese to the French victor, and of which the old marechal, Trivulsio, who had fought in eighteen pitched battles, declared that all other actions he had seen were but child's play,—this a combat of heroes. To his influence, above all, it may be attributed that Henry declined the investiture of that fair Italian duchy, and the imperial crown of Germany, which he was to receive at the hands of the sovereign pontiff, Maximilian resigning it in his favor—than which magnificent and dazzling offer, had it been accepted, nothing can be imagined more disastrous, more fatal to the interests of England.

Shortly after this occurrence, alarmed at the vast coalitions which seemed on the point of forming against him, Francis showed signs of returning moderation. The consent of the Swiss confederacy to his occupation of the Milanese, was won by vast sums of money, always said, with truth or untruth, to be too effective on the Helvetic mind. Charles of Austria was purchased by the offer of the hand of the infant princess, Louisa, with the rights of the house of Anjou to the crown of Naples, for her dowry. Maximilian was convinced by the same argument, which had proved so conclusive with the stout Switzers. Henry alone remained stubborn and offended; and Francis was aware that he had not only subsidized his enemies, but had actually concluded a secret treaty with the emperor and the king of Spain, against him.

About this time, however, Selim the Magnificent, emperor of the Turks, having overrun Egypt, Syria, and threatening destruction to the very name of Christendom, the pope, of his own authority, proclaimed a peace, which should continue for the space of five years, between all Christian powers and princes, and sent legates to induce all the potentates of Christendom to combine against the Turk.

This device succeeded; a confederation was formed of the emperor, the pope, and the kings of France, Spain, and England, by which they were all bound to interaid and protect one another; and, whenever the territories of one should be invaded, whether by one of the confederates or not, all to take up arms in defence of the injured party, nor to depose them until justice should be done. It was to remove the last chance of offence that restitution of Tournay was made, on the conditions above stated, and that the little Princess Mary was contracted to the dauphin of France, who being newly born, was just four years her junior.

"Thus," says Lingard, "after ten years of war and negotiation, of bloodshed and perfidy, were all the parties reëstablished in the same situation, in which they had stood previously to the league of Cambray, with the exception of the unfortunate, and perhaps unoffending king of Navarre, whose territories on the south of the Pyrenees could not be recovered from the unrelenting grasp of Spain."*

This peace, which is known historically as the general pacification, was ratified on the 2d of October, 1518, and, by it, as Lingard has justly observed, no one was a loser, except the unhappy Jean d'Albret, the dispossessed king of Navarre. He might have added, no one was a gainer by it, except Thomas Wolsey, who, from an obscure priest, son of an inconsiderable burgher of Ipswich, some say of a butcher, had grown to be archbishop of York, lord high chancellor of England, a cardinal prince of Rome, legate *a latere*, and the richest subject in the world; drawing his more than royal revenues not only from nearly one-tenth of the bishoprics, abbacies, and wealthiest churches of England, but from the coffers of France, which pensioned him in compensation for his see of Tournay, and from the rich bishoprics of Toledo and Palencia, in Spain, which Ferdinand had conferred on him, in guerdon of his services, in bringing about the general pacification.

His establishment consisted of eight hundred individuals, earls, knights, and gentlemen of high lineage; his splendor and pomp were scarce surpassed by those of royalty itself. From this time forth, "on solemn fast days he would say mass after the manner of the pope himself; not only bishops and abbots serving him therein, but even dukes and earls giving him water and the towel. Besides, not contented with the cross of York to be carried before him, he added another of his legacy, which two of the tallest priests that could be found, carried on great horses before him. Insomuch, that it grew to a jest, as if one cross might not suffice for the expiation of his sins."* Never, perhaps, before or since, had any subject risen in so short a time to such preferment, wealth, preëminence, and power; never, in after days, did one fall more lamentably. We have seen the splendor of his ascension; the next act, in the drama of the master's life, is the superb servant's downfall and disgrace.

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* Lingard, vol. vi. p. 40.

* Herbert of Cherbury, fol. 72.

CHAPTER II.

FROM THE GENERAL PACIFCATION, 1518, TO THE DIVORCE OF KATHARINE, 1533.

WITH the general pacification closes the first scene of Henry's strange and varied character. Up to this period, we have seen him a rash, vain, luxurious, headstrong, and somewhat self-willed prince; but nothing had yet shown itself in his disposition which indicated the obstinate and brutal tyranny, or the merciless love of blood, which hereafter grew upon him, till they became his most distinctive attributes. Except in the executions of Empson and Dudley, the guilt of which, perhaps, belong rather to his council than to himself, and that of Edmund de la Pole, who was a victim, rather to state policy and to the late king's maxims, than to any sanguinary humor of the present prince, hardly any blood had been spilled judicially in England, since Henry's accession. After a somewhat formidable rising of the London apprentices, but one life had been sacrificed to the law, that of a notorious ringleader; and, in all respects, his reign thus far would compare favorably with that of any one of his predecessors. But now the influences had begun to affect him, which soon converted him into a savage and brutal tyrant, void equally of justice, gratitude, or mercy. From this point the declension of his character commences, and the decline is lamentably rapid.

On his return from the continent, Henry appears to have abandoned himself entirely to luxury and pleasure, leaving the reins of government given up to the hands of his minister; and it was at this time, probably, that he first displayed the germs of that furious and ungovernable lust and licentiousness, which increased on him in his latter years, until they became a disease, if not a madness.

Though she had been beautiful and majestic when she was first wedded to him, Katharine was eight years Henry's senior; her health seems to have been delicate from the beginning, none of her children surviving many months, with the exception of the Princess Mary, who was subject from her childhood to violent attacks of constitutional and probably neuralgic headaches; her beauty soon faded, and, though she retained to the last so much of respect and esteem as Henry was capable of feeling toward any woman, she had already lost all hold on his passions, which seem to have been his nearest sentiment to love or affection. It is not in my plan, in this sketch of the king, to touch any more on his conduct toward his several consorts and the circumstances connected with them, than is necessary, in order to keep the thread of his life unbroken. It must be observed, however, that it was in this year that, so far as we can ascertain, his intercourse commenced with the first of the royal mistresses, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Blount, and relict of Sir Gilbert Taillebois, by whom he had a son, Henry Fitzroy, afterward earl of Nottingham, duke of Richmond, admiral of England,* warden of the Scottish marches, and lieutenant of Ireland. To this boy he was fondly and proudly attached; and it was even suspected, that, had he lived, his legitimate daughter might have been set aside from her rightful succession, to make way for a male, if base-born, successor. He died, however, in the year 1536, in the eighteenth year of his age, having, young as he was, long survived his mother's influence over his father's fickle humor. Elizabeth Taillebois was soon succeeded, in her empire over his faithless fancy, by Mary, the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, the elder sister of Anne, his unfortunate second queen, and the granddaughter of Thomas, duke of Norfolk. This lady reigned, it would seem, paramount over her royal lover, for a longer period than any other of his wives, or mistresses, for whom his passion seems ever to have been as short lived as it was furious and beyond control. It was, however, her fate to be deserted in her turn, though the king provided her with a husband, when he wearied of her; and it was said that her fate proved a *useful* lesson to her sister Anne, when the king courted her, likewise, to illicit love. Though wherein the lesson proved useful to poor Anne seems somewhat doubtful; since one scarcely sees what could have befallen her worse than to die, with a decapitated body and a blighted reputation, even if she *had* become rather his mistress, as Katharine Parr, the last and most fortunate of his queens, declared to himself it was better to be, than his wife.

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* Lingard, vi. 110, quoting from Cardinal Pole, § 76, 77.

In the following year, Maximilian of Germany died; and, the splendid diadem of the empire becoming a prize for the most fortunate candidate, Francis of France, and Charles of Austria, plunged into the rivalry, with an intensity of ambition, although at first under the forms of amicable competition, which too surely portended the more violent strife, into which it was afterward destined to conduct them. Henry, excited by a like lust of glory for a while, proposed himself as a rival in the race to these great princes, but learning speedily from Pace, his envoy, that he was too late in the field, a large majority of the electors being already preëngaged to one or other of the two competitors, he withdrew from the contest, directing his agent if possible to secure the election of a native prince rather than that of either Charles or Francis; but, should he find that impossible, to throw his whole influence into the scale of Charles, who, having succeeded to the rich inheritance of the Netherlands, in right of his father, Philip, had on the death of Ferdinand obtained the throne of Spain, in right of his mother, Juana,* daughter of that king by Isabella of Castille. Wolsey, it appears, was satisfied, from the first, of the impolicy, as well as the impossibility, of obtaining the imperial crown for his master; but, until after the event, when he learned the enormous sums which it had cost Charles to purchase it of the electors, on which he said he was "right glad" he had not succeeded, Henry would hear no reason. Whether it would not have been the truer policy of England to support the claims of the French in lieu of those of the Spanish king, is, perhaps, doubtful. Both monarchs were equally ambitious; if either the more so, it was not Charles, whose relationship to Katharine of Arragon, his maternal aunt, might, also, be considered as a cause for viewing his operations with less suspicion than those of his rival. Yet the immense power arising from the concentration in his hands of the kingdom of Spain, the duchy of Burgundy, the Netherlands, and the empire, might perhaps have been regarded as more formidable than the accession of strength which Francis would have gained by his election. The truth, however, appears to be this, that the moment Henry resigned his pretensions to procuring the imperial diadem, he returned to his original design of reconquering Anjou, Nor mandy, and Guienne, those ancient appanages of his house; if he did not conceive the project of conquering the crown of France itself—ideas to which he clung with his wonted pertinacity. His whole after-conduct toward his "well-beloved brother," Francis, was marked by a deep duplicity that one would scarce hold compatible with his furious, irritable, and jealous rashness, were it not a characteristic of his whole career. He was at least as sudden, treacherous, close, and secret as he was fickle, cruel, and capricious, yet at the same time obstinate, and, where his purpose was set, of iron will. In conclusion, the apology made by the cardinal to Francis and by him accepted, to the end that England would not have supported Charles, had it been possible successfully to oppose him, had in itself thus much at least of truth, that her opposition would have bitterly irritated Charles, while availing Francis nothing. Thus far, therefore, it is not easy to see how Henry or his minister could have managed their continental policy better than they did; even if it be admitted that they were in some degree influenced by that ancient rivalry and hostility between the two nations, which, arising from the growth of circumstances, fomented by centuries of strife, had come to be regarded as a principle of nature, and as the inevitable consequence of their juxtaposition and their greatness. From this moment it became the object of both the king and the emperor to court Henry, and conciliate him, so far at the least as to secure his neutrality, if not his assistance, in case of the rupture, which both foresaw, and which Francis probably intended.

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* Lingard, vi. 45.

The latter prince, to this intent, proposed that the meeting, for which provision had been made in the treaty, of the two kings, on the frontiers of their dominions, should take place forthwith; and Henry, delighting in such an occasion for pa geantry and splendor, with the full concurrence of Wolsey himself in no sort averse to it, immediately assented.

This led to the celebrated conference, held within the confines of the English district, or pale, as it was called, of Calais, so far renowned in legend and romance, no less than in the sober page of history, as the Field of Cloth of Gold.

For this feast of kings preparations were made which exceed belief, exceed even imagination; nobles and princes mortgaged their estates, sold or pawned their ancestral plate; nay, dispossessed themselves of feudal droicts, and even such of their lands as were unentailed, that they might go *brave* to that grand show of bravery, of vanity of vanities. Proclamation was made in every court of Europe,—France, England, the Low Countries, Germany, Burgundy, Italy, and Spain,—that in June, 1520, "the two kings, Francis and Henry, with fourteen aids, would, in a camp between Ardres and Guisnes, answer all comers, that were gentlemen, at Tilt, Tourney, and Barriers." The queens, with all their trains and retinues, all the beauty and brilliancy, all the valor and the glory of the two great rival realms were to be present; and the chivalry of the assembled world were to be the champions and the spectators of the noble game of spears. All the leaders of England's feudal aristocracy were summoned by name, to attend, in order in their degree, to support their monarch's state, the summons amounting to no less than an undeniable command. Yet so ruinous were the expenses necessary, at first sight, at attendance, that even the Duke of Buckingham, the greatest and wealthiest of the English nobles of the day, was staggered at the amount, and at the burthens, which, as he foresaw, he should be compelled to impose on his tenantry. He had the unenviable report of being parsimonious; but there is no parsimony in reluctance to enforce undue and unwise impositions on those committed to his charge, nor in grudging the profusion in useless and idle splendors, of riches which might have embattled armies, or, in the day of need, have propped a falling empire. He obeyed, but murmured in obeying. The murmurs, it is said, reached the ears of Wolsey, and were not forgotten, but, when accusations were, in after days, strong against the powerful duke, even to the endangering of his head, remembered—to the loss of it.

Be this as it may, willing as the gentlemen of England have shown themselves at all times to sacrifice their fortunes and even their lives at the call of their sovereigns, there was on this occasion discontent and displeasure, the deeper that they were secret, among men who had not uttered a word of complaint, if they had been called upon to devote their all to furnish forth their king to battle. Nor that unreasonably; if, as the tale runs, more than one noble family has to rue, even to this day, in their impoverished condition, the lavish splendors of the Field of Cloth of Gold.

In the meantime, Charles regarded with a wakeful and suspicious eye the mighty preparations for this, to him most ill-omened, meeting; and used every method which his close, astute, taciturn, wary temperament enabled him to conceive or effect, to frustrate it. When he found this impossible, though, if historians may be credited, he had already gained the cardinal over to his side, partly by promises that on the demise of Leo he would procure him to be elected the pope, partly by more solid earnest of his favor in presents, which the gold of pillaged Mexico then enabled Spain, the richest of European nations, to bestow more lavishly than any other power, he wisely determined to turn to his own favor that which he could not prevent.

Taking occasion, therefore, of a visit from Spain to his Netherlandish provinces, which it is believed was devised only for the purpose to which he turned it, he resolved to pay Henry and his aunt, of Arragon, the distinguished honor of waiting upon them in their own dominions, and timed his arrival so well, that the Spanish ships anchored at Hythe, on the very day in which Henry entered Canterbury on his progress to the coast. This preconcerted, but seemingly accidental, meeting was celebrated with great feasts and rejoicings in that ancient and venerable city, to which he repaired on his uncle's invitation; "where he gladly saw his Aunt Katharine; the queen dowager of France,* also, once proposed for his wife, seemed very considerable, as being for her beauty much celebrated by the English and French writers. And, if we may believe Polydore, his passion in seeing of her was such as he could not be persuaded to dance, and kept that Spanish gravity, which, in his age and among such company, might well have been laid aside." †

As I have said before, the credit of Polydore Virgil is much more than doubtful; but it may be a little interesting to those who look into individual history, as wherein to find the clues to the history of the world, to note the supposed effects and influences of the beauty of this four-times betrothed, twice-wedded and historically almost unknown, Mary, on the fates of nations, during one of the most eventful periods, if not the most eventful, of christendom.

What an era was that? If Mary, the beautiful sister of

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* Mary, sister of Henry VIII., widow of Louis XII. of France, duchess of Suffolk.

† Herbert, fol. 79.

Henry, "the defender of the faith," had been the wife of Charles, the emperor, and "the most Catholic king,"—if Wolsey had, in compliance with the engagements of Charles, been pope, after Leo X., in lieu of Adrian, would England have, this day, been Lutheran or Roman? Would "gospel light have dawned from Anna's eyes?" Would More and Fisher have died, Catholics, at the stake, to recreate England Protestant? Would Mary, the niece of that Mary, have descended to posterity as "the bloody," or ascended the throne of Catholic England, as its most Catholic queen?

During this visit, which lasted only four days, Charles appears to have succeeded in establishing himself firmly, in both Henry's and his minister's good graces, and then "having passed over the Whitsontide holidays, in those sports and entertainments which our king gave him, he departs to Sandwich the 29th of May, 1520, whence taking ship May 30, he arrived in his native country of Flanders, while our king the same day passed to Dover; and thence, May 31, with all his train and company, to Calais."* On the 4th of June, the king, the two queens of England, and the dowager of France, and their suite, proceeded to Guisnes, where they took up their abode in a splendid palace of wood-work, framed in England and sent out by sea for erection, forming a square of three hundred and twenty feet, adorned within and without, with tapestries of arras, hangings of silk and satin, in short, every luxurious decoration, which the art of the times could accomplish, or their prodigality desire. In front of this splendid structure, dazzling with glass and gilding,† played two fountains, the one of wine, the other of hypocras; and above it was displayed the figure of an English archer—a *savage*, he is called by Lord

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* Herbert of Cherbury, fol. 80.

† Mennechet Hist. France, ii. 74.

Herbert, probably using the word in the sense of forester or woodman—drawing a cloth-yard arrow to the head, with the vaunting motto, "*cui adhæreo præest.*" The king of France, on the contrary, was lodged in tents only, as being farther removed from his capital, but, to compensate, they were entirely made of cloth of gold, with balls and other devices surmounting them of solid bullion.

Before the meeting of the kings, it seems that Wolsey visited Francis privately, and remained two days his guest, during which time the treaty of eternal amity, as it was called, between the two monarchs was ratified, and the betrothal of the royal children, the infant dauphin and the baby princess, Mary, finally arranged, Francis agreeing to pay to Henry, over and above the million of crowns stipulated in 1515, and his heirs forever, in case the marriage should be concluded and the dauphin become in right of his wife king of England, an annual pension of a hundred thousand crowns of the sun.

This treaty–to the performance of which both monarchs swore on the holy evangelists, having with their queens partaken of the eucharist in common–which never was performed at all, and which one of the parties, Henry, probably never intended to perform, had eternity assigned to it, as its duration. It was stricken on the sixth day of June, 1520, and broken, by Henry's formal declaration of war against Francis, on the nineteenth day of the same month, in 1522. Such is the faith of kings, and so justly is it written, "put not your trust in princes!" Such is the durability of treaties.

On the following day, at the sound of a culverin, the two royal processions set forth, the one from Guisnes, the other from Ardres, and met at a place in the valley of Andern, where a splendid pavilion of cloth of gold had been erected for their reception. Here they met, surrounded by their courts, blazing in embroideries of gold, enriched with precious stones, velvets of Genoa, tissues of gold and silver, inwoven with all gorgeous hues, so that, to borrow the words of the old French chronicler, "there were many there who carried on their backs their mills, their meadows, and their forests." The kings dismounted, embraced, and walked arm in arm into the splendid pavillion provided for them, and professed each for the other the warmest and most affectionate regard; yet all within this harmonious and fraternal show was empty hollowness and dark suspicion. Rumors of intended treachery were constantly rife and, to prevent the possibility of treason, the attendants were carefully numbered on both sides, the kings left their residences at one and the same appointed moment, visited their respective queens at the same time and spot previously appointed, and that simultaneously. In all respects, these royal friends comported themselves, one to the other, rather as belligerents during a brief armistice, than as, which they professed to be, mutual admirers, and, if rivals, rivals only in the pursuit of the same phantom quarry, glory. Still, during fourteen days, the banqueting, the revelry, the dance by night, and by day the superb tournament with the shock of barded steeds, the shivering of no pointless weapons but of stout ashen lances with heads of the best Bourdeau steel, the clash and clangor of steel coats and Milan casques, the rolling of gallant knights in the dust, horse and man, before the eyes of queens and princesses, and all the peerless aristocracy of female beauty, among the fanfares of trumpets, and the cry of herald and king-at-arms, "Fight on, brave cavaliers. Man dies, but glory lives forever!" went on unwearied and unbroken. On every occasion the two kings appeared in fresh and equal splendor; on every occasion they excelled all, save one another. On each day, each monarch ran five courses with grinded spears, or fought at barriers with sharp swords, and on each day, each bore down, or foiled, his five antagonists. It is as vain to imagine, as it would be false to represent, that these mighty princes owed their success to the complaisance of their opponents, rather than to their own skill and prowess. Those were, still, hard and fierce and yet chivalric days, when such a king as Francis, on one of his own fields of immortal victory, craved knighthood, as an honor, of a simple French cavalier, even if that cavalier were *sans peur et sans reproche*, even if his name were Bayard; and it is probable that the suspicion of not putting forth all his force against a kingly antagonist would have purchased for the flatterer, even if one could be found willing to flatter at the imminent risk of losing his own life, and earning by adulation the extra honor of royal immolation, not favor, but the reverse; as if he presumed to regard his monarch as a mere carpet-knight, to be spared, not as a champion, to be encountered on equal terms, and even so at deadly hazard. It must be remembered, that Henry II., the son of this very Francis, was killed in a tournament before the gates of his own royal residence, by a splinter from the broken lance of Montgomery, the captain of his own guards. A circumstance which fully justified a very common-sense remark of a practical, clear-headed Turk, an envoy of the Sublime Porte, who, after beholding a tournament, at the court of Charles VII., quietly observed—"If this be meant for fun, there's a little too much of the thing; if for earnest, not quite enough!"* It must be remembered that Francis himself, before he was unhorsed and made prisoner, in the disastrous battle of Pavia, killed seven men with his own hand, and would have cut his way through the whole army of the enemy, had not his horse been shot under him, and gunpowder, "the grave of valor," been brought into play against the lance. It must be remembered that Henry was a giant in frame, scarcely inferior to his colossal grandsire, the fourth Edward; that he was as yet a young man, and unencumbered with the fat, which in his later years rendered him unwieldy; that he was the lineal descendant of the iron race of the Plantagenets, as well as of the fiery Tudors; that the blood of Cœur de Lion was hot in his veins, and his example ever in his mind; that he was acknowledged unequivocally to stand among the best men-at-arms of his own warlike nation, if not the very best. And, these things borne in mind, it will not be too much to believe that these generous and gallant princes, were, in deed and not in word, the first as in rank, so in prowess and place among the spears.

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* Mennechet, ii. 118.

On one occasion, Francis, whose more impulsive and chivalric spirit revolted against the narrow suspicions which had surrounded and confined the intercourse of himself and his brother king with a network of ceremonials, formulas, and precautions against that most atrocious of felonies, treason under trust, made an effort to break through the unworthy and ungenerous restrictions which he felt to be in themselves disgraceful; and, taking horse with a small train of gentlemen, at an early hour of the morning, galloped into Henry's camp at Guisnes, and surprised the king with a visit before he had left his chamber, calling out jocosely that he and all his men were prisoners. Henry affected to be charmed with his frankness, taking him in his arms and exclaiming that he surrendered at discretion. An exchange of gifts of jewelry followed, in which the present of the French king as much excelled his rival's as did the generosity of his heart and the frankness of his nature; and, on the ensuing day, Henry, unwilling to be outdone in the outward shows and forms of noble-mindedness, rode over in the like manner to visit his "well-beloved brother" in his lines at Ardres.

It is not, however, by such courtesies as these that national jealousies are stilled, or national hostilities pacified. It was remarked by all, that, though the solemn passage at arms had been proclaimed in the courts of Burgundy and Spain, no knight of the emperor's was present in arms to do honor to the conference of the kings; and it said that Francis, in his resentment at the affront, was so unwise as to countenance, if not command, an attack, which proved no more fortunate than it was fair in time of peace.

When the long series of idle displays, worse than profitless expences, wearisome pomps, and heartless professions was at last ended, the kings embraced with mutual expressions of good will and declarations of sincere amity, but with doubt, distrust, and jealousy rankling at their hearts, more bitterly than before their meeting, and ready at the slightest spark to blaze out into open enmity. These feelings, on the part of Francis, were not likely to be much assuaged by his learning that immediately after bidding himself farewell, between Ardres and Guisnes, Henry set out, though without the queen or the noblest of his train, to Gravelines on the Waal, there to return to his nephew, the emperor, the honor he had done him by visiting him in England, and reconducted him to Calais with great honor, to wait upon his aunt. This visit lasted three days, and was marked by the introduction–in the guise of maskers at a grand entertainment–into the presence of Charles and Henry, of la Roche, and certain French envoys, who read aloud in their presence, the tripartite league formerly concluded between them and Francis, and cited the Emperor, then and there to ratify it with his signature. This Charles evaded doing, and shortly afterward departed into his own dominions, though not till he had thoroughly captivated the vanity, and gained, for the time, the capricious adhesion of his uncle, by nominating him the absolute umpire in all future disputes which should arise between himself and the French monarch.

An ominous anticipation, truly, to follow so close on the heels of a conference for concluding a treaty of eternal and indissoluble amity; and one which Francis, undoubtedly, had no difficulty in comprehending. It was not sagacity in foreseeing the strokes of his enemy, nor brilliancy in the conception, nor splendid execution in delivering his own counterstrokes, that was wanting in Francis; but secretiveness in regard to his councils, continence of tongue and temper in reference to their disclosure, and patience in awaiting the true time for their development. The lack of these qualities, *in addition* to his splendid genius, fiery imagination, and heaven-daring courage, we should perhaps say, rather than in despite of them, that laid him open to the far less dazzling adversaries, whom he armed against himself. It is worthy of remark, that at this interview Anne Boleyn was present—on this point the positive declaration of Lord Herbert leaves no room for doubt–as well, probably, as Jane Seymour, another embryo queen of England, both officiating as maids of honor to Queen Claude, surnamed the Good, and therefore brought into the closest possible association with the royalty of England. Miss Strickland notices this fact, but observes on it, that "the presence of this young lady was, as yet, of no moment to the royal Katharine, although her mind had been already somewhat troubled by the coquetries"—a light word to use in reference to an almost avowed paramour—"of the other sister, Mary Boleyn, with King Henry." It is not, however, improbable that the royal eye had been attracted by both these fair English maids of honor of the French queen; since, when the war broke out, a year or two later, they were both summoned to vacate their situations in the French court, and, on their return, Anne was appointed to the same place in the household of Katharine which she had previously held in that of Claude; and, on her advancement to the crown, Jane Seymour occupied that very position, and with similar results, which she had herself misused toward her right-royal predecessor.

Of this, however, more in its proper place. Of the pomps and splendors of the past scene I could and fain would discourse somewhat more largely; for I confess that there is something in the mingled magnificence and daring, the chivalry, the recklessness, the splendor, and the risk of those encounters, bygone and never to return, which is singularly congenial and fascinating to the bent of my spirit. But a just regard to my limits must forbid, and I can only refer those of my readers who care to read farther of those gorgeous days, to the pictured pages of Hollingshede and Hall, the latter of whom especially revels in the descriptions of those pomps and pageantries, even to the dresses of the principal personages, which it would not be difficult to reproduce from his minute and glowing portraiture.

It was in this year, and at about this time, that the dispute and differences between Luther and his party, of whom Ulric Zuinglius, Erasmus, and Philip Melancthon were the most celebrated, and Pope Leo X., being at their height, Charles, who had been recently crowned emperor at Aix, summoned the

Great Reformer to appear before a diet, which he convoked at Worms, October, 23, 1520, giving him a safe conduct to come and go unmolested. At this diet Luther appeared, still wearing his friar's habit, for he had not yet protested against the church itself, but only against its abuses; and, refusing to recant or retract his opinions, was proscribed by edict, together with all his adherents and followers.

Considering that by this treatment he was rather punished than put in any process of conviction, Henry, who, now liberated from the excitements and fatigues of war proper, had nothing, unless it were polemics, wherewith to occupy and amuse his restless, impatient, irritable spirit, resolved to descend into the lists controversial, against this champion of reform, fully confident that he could overthrow him as easily by the edge of his eloquence and the weight of his ponderous theology, as he had beaten down military champions in the tilt-yard by the more convincing arguments of battle-axe and double-handed sword.

That Henry was a man of talent, and even of erudition, according to his day, is not to be denied; and it has ever appeared to me, that one of the most adverse influences to the formation of his character, and one which led to some of the most odious incidents in his subsequent career, was this—that he had been studiously educated a theologian, with a view, during the lifetime of his brother Arthur, to filling the archiepiscopal diocese of Canterbury; that he really was more than a tolerable divine; and that, having once got it into his head that he was priest nearly as much as king, he never could divest himself of the idea. Hence, when his quarrel arose with Pope Clement, on a question perfectly laical and unconnected with religious opinions, he aspired not to render England Protestant, as some persons have strangely understood it, but to erect a separate Anglican Catholic church, of which himself and his heirs and successors should be the supreme heads and *quasi* popes. It was no nominal supremacy which he claimed to hold, as is sufficiently evident from the fact, that in his later persecutions of the Protestants, he did actually lay claim to his own infallibility, whether he did so in words or not. It was more the contumacy of the unhappy martyrs in refusing to be convinced by the eloquence and divinity of himself, the pontiff-king, than their heresy in rejecting the true faith, that he punished with the stake and fagot.

No sterile title or form of power was that, which he attached to the crown of England; for, had he succeeded in carrying out his will, and had the supremacy of the church, which descended to his heirs, been that supremacy which he intended and understood it to be, the sovereign of Great Britain would now stand precisely on parallel ground with the Tzar of Russia, as absolute monarch and infallible pope over his own church and people.

At this time he was friendly to Leo; and to Luther, beside that he was really averse to his doctrines, and offended at his heresies, he was in a manner personally hostile, owing to the German monk's often contemptuously expressed opinion against Thomas Aquinas, "who was in so much request with the king, and especially the cardinal (that as Polydore hath it) he was therefore styled *Thomisticus*."* He resolved, therefore, out of his love for the pontiff, his zeal for the faith, and his hatred for Luther, to meet and confound his arguments by solid force of counter-argument, and so published his book, entitled *de Septem Sacramentis*—a work which so greatly "delighted the pope, that Dr. John Clark, dean of Windsor, our king's ambassador, appearing in full consistory, he, knowing the glorious present he brought, first gave him his foot and then his cheeks to kiss"*—a condescension, which, it is devoutly to be hoped, Dr. John Clark and his royal master duly appreciated. What is far more curious, is this, that "he promised to do as much for approbation thereof, to all christian princes, as ever was done for St. Augustine's or St. Hierome's works"—and that this promise was fulfilled, after it had been privately debated by the cardinals, whether he should be styled *Protector* or *Defensor Romanæ ecclesiæ*, or *sedis Apostolicæ*, or *Rex Apostolicus*, or *orthodoxus*, by conferring on him the title of DEFENDER OF THE FAITH—a title which, strange to say, is still borne by the sovereigns of England—when, so far from defending *that* faith, it is a condition of their ascending the throne that they shall not even hold to it.

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* Herbert of Cherbury, fol. 85.

King Henry's book, *de Septem Sacramentis*, I have never read, and most assuredly never intend to read; so that I neither am, nor expect to be, prepared to give an opinion of its merits or demerits; neither have I ever met with any criticism, *pro* or *con*. I judge from this, however, that it was superior to regal authorship in general, and that it must have hit the great reformer pretty hard, since it put him into such a towering passion that he wrote a reply to it, in which, "after allotting to the king no other praise than that of writing in elegant language," he declared that, "in all other respects, he was a fool and an ass, a blasphemer and a liar."† For this disrespect to a king, which the German princes, who protected him, naturally enough considered an insult to royalty itself, Luther was compelled, afterward, to apologise in print. But I doubt whether the apology would have much availed the reformer, had he ever fallen into the clutches of the royal theologian; and I think I can discover in all his dealings with the professors of the new faith, whom he persecuted so rancorously, something of personal animosity, something of the jealous disputant, as when he publicly argued with the unhappy Lambert before committing him to the flames, rather than simply the cruel bigot and despotical king.

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* Herbert of Cherbury, fol. 85.

† Lardner, Hist. Eng. vi. 105.

That he regarded the contumacy of his heretics, in differing from his opinions, refusing to conform to his example, and be convinced by his arguments, as a more vital offence than adhering to the new learning, is, it appears to me, evident from all his conduct in reference to the reform; and that this state of mind is partly to be attributed to the effect of his early disputation with Luther himself, and partly to his overweening estimate of his own condition as a divine, arising from his church education. Young plants easily receive a deflexion to this side or that, which, when their growth is once confirmed, can never again be reflexed. Had Henry not been destined for an arch bishop of Canterbury, he never, I fancy, would have dreamed of becoming supreme head of an Anglican church—perhaps would never have been a persecuting king, though this is more doubtful. But in his very boyhood he had acquired a knowledge of ecclesiastical power, a taste for ecclesiastical letters, and he had seized an idea that he was to be the head of the English church. An idea, which he once grasped, he never again let go; and so he would be, and so he was, at last, the supreme head, not of the church of England, but of the Anglican church. This last difference must be borne in mind, and insisted on throughout this reign; for, in the latter part of it especially, we shall find three distinct parties,—the adherents of the old faith, the Papists of the Roman communion, whom Henry hanged and beheaded for denying his own supremacy, the reformers of the new faith, or Protestants, whom he roasted for disputing the real presence and rejecting five of the seven sacraments, and the Anglicans, as, in default of a better title, I shall designate them; for it is absurd to call those Papists, who abjured the pope; or Romans, who would have London, not Rome, the seat of church government; and Catholics it is monstrous to style them—since Catholic, or universal, they never have been, and, by the grace of God, never shall be—who held to the faith of Rome in every particular, except that they would have an English, not a Roman, pontiff, and that pontiff, king.

This triple division certainly worked well for the reformation; since there were clearly none who honestly wished for an Anglican church and an English pontiff-king; and those who professed to do so, did so only from fear of the king's vengeance, or from the desire to win his favor; and these men, the link which bound them to Rome once broken, never returned to the bondage they had once shaken off; but, when the empty dream of an Anglican church of St. Peter sank into oblivion, joined the reformers, and became the germ of the extreme high church party in the church of England.

Immediately after this disputation followed the tragical affair of the great Duke of Buckingham; an affair which it is by no means easy to comprehend or unravel, since the duke's conduct is clearly not free from suspicion of disloyalty and even treason; while yet there seems to have been a want of sufficient proof to establish the crime for which he suffered, although the compassing the king's death by words alone, without the commission of any overt act, was in that age held to justify conviction. His death, it appears, was generally, by the commons, at the time charged on Wolsey; but Wolsey was then an unpopular, and soon after a fallen minister; and so much is evidently charged on him without any grounds, that one is apt to require positive proof against him, which I do not find here, before finding him guilty. Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who, as I have said before, follows Polydore Virgil, the cardinal's worst enemy, says that Wolsey had determined on his destruction from the hour of his murmuring at the vast expences entailed on him by his compelled presence at the Field of Cloth of Gold; and there is this corroboration of that fact, that Sir Charles Knevet, the steward whom he had dismissed on that occasion, in consequence of the complaints of his tenants, who seems to have been subsequently in the cardinal's employment; and Sir William Bulmer, a knight who had quitted the king's household, had been taken into that of the duke, for which disrespect that nobleman had been so far disgraced that there was even a talk of committing him to the tower, were the principal witnesses against him.

I find, in Miss Strickland's interesting work on the queens of England, the following remarkable anecdote, but she fails to indicate its source, which I have been unable to discover; and, as it appears to have been unknown either to Hume or Lingard, neither of whom allude to it, I cannot judge of its value as authority. It is, however, curious, and in consideration of the proverb that "where is much smoke there must needs be some fire," I quote it, inasmuch as, if it prove nothing else, it does prove the generalness of the belief, that the duke fell a victim to the cardinal's enmity rather than to his own criminality.

"Queen Katharine and Cardinal Wolsey," says the fair au thoress, "had lived in the greatest harmony till this time, when his increasing personal pride urged him to conduct which wholly deprived him of her esteem. One day the Duke of Buckingham was holding the basin for the king to wash, when it pleased the cardinal to put in his hands. The royal blood of the duke rose in indignation, and he flung the water in Wolsey's shoes, who, with a revengeful scowl, promised Buckingham 'that he would sit on his skirts.' The duke treated this as a joke, for he came to court in a jerkin, and being asked by the king the reason of this odd costume, he replied that 'it was to prevent the cardinal from executing his threat, for if he wore no skirts they could not be sat upon.'"

Whatever be the truth of this anecdote, or the facts of Wolsey's enmity to the duke, it nevertheless would seem to be proved that Buckingham had been guilty of such imprudences, to call them by no lighter name, and had committed himself so strangely in speeches, showing that he looked forward to the king's death, without issue, as a desirable contingency, which might have the effect of raising himself to the vacant throne, as might well have excited the suspicions and even the fears of a king less jealous, suspicious, and vindictive than he whom he had unfortunately aroused.

"The duke was descended," says Lord Herbert, "from Anne Plantagenet, daughter of Thomas of Woodstock;" says Lingard, "from Edward III., both through John of Ghent, duke of Lancaster, and Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester." He was not, it is true, a very near kinsman to Henry; nor was his chance of succession more than remote, to speak the most favorably of it. Yet it was a hereditary characteristic of the jealous house of Tudor to look with the utmost suspicion on their collateral kindred; and, on the smallest pretext of their compassing the crown, to take them off as summarily as if they had been the brothers of an Ottoman emperor. Henry's own father had sent Edward Plantagenet, the earl of Warwick, the last male of that noble race, to the block without even the allegation of a crime; for no other reason than that Ferdinand of Spain, when Katharine's hand was asked for Arthur, Henry's elder brother, demurred to granting it, on the ground that so long as there existed an heir male of the name of Plantagenet, the crown was not secure to the house of Tudor.

That sufficed to slay Warwick.

Henry himself had beheaded Edmund de la Pole, earl of Suffolk, for no other cause than that his brother Richard had assumed, in France, the badge of the White Rose, as if he were the heir of York, thus disputing the throne with Tudor.

And there can be no manner of doubt, that without any instigation on the cardinal's part, though probably his instigation was not wanting, Henry would himself have pursued Buckingham to the block, on less ground of suspicion than the unhappy nobleman had actually given.

There was at this time a person, who had made some noise in England, as a prophet, whether a visionary or an impostor it does not appear, one Hopkins, a monk in the priory of Henton, in Somersetshire. This man had by some means excited the curiosity of Buckingham, who seems to have been a weak, indiscreet, and garrulous person; and, having obtained access to him, won his full belief, by the accomplishment of two predictions, that Henry should gain much honor in his first French campaign, and that "if the king of Scots came to England then, he should never go home again." Thereafter, it appears, by Buckingham's own admission, that he consulted this Hopkins on several occasions, and assisted him liberally with money; and by Hopkins' evidence it is proved, that the subject of these consultations was the probability of the duke's succession to the throne.

He also said to Knevet, as it was sworn by that person, on the occasion of his disgrace in the matter of Sir William Bulmer, that "had he been committed to the tower, he would have so wrought that the principal doers thereof should not have great cause for rejoicing. For he would have played that part which his father intended to have put in practice against King Richard at Salisbury; who made earnest suit to come into the presence of the king, which suit if he might have obtained, he, having a knife secretly about him, would have thrust it into the body of King Richard, as he had made semblance to kneel down before him."* He stated, moreover, to Sir George Nevil, lord Abergavenny, "that if the king died, he would have the whole rule of the realm in spite of whoever said the contrary, swearing that if the Lord Abergavenny revealed this he would fight him.'"†

There is no pretence brought forward that he was not tried fairly; indeed, unusual impartiality would seem to have been used in this case, which was tried by a duke, a marquis, seven earls, and twelve barons. The Duke of Norfolk, whose son, the Earl of Surrey, was married to Buckingham's daughter, was created lord steward, in order to preside; which, as he may be presumed friendly to the prisoner, assuredly argues no desire to deal with him unjustly. The witnesses were confronted with the prisoner, which was rarely the case in this reign, and when Norfolk delivered the sentence it was not without tears.

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* Horbert of Cherbury, fol. 87. † Ibidem.

In answer to his sentence he professed that he never had been a traitor, declared that he had nothing against his judges, prayed God to pardon them his death, even as he did, and declining to beg his life, left himself to the king's disposal, and died as he had lived, a gentleman. He was accordingly beheaded, the other revolting particulars of a traitor's doom being remitted to him. "Thus ended the Duke of Buckingham, much lamented by the people, who libelled the cardinal for it, calling him *carnificis filium*, as being thought rather criminal through folly and rash words, than any intention declared by overt act against the king's person, and therefore not uncapable of mercy; which also it was thought would not have been denied, had he sued for it in fitting terms." * According to modern ideas, and to the law as it exists at present, he was an innocent man, unjustly sacrificed; but in his own day there is no doubt that his sentence was legal, and that his condemnation and execution were both within the reasons of the statute and the usual practice in such cases. In later days of the same reign, nobles and noble ladies were brought to the block, for no farther offence than quartering royal bearings with their own, where the right to do was doubtful. The suggestion, however, that Henry would have pardoned the duke on any suit of his own, or at any intercession of others, appears to me no less gratuitous than the attempt to cast the blame of his death on the cardinal, who has enough reproaches to bear, justly thrown on him, without fathering on him others, in which he has no share. Miss Strickland, quoting Godwin and Shakspere, would have us to believe that Queen Katharine did make strenuous intercession for the duke, and that, "after uselessly pleading for him with the king, she did not conceal her opinion of Wolsey's conduct in the business." It is evident, also, that she attributes to this supposed disagreement and rupture Wolsey's subsequent hostility to herself and her nephew, Charles V.; but not only does this lack confirmation, but it can actually be denied; since Wolsey was balancing between the emperor and Francis, and had nearly inclined the king, his master, to declare war on France, and knit ties not only of amity but of consanguity with Spain, until the death of Leo X., and the election of Adrian showed him that he had been tricked with false promises by Charles.

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* Herbert of Cherbury, fol. 87.

The fact is, that Buckingham has little claim on our sympathies. He died a victim assuredly to the stringency of the statute of treason, to the jealous state-policy of England, this last in some degree palliated if not excused by the cruel wars which had so long devastated the land and decimated the barons in consequence of the jarring pretensions of royal houses and would-be royal heirs, and in some degree to the jealous and unforgiving temper of Henry himself.

It must also be remembered, that this point of succession was an extremely sore subject with Henry. Heirs male were ever his grand desiderata; and it is more than possible that, had the sons of Queen Katharine lived and promised hearty health, Anne Boleyn never had succeeded to her honors, while she was yet alive; and that, if Anne's child, Elizabeth, had been as masculine in sex as she proved afterward to be in soul, her mother would never have made way for Jane Seymour, by the brief and bloody passage from the tower to the grave.

To all mortals there is a natural desire for sons, who shall transmit the name at least of the father to posterity. The larger the possessions and the brighter the honors to be handed down, the more urgent becomes that desire. When it is the question of an empire, and when the translation of that empire peacely, lawfully, and among the happiness of the people, or bloodily, anarchically, and with the devastation of fields and the conflagration of cities, is the point at issue, it is clear to me that a monarch may, not only humanly and naturally, but lawfully and patriotically, besiege heaven with prayers for lawful issue male; and use any weapon, which the law gives into his hands, in order to preserve the succession to his own lawful line, and to bequeath peace to the nation confided to his charge.

Henry had, at this time, no heir male, no hope of having any. Buckingham had announced his intention of claiming the crown, should Henry die childless; and, when we consider the fact, that since the conquest but one woman, Matilda, had ever succeeded to the throne, and she only to have it disputed through twenty years of civil war at the sword's point, we cannot wonder, or much blame that king, if he merely enforced the law, without granting mercy, which does not seem to have been asked, either directly or vicariously, for the culprit.

If Henry had no blacker stain of bloodshed, registered against his name, than this of Buckingham, he would not figure on the page of history as the sanguinary tyrant, we now see him painted; nor, if Wolsey had never counselled anything more evil than his taking off, even if he did counsel it, which is not proven, would he have had cause to repent him that he had not served his heavenly, as he had his earthly, king and master.

The unhappy Buckingham had not long expiated his offence by his blood, before Europe was again kindled into flame by the fiery ambition of Francis, at the very moment, moreover, when Charles and Henry were secretly devising plans for creating a rupture, in order to favor the English king's cherished object of reconquering France, and replacing on his head the more than half-won diadem, which had been wrested from the feeble hands of his sixth namesake and predecessor. Before, however, their plans were matured, making the restitution of the kingdom of Navarre to its rightful owners his pretext, and taking occasion of a revolt in Spain against Charles as his occasion, Francis hurried his armies across the Pyrenees, and, within fifteen days, drove every Spaniard out of the territories of that kingdom; but when he pressed his advantages and pushed his forces forward to Logroño, in Castille, the insurgents rallied to the banners of their king, drove back the invaders, and recovered Navarre, even more rapidly than it had been taken.

At the same time, De la Marque, duke of Bouillon, was incited by Francis to invade the Netherlands, which he actually did, at the head of an army levied in France. This diversion was, however, no more successful than the direct attack. De la Marque was driven back, and, the war being carried into his own country, saw his territories devastated by forty thousand men—Germans and Switzers, in the pay of Charles—while the people of Italy flew to arms, at the call of the pope, with the intent to drive the French across the Alps.

So soon as the first blow was struck, and before the proximate results could be anticipated, both the belligerents appealed to Henry, as their regularly constituted arbiter; France claiming that, by the treaty of Noyon, Spain was bound to evacuate Navarre—which was merely an idle pretext—and Spain complaining that France had invaded her territories in time of peace, and demanding Henry's armed intervention, according to the articles of the general pacification.

At this point, the king of England had unquestionably the right to intervene; and, with a view to his favorite project of reconquering France, it was clearly his policy to take part with the emperor, by a bold and energetic resolution, thereby securing the weight of his alliance. He was, however, taken unawares. The moment he had so long desired had anticipated his desire; his project was yet a project only; no preparations made, no levies of men, no squadrons at sea, no moneys granted, still less any on hand, for the prosecution of a design so gigantic.

Henry, therefore, hesitated; wisely deferred the execution of plans, which, under his then circumstances, he could by no means have prosecuted to advantage; exhorted both the kings to peace, inviting them to send commissioners, with full powers, to explain their grievances, and pledged himself to a just arbitration between them.

Francis, at first demurred; Charles, who was confident both of the justice of his own cause and of the favorable inclinations of his umpire, and farther having the means of proving by intercepted letters that the simultaneous attack of Navarre and the Netherlands had been premeditated by the French, gave his immediate consent. When the fortune of war, however, turned against himself, the French king accepted the mediation, but refused to be bound by any award, which should not meet the concurrence of the chancellor, his chief commissioner.

Wolsey was immediately nominated arbitrator, and sent to Calais with a splendid train, whither came to him, first, the imperial commissioners, and, on the next day, the French embassy; but it became apparent that no final end could be approached, Gattinara, the emperor's chancellor, declaring his power limited to stating the facts of the case and proving them, and then demanding the intervention of Henry. On this difficulty, it was proposed by Gattinara, and warmly seconded by the French, that Wolsey should visit the emperor in person, who was lying at Bruges, and endeavor to bring about a reconciliation.

This was, probably, no more than a preconcerted plan devised to give Wolsey an occasion of having personal conference with the emperor, and of maturing secret negotiations with him concerning matters, which he had full authority to treat and conclude, before leaving home. Whether it was so or not, Wolsey eagerly grasped the opportunity, proceeded to Bruges in almost royal state escorted by four hundred horse, was received by Charles at a mile without the gates, conducted into the city, and feasted with great solemnity during thirteen days, the mornings of which were occupied by public councils or private conclaves, wherein all the preliminaries of a private treaty were arranged between France and England.

In the meantime the war was still proceeding, and at first, to the disadvantage of Francis. Amand and Mortaigne, in Picardy, were taken by the Seigneur de Lignes, a subject of the emperor's; Ardres by the Burgundians; and Mouzon carried, and Mezieres invested, by the Count de Nassau, the emperor lying, the while, inactive at Valenciennes. Then Francis advanced, retook Mouzon, and raised the siege of Mezieres; but, pressing too hotly on the retiring imperialists, was checked and driven back with loss by De Nassau.

At this moment the cardinal had framed a project of peace, an immediate armistice to be proclaimed on the base of *uti possidetis*,—the restitution or retention of the territories and fortresses captured on either hand to be left to Henry's arbitry. This project was carried to the emperor by the Lord of St. Johns and Sir Thomas Boleyn, and to the French king by the Earl of Worcester and the Bishop of Ely. The terms might possibly have been arranged; but, pending the negotiations, Fontarabbia was taken by Bonnivet, in Guipuscoa, beyond the frontiers of Navarre, and the emperor insisted on its rendition before proceeding farther. This being refused, the cardinal gave sentence, "that the king of France having been the first breaker of the truce, the king of England was bound to assist the emperor, by the terms of the general pacification;" and orders were issued to raise the English contingent of six thousand archers, according to the articles of 1518, although too late that they should take part in that campaign. A league was then contracted at Calais, between the emperor, the pope, and Henry, by which it was agreed, that in order to restrain the ambition of France and operate more effectively against the Turk, the three powers should in the spring of 1523 invade France with a powerful army; and that if thereupon France should not yield to reason, Henry should then declare war on him, revoke the contract of marriage of his daughter Mary to that king, and betroth her to the emperor, who should make good to England the loss of all payments stipulated by Francis.

Before this treaty was actually signed, the Marquis of Pescara, the emperor's general in Italy, being assisted by the pope's forces under Prospero Colonna, besieged Lescun, the French commander, in Parma. Lautrech, his brother, came up to his relief with twenty thousand Swiss and seven or eight thousand Venetians, and raised the siege; but, a few days later, a part of the Switzers, being ill-paid, mutinied, and were gained over to Colonna's army, by the Cardinal di Medicis; whereupon that able officer resumed the offensive, stormed Milan, and, Parma and Pavia surrendering, and the castle of Cremona having been surprised by a coup de main, cleared the whole Milanese of the French in a few days, and terminated the war in that quarter with a thunderclap.

"Which the pope hearing," writes Lord Herbert, "and being assured together that Sforza should be restored to Milan, was so overjoyed that he died thereof, December 1, 1521; so can every passion in his turn kill, though some suspected he might die of poyson." * About the same time Tournay surrendered to the imperial forces; which was a yet harder blow to Francis than his expulsion from the Milanese, since he was still compelled to pay to Henry the pension stipulated for its restitution, unless he chose to break treaty with him also, and bring him down upon himself, in open war, with all his forces at once, instead of abiding the time appointed, in 1523, and this he could not afford to do, having quite enough on his hands already, without adding Henry's dreaded archery to the forces of the coalition.

All these events show how entirely erroneous is Miss Strickland's idea, that the cardinal entertained any personal animosity either to the Emperor Charles or his Aunt Katharine, so early as May of this year, when Buckingham died; and we find that, on the death of Leo, Wolsey wrote to Charles, reminding him of his promise, as relying on his aid to obtain the papacy, at the same time that he sent Dr. Pace to Rome in order to solicit the cardinals, and claiming his support, in requital of the care he had ever had of his interests.

This year, says Bellay, as quoted by Lord Herbert, muskets

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* Herbert of Cherbury, fol. 94.

were invented, and first used in this war. The notice refers, however, to some improvement in the weapon, and not to its invention *de novo;* since a rude firearm, known as the hand-gun, was in use so early as the battle of Bosworth, though so clumsy as to require two men to work it. At the battle of Pavia, moreover, the musketry of the Spanish foot was so rapid, and so well sustained, that it broke the magnificent gendarmerie of France; a result not attainable by means of a weapon originated only one year before the time when itself, with the tactics depending on it, had been brought to such perfection as to decide the fate of a stricken field.

The most important thing, perhaps, to christendom that occurred in this reign, far surpassing all considerations of wars, conquests, and invasions, as it probably decided forever the religious creed of the great Anglo-Norman race, in all parts of the world to which it is destined to extend, is the Papal election, which occurred in the early part of 1522.

We have seen that Wolsey depended on the active coöperation of the emperor in causing the choice to fall upon himself. Henry was anxious that this honor should be conferred on his minister and friend; and it might be supposed that Francis, having no particular candidate of his own, nor influence at Rome sufficient to elect him if he had, would rather see the choice fall on a subject of the partially neutral king of England than on a nominee and partisan of Charles.

Had Wolsey succeeded in mounting the Papal chair, it is little likely that any rupture would have occurred between Rome and Henry; and had Elizabeth been educated Catholic, and, succeeding the Catholic Mary, been herself succeeded by Roman Catholic Stuarts, who shall say that, at this moment, England, Scotland, and even the United States of America, might not have been as completely under the influence of Papistry as Spain or Ireland, and steeped in equal ignorance, imbecility, and barbarism. On such contingencies it is useless to speculate, farther than to observe on how small and seemingly insignificant points the greatest events sometimes hinge and turn, and how extraordinary providences of the Most High are sometimes passed over, in history, almost without remark, as accidents.

This election of Pope Adrian, in lieu of Wolsey, is one of those accidents; and it is singular that I do not find it anywhere commented upon, as the first link in the chain of events, which led to the disruption of England from the Romish orthodoxy, and the attribution of a religious supremacy to the wearer of the British crown.

The Cardinal Giulio di Medicis, it appears, had secured voices enough in the conclave to frustrate any rival candidate, although not enough to install himself. His most dangerous competitors were the Cardinals Wolsey, Colonna, and Farnese; and he at once determined that if not himself, no one of these should be elected pope. He accordingly diverted attention to Adrian, cardinal of Tortosa, a native of Utrecht, eminent for learning and virtue, who had been preceptor to Charles, and who was now resident in Spain, "where he had the quality of "*Gobernador di Castilla.*" Cajetan, who admired the writings of Adrian, seconded his nomination by Di Medicis, and Adrian was elected pope, January 9, 1522, so many as nineteen votes, however, having been cast, at one time, in favor of Wolsey. The Italian writers throw much reproach on the authors of this election, Guicciardini styling Adrian, *Pontifice Barbaro*, and Pallavicino lamenting that, within nine years after Julius drove the barbarians out of Italy, a barbarian should have occupied his chair. The choice, however, appears to have been a good one; and although Charles could not be expected to oppose the elevation of his own tutor, subject, and minister, to the Papal throne, he does not appear to have taken any overt part in supporting him, or hindering the English cardinal. And so Wolsey appears to have rightly understood it; for, remembering that Adrian was an old and infirm person, and regarding his hopes rather deferred than frustrated, he as yet betrayed no animosity toward Charles, probably felt none; but proceeded in the line of policy, which had been determined, as if nothing had occurred adverse to his interests.

During this winter, seriously alarmed at the force of the coalition against him, Francis at first exerted himself strenuously to regain the friendship of Henry; but when he found that impossible, he had recourse to the extreme measure of laying all the English shipping in his ports under embargo, and even of confiscating the property of all the English merchants in France. Henry retaliated by imprisoning all the French within his dominions, not excepting the ambassador; and finished by sending his defiance to the king of France by Clarencieux, king-at-arms. In May, Charles landed at Dover; and the treaties between himself and his uncle, with regard to the invasion of France and the marriage of Mary with her cousin, were fully discussed and ratified. The invasion was to be made by the two monarchs, each at the head of forty thousand men; but Henry's was merely a paper army; his coffers were empty, exhausted by his boundless prodigality and idle luxury; the people were in no humor to be taxed arbitrarily, under the name of benevolences, voluntaries, and the like; and it was late in August, before the Earl of Surrey, whose great reputation, won at Flodden, had gained for him the leading of the army of invasion, was enabled to take the field at the head of twelve thousand men, paid by the king, four thousand volunteers, and a thousand German horse. With this force, the French wisely declining general actions, and Surrey as wisely avoiding to attack fortified cities, he devastated all Artois and the Boulonnois, up to Amiens; when, a dysentery having attacked his men, and the season being extremely unfavorable, he retired to Calais, having inflicted cruel injuries on the enemy's country, greatly enriched the adventurers, but acquired neither honor nor permanent advantage.

In the meantime Francis had awakened two formidable home antagonists to Henry, who, had they been properly sustained by France, or been in themselves men of energy, might have shaken the English throne by diversions, which its occupant had no means of meeting with any force he had in the field.

In Ireland, the Earl of Desmond agreed to rise on the landing of a French army, join it with the whole power of the nation, and never lay down his arms until he should have conquered the whole of Ireland from the English, half for his own hand, half for Richard de la Pole, the representative, or pretender of the house of York. Francis, however, contented with the alarm created by the mere project, forgot to pay Desmond the pension which was the condition, and never embarked the army, the landing of which should have been the signal, of the rising. In Scotland, the regent, Albany, who had returned at Margaret's invitation, that turbulent and ill-conditioned woman having quarrelled both with her husband and her brother, refused to renew the truce between the two nations, which expired that year; and, at the instigation of Francis, and by means of his aid, marched from Annan with an army of eighty thousand men, and forty-five brass guns, against the English borders, to defend which there was not a man, beyond the local militia, the moss-troopers of the marches, and the retainers of the feudal nobility of the district. The Earl of Shrewsbury was appointed, instantly, to array and command the men of the northern counties; but he was anticipated by the daring address of the bold Lord Dacre, warden of the western marches, who actually crossed the borders with five hundred men, made proclamation on Scottish ground, that the Scots should return into peace with England before the first day of March next, or they might take the consequences; which, he added, those who remembered Flodden might well judge what they were like to be. At the same time, he wrote to Albany *granting* him a month wherein to solicit peace of Henry's indulgence. Thereupon Albany engaged to disband, and actually did disband, an army, which might have marched to the Trent, had it dared, without finding an organized foe to resist it; and Dacre contracted to counter-order the advance of the English powers, not a man of which was yet levied. It is no wonder, if in one of his letters to the king, Wolsey characterized the regent as "a coward and a fool." The emperor had been, equally with Henry, prevented, by lack of money, from pressing the war effectively; for he was far from being popular with his Spanish subjects, who accused him of favoring his Austrians and Flemings, at their expense; and the Cortez were anything but liberal in their grants to sustain a war, which did not in fact materially interest them, being waged chiefly in Italy and the Netherlands, their own borders being in no danger even of menace.

In the ensuing year, 1523, the king, who had now governed for eight years, without having once summoned the great coun cil of the nation, was reduced by necessity, his French pension being discontinued, and it not being looked for that Charles could make it good, during the continuance of the war, to summon his parliament, to meet him at the Black Friars. Sir Thomas More was appointed, by Wolsey, speaker of this parliament; which fully proved the truth of what has been stated above, concerning the independence of the English commons at this period, in relation to money questions, as compared with their total subserviency in questions of general or individual liberty.

Wolsey demanded the sum of eight hundred thousand pounds, to be raised by a general property tax of twenty per cent. The commons heard him in silence; and, on his insisting on a reply, he was informed that the house could reply only by its speaker, and that the speaker could reply only as instructed by the house, after debate. However dissatisfied, Wolsey was compelled to await the convenience of the king's lieges. The question was debated, adjourned from day to day; and at length a deputation solicited the king, through the cardinal, that the amount of the demand should be reduced. Wolsey again came to the house, answered the opposition in a set speech, and called on them to reason with him. But, with the same spirit that has always characterized that body, they made answer, that they would hear all that he had to say, but that they would reason only among themselves. When Wolsey had left the house, they voted, in lieu of twenty per cent., a tax, for two years, of five per cent. on all kinds of property; for the third year, the same tax, on fees, pensions, and rents of land; and for the fourth year the same, on movables only. From this levy the northern counties—Northumberland, Durham, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Chester were exempt, on account of the Scottish war, the brunt of which they had to support; and the cinque ports were free of it, in virtue of their charter. With this diminished grant Henry was obliged to be content, and to maintain his contracts as best he might, granting a general pardon in virtue of the goodwill of his commons.

He now proceeded to carry on the war in earnest. In Scotland, whence Albany had fled in disgrace, after his inglorious retreat before Dacre, he reconciled himself with his sister Margaret, who readily agreed to have her son proclaimed king, at the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, on condition that her brother should support her with an army.

To the command of this army, Surrey, the son of the victor of Flodden, was appointed; and he conducted the war with his father's valor and ability. The Scottish marches were devastated, far and wide; the flourishing town of Jedburgh was laid in ashes, and all seemed going as he would have it, when, on the very day of the Jedburgh conflagration, Albany landed on the western coast of Scotland with two thousand French auxiliaries and stores of arms and ammunition. The whole Scottish nation rose as one man. Sixty thousand men flocked under arms to the standard of the regent, on Burrow Moor. Surrey wrote urgently to the king to send him reinforcements, to order all the young lords who wasted their time about the court at tennis and dice, that they should join the camp, and, above all, to require that he should be provided with four thousand German regulars, who should help to discipline his raw levies, and enable him to meet pikes with pikes; the English infantry being almost entirely archers, and the phalanx of Scottish spears being almost as formidable as that of the Macedonians of old.

In the meanwhile, Albany rushed down at the head of his overwhelming force to the borders, which he reached on the very day, when Surrey being reinforced from nine to fifty thousand men, garrisoned the strong-holds of Wark, Norham, and Berwick, and took post at Belford to watch the regent's movements.

Ignorant of what had happened, Albany at once attacked the Castle of Wark, and in a single day, with his powerful artillery, battered it in breach, stormed the outworks, and even carried the inner court with his French auxiliaries; but there the English archery rallied, and the Kentdale bows of Westmoreland poured such a deadly hail of clothyard shafts upon the assailants that they were unable to keep the ground they had won, and were driven in confusion out of the lines, as the night fell heavy and precluded all farther efforts.

The writer has stood within the walls of that old and well-defended keep; which, it seems, never was repaired; for the great breach, torn down by the Scottish guns, yet yawns wide enough for a hundred men abreast to march over the moat upon the debris of its fall, and enter the unguarded courtyard. But to this day, in all the walls, wherever the joints of the ashler-work and mortar admitted their penetration, the forked, iron heads of the English arrows stand black and rusted, literally as thick "as quills upon the fretful porcupine." Thirty-and-two barbed heads, of four inches in length, were counted in a piece of wall not above two yards square, directly on the level which the column of the enemy must have crossed in mounting to the assault; and if that hail of arrows fell as thickly where the combatants were in serried column as it did on the bare walls, it is no wonder that they fell back in disorder; and there is no doubt that they did so fall, for although the

English archery were trained to shoot "together," as it was termed, "and wholly," every shaft was launched with an individual aim.

On the next day the English host was in motion; but the very name of the victor of Flodden, though borne by another than he, was too much for the nerves of Albany. In fear and disorder the Scottish host crossed the borders at midnight; Albany again fled to France; the son of Margaret was proclaimed king, under the regency of his step-father, the Earl of Angus, truce followed truce, and—a thing almost unheard of in the annals of those warlike sister nations—for eighteen years no slogan roused the burghers of Carlisle, no war cry of St. George startled the foresters of Ettrick, the reivers of Liddesdale, and neither English bows, nor broadswords and blue-bonnets, crossed the border.

Of a certainty, that house of Tudor was well served by the proud aristocracy of England, to the end; though confiscation, and the Tower and the block, were for the most part the recompense they earned from the gratitude alike of Henry and his lion-hearted daughter.

In Italy, in France, things seemed at first to promise no less favorably for the confederates, than in Ireland and Scotland; and, in the Milanese, Bonnivet could effect nothing, but after a fruitless campaign was compelled to raise the siege of Milan, and go into winter quarters at Biagrasso. But Suffolk, who had invaded France with a splendid force, and had been joined by the imperialists under the Count de Buren, wasted time, allowed himself to be cut off from the allies on the German frontiers, and after a wretched retreat on Valenciennes, was compelled to disband his army. Charles, by the mutinous temper of his Spanish lords, was prevented from invading Gui enne in due season, and only succeeded, at the end of autumn, in recovering Fontarabbia, the restoration of which had been his ultimatum in the late negotiations for peace. In September of this year the Pope Adrian died, and Wolsey once more entertained hopes, by the aid of the emperor, of ascending the vacant chair.

Henry wrote to the emperor, requiring him to exert himself to secure the election of Wolsey; and that minister himself went so far as to urge him to advance his Italian army toward Rome, and so contribute the fear of force to the other motives for his elevation. This last Charles declined to do; and, although the English agents at Rome were instructed to spare neither pains nor money in compassing their object, the French cardinals offered so strenuous a resistance to Wolsey, whom they regarded as their king's bitterest enemy, that nothing could be effected in his favor; and that, ultimately, Giulio di Medici, was nominated by his principal antagonist, Pompeo Colonna, and, receiving the votes of a majority of the conclave, ascended the Papal throne, with the title of Clement VII.

It does not, to write candidly, strike me that any faith was broken by the emperor to Wolsey; nor is it, by any means, clear to me, that any offence was taken against that prince by the cardinal; but the truth is this, that, throughout the whole of this reign, every fact, civil or military, foreign or domestic, relating to the course of affairs in England, even to the character and conduct of the queens, has been seized on by polemical writers, and tortured into carrying some meaning, or arising from some cause, which never had any real existence. Of this kind is the story insisted on, it would appear, in the first place, by the imperialists, and since taken for granted by all historians, up to Lingard,* that the whole matter of Henry's divorce was gotten up by Wolsey, in order to create a rupture between Henry and Charles, and so to avenge himself on the latter prince for his lukewarmness in his own cause at this time. It makes, however, strongly against this view of the question, that for nearly two years after the date of his disappointment, neither in his conduct, nor in his dispatches, neither in his own bearing, nor in the policy of his government, do any signs appear of disaffection toward the emperor, or of leaning toward his rival, in the cardinal. Moreover, it is not in evidence, that any steps were taken toward setting aside the king's marriage with Katharine, even if any idea of the sort had arisen in Henry's mind, until after the conferences at Greenwich, in 1527, nearly four years later, respecting the marriage of Francis with the Princess Mary, whose legitimacy, it is pretended,† was here first called in question, by the Bishop of Tarbez.

During this winter Henry was desirous of invading Normandy, but to that end the coöperation of the Constable Bourbon, who had traitorously thrown off his allegiance to Francis, and was bearing arms for Spain against his own country, would have been required; and he could not be spared from the prosecution of the war in Italy, which was carried on without intermission, neither party going into winter-quarters. Bonnivet, who had hoped to be allowed to repose during the inclement season at Biagrasso, found his own armies so much reduced by sickness and desertion, while that of Spain was maintained in perfect force and condition, that it became necessary for him to retreat. This he did in February, 1524, in tolerably good order, so far as to Marignano; but, in crossing the Sessia, he was totally defeated; the Chevalier Bayard and many of his best officers were slain; and, in a few days, every French garrison in Italy had surrendered, and there was not an armed Frenchman to be found on Italian soil.

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* Lingard, vi. 78.

† I say *pretended*, because, on examination of the MS. journals of the French ambassadors, concerning these conferences, it is clear that no such question arose at all; and that the whole story was a device got up between the king and Wolsey, to account for the origination of the proceedings. The falsity, however, of the pretence does not impugn the evidence afforded by the *date*.

Bourbon's fierce thirst for vengeance now led him to insist on the invasion of his native land, and the emperor, although advised to the contrary, by his own officers, accepted his project, and urged Henry to second him by the irruption of an English force into Picardy. Henry had, however, found by the result of the two last campaigns, that there was nothing to be gained by such desultory and disconnected attacks; and, though he consented to pay half the expenses of the campaign, declined putting any independent army in the field. Nevertheless, the constable invaded France with an army of seventeen thousand veteran Spaniards, at that time the best troops in the world, under the command of the Marquess of Pescara; and had his plan of striking directly at the heart of the kingdom, where he expected to be joined and probably would have been joined by great forces of his friends and adherents, been carried out, he might probably have succeeded in making himself master of Paris. Had he done this, he would, as he was sworn to do, have proclaimed Henry VIII. king of France, when he would have been supported by the whole power of England, both in men and moneys. But the imperialists in sisted on turning aside into Provence, to besiege Marseilles, wishing to secure for their master a *pied a terre* and port of entrance in France, similar to that which Henry had in Calais.

The step was fatal. Marseilles was stoutly defended by Philip de Chabot; Francis was marching to its relief with strong forces; and Henry and Charles—each fearing, as Lord Herbert says, lest the other should reap the advantage of the expedition—failing to supply him with funds, the army of Bourbon mutined for want of pay; "although Sir John Russel had newly brought him twenty thousand pounds from our king." * The constable, in consequence, was forced to raise the siege, reëmbarked his cannon, and retired with loss to Genoa, leaving behind him the Prince of Orange, a prisoner in the hands of the enemy.

It was now the middle of October, and too late for the commencement of any great, new enterprise, according to the cautious rules of prudential warfare. But Francis was anything but of a cautious or prudential temperament. Fierce, impetuous, and vehement by nature, he was galled almost to madness by the shameful loss of the Milanese, during the early portion of the campaign, and yet more by the invasion of the sacred soil of France, by one of its own recreant sons, if he were the bravest and most able. He was, moreover, at the head of a "flourishing" army of thirty thousand men; though principally volunteers and mercenaries, a fact which the historian mentions, as, in his opinion, a disadvantage; because the volunteers, "being irregular and properly under no command," would necessarily "be admitted to the hazard of disordering a whole army;" while the mercenaries he represents as "slow, willful, of small trust, and oftentimes venal." It must be observed, however, on the other hand, that, at this very date, standing

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* Lord Herbert of Cherbury, fol. 125.

armies, except these very mercenary bands, from which he detracts, were unknown; and that these Swiss, German, and Walloon regiments were not only the finest, but the *only*, disciplined soldiers in Europe. The volunteers in question, were the splendid gendarmerie of France, composed of the chivalry and aristocracy of the kingdom, with their households and tenantry, the men in the ranks being, for the most part, gentlemen of name and lineage.

At this time there was not in England, except the beef-eaters of the royal household, a body of a hundred regulars; nor were there more at the commencement of the troubles between Charles I. and his parliament. The Plantagenets conquered Ireland, Wales, and two-thirds of France; the Tudors held the balance of the world, and ruled their own country with an iron hand; and the best and most unfortunate of the Stuarts maintained a warfare of seven years' duration, without regular troops, supplies, or money, solely by means of volunteers.

The first English standing army was that organized by Cromwell, which, at his bidding, dissolved the long parliament, and at the bidding of his successor, Monk, brought back a king to England, and crushed the commonwealth under foot.

With this powerful and valorous army, then, Francis resolved to carry the war at once into the Milanese, with the intent to finish it by a blow struck at the capital. Between the two armies it was now a race, whether of the two should first reach Milan, the one to storm it before it should be garrisoned, the other to secure it before the arrival of the French. Francis, with the usual dash and impetus of a French general and army, burst over the barriers of the Alps, by the passes of Mont Cenis, and overflowed the low country at the foot of the mountains like a deluge. The imperialists, baffled but not dispirited, struggled manfully through the defiles of *Riviera del Mare*, but had barely reached Alba, when Francis was at Vercelli, and actually nearer than themselves to the city; they made such speed, however, that they were enabled to throw Don Anthony de Legoa, with twelve thousand Spaniards and six thousand lansquenets, into Pavia, and to garrison the castle of Milan, the town being the seat of a pestilential disorder, while with the bulk of their army they took post at Lodi.

At this period of the war, Spain appeared to be in an ill position as needs might be; the pope having secretly entered into a league with Francis, and sent a special private envoy, one John Joacchino, a Genoese, who should endeavor to bring over Henry and his minister to that party. It is the fashion for historians to say that, had Francis pushed directly on to Milan, and pursued the imperialists to the uttermost, he would have concluded the campaign with a conquest. Historians say the same thing concerning Hannibal, after the battle of Cannæ; but people do not seem to remember that Hannibal, and Francis the First, and a few more martialists, over whose blunders the writers make so merry, were probably quite as good generals, to say the least, as their critics. It is certain that Francis obeyed a sound military rule, in refusing to leave a strong fortress in his rear, garrisoned by a veteran force equal to above half his own numbers, which, the moment he had passed by, would be available in the field against him for active operations.

His judgment is more questionable in detaching the Duke of Albany, with twelve thousand men, to operate against Naples; and the Marquis of Saluzzo, with four thousand more, to make a demonstration against Savona, whence to threaten Ge noa. From this moment the suspicions of the emperor against Henry and Wolsey appear to have commenced, though it should seem with little cause; for, although the Genoese, Joacchino, continued in London on the part of Louise, the queen mother and regent of France, no proof can be adduced that Wolsey had yielded to his solicitations, or encouraged his views. On the contrary, a letter is extant from that minister to his envoy with the pope, charging him to warn the pontiff of the danger he ran in offending the only sovereign who had the power to protect the interests of the church, and repress heresy, in Germany, and, in the same letter, he takes occasion to reprobate the interference of the head of the church in the wars of temporal princes, and goes so far as to ascribe the evils, which have come upon the church in these days, to the wrath of heaven at the leagues, offensive and defensive, of the late popes with belligerent princes. His dispatches, moreover, show that Sir John Russel was ordered to pay fifty or sixty thousand crowns as a reward to the army of Bourbon; that Dr. Pace was instructed to urge the Venetians to seize the passes of the Alps, and intercept the French reinforcements; and that Sir Gregory da Casales had full powers to coöperate with Lannoy, the viceroy of Naples, for the defence of that kingdom, and the expulsion of the French from the Milanese.

At the same time, it cannot be denied, that there is something suspicious in his often secret interviews with Joacchino; and that the arrest of a messenger of De Praët, the imperial envoy, and the decyphering of his despatches at the council board, though Wolsey endeavored to explain and apologise for it as an accident, afforded just cause for serious offence on the part of Spain.

The truth I conceive to lie, as it often does, in the middle. Henry had probably no idea of betraying his nephew, or of taking part with Francis; nor, I think, at this time, had Wolsey any personal feeling against the emperor. The king, however, had found out that this interminable conflict in Italy and the Netherlands was not bringing him any the nearer to his acquisition of the French crown; while any very decided superiority on the part of either of the belligerents would be apt to render him too powerful for the well-being of Europe. His minister had experienced the difficulty of extracting money from the commons, and both were becoming thoroughly sick of a war, the expenses of which fell wholly on England, while the rewards were likely to take a very different direction. It is possible, too, as suspicions seldom are single or one-sided, that they also began to doubt the good faith of Charles, as he doubted theirs, and perhaps with as much reason; for he had assuredly failed to fulfill his moneyed arrangements with them.

The events which followed naturally inclined England to the French side of the question; as it was not her policy to allow either party to crush and absorb the other; even as, long before, the conquest of the Milanese by Francis had led her to make common cause with Maximilian against him. The siege of Pavia had now lasted three months, the besiegers and besieged having exhausted all the means then known to the art of war in the attack and defence. Don Anthony was pressed by famine, and he wrote to the imperial generals,—"Either come to us, or we must cut our way to you." They came to him; and on "the evening of St. Matthias' day, being the day of the emperor's nativity, in February, 1525, the Marquis del Guasto leading the vantguard, the Marquis de Pescara the battail, and Charles de Lannoy, accompanied with Bourbon, the rereward, came in good order near the French army."* Francis drew his troops out of the trenches, unadvisedly, and gave battle in front of his own artillery, of which he thus lost the advantage. His Swiss troops, contrary to the wont of Switzers, behaved ill, threw down their arms and fled precipitately from the field; Don Anthony broke out of the city and fell upon the rear of the French, already fighting at disadvantage; and this not only decided the fate of the day, but converted it into a total rout and carnage. The German mercenaries fought furiously, despairing probably of quarter from a German conqueror, should they lay down their arms, and were killed, nearly to a man. The French gendarmerie charged home, again and again, with the accustomed headlong valor of their nation; but their barbed horses and levelled lances availed nothing against the regular, rolling fire of the Spanish musketeers, then heard, for the first time, on the battle field, the knell of chivalry, and harbinger of victory to disciplined and standing armies.

Francis fought like a paladin of old, killing the Marquis of Civita di St. Angelo, and striking down, according to Hume, seven men with his own hand, before his horse was shot under him, when he surrendered to Juan de Urbiéta, a Guipuscoan, and afterward gave up his sword and gauntlet to Diego de Avila. He was, for some time, in considerable danger of his life, among the irritated soldiery, who, at first, knew not who he was, and who, when they discovered the greatness of their prize, tore to pieces a great pennache which he wore in his helmet, and cut into shreds the surcoat of arms he had on above his harness, dividing it among them, as trophies of the day and memorials of the exploit. Many of the French nobles, who might have escaped, hearing that Francis was taken, "out of singular piety to their king, returned and yielded themselves, saying they would not return to France, and leave their king behind them." The whole remainder of this passage is so striking, so graphic, and so interestingly descriptive of the sentiments of the men, nobles, and kings of the last days of chivalry, when the romance of real life was already fast dying out, and the splendor of the warfare of the middle ages was well nigh extinct, that, although it is not essential to my direct narrative, or intimately connected with the career of Henry, I shall make no apology for quoting it entire, from the pages of the gallant and eccentric writer, who was himself almost the last cavalier of England.

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* Lord Herbert of Cherbury, fol. 123.

"The first of the great commanders," he says, "that came in, was the Marquis of Pescara, after him Guasta, and others; at last, Bourbon, being armed *cap a pié*, and with his sword all bloody in his hand, comes toward the king, who hereupon demanded his name. Being told, he stopped, if one may believe the Spaniard, my author, a little behind the Marquis of Pescara. He also, perceiving the king troubled, goes to Bourbon, and after he had told him that the king was there, demanded his sword, which Bourbon, without more adoe rendered; and thereupon, running to the king, and lifting up his beaver, cast himself on his knees, and humbly demanded the royal hand to kiss, which yet the king refused.

"Hereupon, Bourbon, with tears in his eyes, said, 'Sir, if you would have followed my counsel, you should not have needed tc be in this estate, nor so much blood of the French nobility shed, as stains the fields of Italy.' The king, hereupon turning his eyes to heaven, now replied only, 'Patience since fortune hath failed me.' Farther discourse was hindered by the Marquis of Pescara, who, desiring the king to mount on horseback, conducted him toward Pavia; but the king entreating he might not be kept a prisoner in a town, before which he had lately so puissant an army, they brought him to a monastery adjoining—Henry de Albret, the Comte de St. Paul, and divers other prisoners, being delivered to several custodies. From hence the king was removed to a strong castle, Piciqui ton"—Pizzighitone—"and there kept with a great guard of Spaniards, under Hernando de Alançon, till other order came from Charles, to whom, immediately after this victory, a messenger was sent, to acquaint him with the success. In the mean time, Francis was used with all respect. For more ostention whereof Charles de Lannoy brought, before supper, the bason, the Marquis of Guasta the ewer, and Bourbon the towel; which courtesy he requited, by inviting them to sit at table with him; after which, requring some money might be furnished to him for play, he passed away the time the most chearfully he could."*

The Henry d'Albret, mentioned above, is the nominal king of Navarre, the son of that Jean d'Albret, whose expulsion from his dominions, which were thereafter incorporated in the kingdom of Spain, by Ferdinand in the first campaigns of Henry's wars, has been related above. With him were taken the bastard of Savoy, and many other noblemen of high degree. The slain numbered eight thousand men, among whom were many captains of note, Richard de la Pole, the pretender of York, being one of these, greatly to the delight of Henry.†

On the news of this victory reaching London, every outward demonstration of joy was made, though it is more than doubtful whether Henry was in truth inwardly satisfied, by the extraordinary success of his confederate. He went, notwithstanding his private sentiments, be they what they might, to St. Paul's, in solemn state, where he heard high mass and a *te deum* sung in honor of the victory; but this done, without a moment's loss of time, he dispatched Cuthbert Tonstal, bishop of London, and Sir Richard Wingfield, chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, to Spain, to congratulate Charles on his victory, and to concert measures for the prosecution of the war in common.

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* Lord Herbert of Cherbury, fol. 181. † Lingard, iii. 79.

They were instructed to remind Charles that, as this war was carried on in common, so it was for the common benefit of both the high contracting parties; that, hitherto all the advantages had fallen to the hand of Spain; but that the king of England nothing doubted his nephew would now fulfill his obligations, in aiding to recover for him his throne of France, which was his of right, having been wrested from his ancestors, and which was the subject of dispute, for which he had gone to war.

He proposed, therefore, that they should proceed at once to invade France, on two sides simultaneously, and meet at Paris; when Henry should ascend the throne of France, as his by inheritance, and Charles recover the Burgundian provinces, which had been recently alienated from his sway.

The ambassadors were also instructed to offer every opposition to any plan for the release, or ransoming, of Francis, without the consent of Henry, but to claim him as a prisoner in common to both the confederates, although he had surrendered to the arms of Spain in particular; and it was added. that it would be well that Francis should be delivered over to Henry, for safe keeping. in which case the Princess Mary, though not yet of marriageable years, should be placed in the emperor's hands, under fitting conditions, until she should be of a proper age for the celebration of the nuptial ceremony.

To all this Spain lent a deaf ear. The ambassadors sent word to their court, that the emperor was, beyond doubt, treating with Francis, to release him on conditions framed solely for his own benefit; and that proposals for a marriage had been interchanged, to the detriment of his contract to the Princess Mary, with Donna Isabella of Portugal. Thus Henry found that, although his alliance with Spain had fully made good his vaunting motto, "*cui adhereo præest*," he was anything rather than a gainer, by the precedence he had given to his ally; and, being manifestly deceived, determined at once to change his course, and restore the balance of affairs. And, in doing this, he was in no respect to blame; nor can be in any degree charged with insincerity, or with breaking faith with Charles—it being manifest, on the contrary, that Charles had broken faith with him, in converting a war, carried on at common risk, common charge, and for the common good, in violation of express treaty stipulations, to his own singular advantage.

The clamor against Wolsey and the divorce was the result of a happy afterthought on the part of the imperialists, to divert attention from their own faithlessness; and it has been adopted by English historians, partly from justifiable dislike to the character of the man, partly from their blind adoption of Polydore Virgil's misrepresentations of his personal enemy, and yet more from the polemical partisanship, by which, on one side or other of the question, they are all more or less deeply tainted, and which renders them all, as to the circumstances of this reign, so irresponsible and untrustworthy, as authorities.

It is clear, however, that Charles did not desire to proceed to a rupture with his uncle, or to throw him into the opposite scale, although he might avoid giving him his just share of the spoils of victory. For, almost simultaneously with the arrival of Tonstal and Wingfield at his court, he wrote personally to Henry, demanding the immediate consummation of the contracted marriage with Mary, as he either did in truth doubt his uncle's good faith to him, or affected to doubt it; offering that she should be at once, on her arrival in the Netherlands, proclaimed empress, and received with the honors due to her rank.

This the king of England, in his turn, peremptorily refused, alleging the tender age of the princess as a reason why he would not part with her, out of his custody; yet he offered, at the same time, to give her to Charles, as a sort of honorable hostage, in exchange for the captive king of France.

The emperor believed, or affected to believe, that she had been, pending her contract with himself, and in violation thereof, offered in marriage, both to the king of France and to the king of Scotland. The first is palpably untrue. He well knew, what was not denied or disguised by any one, that, prior to her contract to himself, she had been promised to the dauphin of France, which engagement had been broken off, when Henry declared war on Francis, in consequence of his invasion of Navarre. Since that period, it is impossible that she could have been offered to that prince, since Henry had held no communication with him, but had, on the contrary, been pressing him to extremity with arms.

Beyond this casual allusion, there is no mention in history of any serious thought having been entertained of allying her to the young king of Scotland; and, indeed, it hardly could have been the case; since, as cousins german, they were within the most rigidly prohibited degrees of consanguinity, in the first place; and, in the second, if such an offer had been made, supposing a dispensation to be procurable, it is inconceivable that the protectors of that prince would not have eagerly embraced it, as the surest mode of securing the quiet of his realm, and his peaceful succession.

The more resolutely, however, that Henry refused, the more pertinaciously did Charles insist on receiving her hand; until the question was settled by the reply of the English king, that, although he intended to keep his word and give his daughter to Spain, so soon as she should have attained marriageable years, and although he still desired the match, if his nephew were averse to waiting for the adolescence of his promised bride, he would consent to liberate him from this contract, so that he should be at full liberty to wed another woman.

How much of honesty or faith, beyond the merest self-interest, there was on the part of either of these monarchs, it is not difficult to judge by what followed. An armistice was immediately agreed on, for the space of forty days, between Henry and Francis, and, during the suspension of arms which followed, a treaty, offensive and defensive, was concluded between those two monarchs, on terms vastly to Henry's advantage, France agreeing to pay him the sum of two millions of crowns, by half-yearly instalments of fifty thousand, and moreover, one hundred thousand crowns, as an annual pension for the whole term of his natural life. To allow Mary, the queen dowager of France, Henry's sister, the full profits of her dower and to make good to her all arrears up to the present time.

To pay the cardinal one hundred and thirty thousand crowns, for his resignation of the bishopric of Tournay, and his services to the house of France, and, lastly, to engage that the Duke of Albany should never return to Scotland, during the minority of the present king. This treaty Francis ratified during his captivity; and, in order to ensure the performance of it after his release, Louise, the queen mother and queen regnant, sanctioned it with her oath, as did moreover the principal nobility of France, with the great cities of Toulouse, Lyons, Amiens, Rheims, Paris, Bourdeaux, Tours, and Rouen;* all of which bound themselves, under actual penalties of forfeiture, not only to observe the treaty themselves, but to compel the king to observe it.

A precious commentary on the good faith and honor of these high-born and chivalrous nobles, in this age of punctilious niceties and affected jealousy of the *pun d' onor*, is the fact, that, in the very moment, when they were binding themselves by solemn oaths to the observation of this engagement with their new ally, they were secretly engaged in entering on the private register of the parliament of Paris a solemn protest against the treaty; with the deliberate intention that Francis should avail himself thereof, in order to escape from the necessity of fulfilling all or any of the stipulations, wherever it should suit his purpose to do so.

The sincerity of Charles, in reiterating and pressing his demands for the immediate solemnization of his marriage with the Princess Mary, is sufficiently attested by the fact, that within a few weeks after the abrogation of his contract with her he actually married Matilda, the infanta of Portugal, who brought him a marriage portion of nine hundred thousand crowns.

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* Lingard, Hist. Eng. vi. 84

In January of the ensuing year, 1526, finding that in reality the strength of France was in no wise reduced by the loss of its Swiss and German mercenaries, at Pavia, or even by the capture of the king; that all Europe was alive, since the captivity of Francis, to the danger it ran from the ambition attributed to himself and the great increase of his own power; and that more was to be gained by negotiation than by war, Charles began to treat with his prisoner, for conditions on which he should be restored to liberty.

On the seventeenth day of March, he was formally set at liberty, his two elder sons being delivered up, at the same time, as hostages to the officers of the emperor, charged with the liberation of the royal prisoner. The ceremonial of his dismissal occurred at the mouth of the river of Fontarabbia, near the town of Andaye, in the Lower Pyrenees, the king being landed on the French bank at the same moment of time when his sons were disembarked on the Spanish shore, the boats which conveyed the parties pausing an instant in the middle of the stream, in order that the children might kiss the hands of their father.

The conditions on which the French king received his freedom were these,—that, within six weeks after his release, he should transfer Burgundy to Charles; that he should renounce his pretensions to the sovereignty of Milan, Naples, and Flanders, the emperor in like manner renouncing his claims to Boulogne, Ponthieu, and certain lands on both banks of the Somme; that he should restore the Duke of Bourbon to all his *droicts* and possessions in France, and guarantee the emperor against all demands on the part of the king of England, for the arrears of his pension; that he should marry Eleanora, the sister of Charles; and lastly, that, failing in ability to perform all or any of these stipulations, he should place himself again a captive in the hands of his adversary.*

"As soon as Francis came to his own ground, he got hastily upon a Turkish and swift horse, and suddenly putting spurs to him, if we may believe Sandoval, and casting one of his arms over his head, and crying, *Je suis le Roy! Je suis le Roy!* posted to St. Juan de Luz, and the next day to Bayonne, whither the lady, his mother, and many other principal persons with much anxiety awaited him." †

Here he swore, in person, to the fulfillment of the treaty, which had been negotiated with Henry in his behalf, during his imprisonment; and wrote a letter to that monarch, thanking him for the exertions which he had made in his behalf, and to which he ascribed his own liberation.

At Bourdeaux, a few days later, he ratified, as a free man, the engagements which he had taken to Charles while his captive; and before the ink was well dry on the parchment, proceeded, deliberately and impudently, to violate every article of the covenant, to which he had sworn.

More deliberate perjury, more insolent and barefaced villainy, more cold-blooded swindling, could not be perpetrated, or even expected at the hands of the most miserable trader of the Low Countries, the most disreputable, money-broking Israelite, or whatever there is, if aught there be baser than these, than was resorted to by this great and valiant king — this knight who prided himself on having taken his knighthood from the sword of Bayard, the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* — this noble who plumed himself upon his chivalry and his honor, more than upon his nobility or his crown.

He refused to surrender Burgundy, as contrary to the will of his subjects and the oath he had taken at his coronation, but offered a sum of money, in lieu of it, as his ransom; and when Charles replied indignantly, that he was not a merchant to sell his rights and principalities for gold, but a prince waging war for the recovery of dominions of which he had been deprived wrongfully, and summoned Francis to return in accordance to his oath, into captivity, he laughed in his teeth, and negotiated with Henry for the renewal and prosecution of the war in Flanders and in the Milanese.

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* Lingard, vii. 87.

† Herbert of Cherbury, fol. 146.

In the mean time, Clement VII., who had from the first espoused the party of Francis, entered into a league with that prince, on his liberation, with Ludovico Sforza, duke of Milan, and with the Venetians and Florentines, against the emperor. But, Francis moving no army to his succor, probably having none to move, but wasting his time in idle negotiations with Henry, which were never to be fulfilled, the pope was overpowered by the imperialists under Monçada, and forced to retire into the castle of St. Angelo, where he was strictly besieged; Rome was stormed by the German mercenaries and free companions, led by Bourbon—who fell by a musket bullet, while leading the assault—and was sacked with circumstances of horror, atrocity, cruelty, and licentiousness, by a christian army, exceeding all that she had ever undergone at the hands of Alaric, or Genseric, the fiercest of her Pagan enemies; and, in the end, Clement himself was forced to surrender his sacred person, with thirteen of the cardinals, into the hands of the imperialists, who detained him in strict captivity.

The capture and sack of Rome took place on the 10th of May, 1527, and, almost at the same moment, conferences were in progress at Greenwich, between the Bishop of Tarbez and Turenne, on the part of Francis, and Wolsey on Henry's, by which the Princess Mary was once more betrothed to the king of France, who had sworn scarce a year before to wed the emperor's sister, Eleanora, or, in case he should find it convenient to keep his oath and marry that lady, then to his son, the dauphin. The principal condition was this—that the two kings should make joint war on the emperor, and never lay down their arms until he should accede to their terms, the chief of which was the liberation of the hostage princes, and the release of the claim to Burgundy, for a money ransom. A grand entertainment was given at the palace of Greenwich, at which three hundred lances were broken before supper; and, after a supper a magnificent ball followed, with orations, songs, a fight at the barriers in the hall, and a dance of maskers, in which the king, the ambassadors, and all the principal nobles of the court took a part; and in which, when the ladies unmasked, it was found that the Viscount Turenne had for his partner the Princess Mary of England, who was still considered heiress apparent to the throne, and Henry, for his, the beautiful Mistress Anne Boleyn, the lovely and accomplished maid of honor to two queens.

It is significant of Henry's infatuation, and of his probable determination, already formed, that it is at these conferences, according to his own and Wolsey's statement, that Mary's legitimacy was called in question by the Bishop of Tarbez, through which, as they allege, the king's conscience was awakened to the illegality and incestuous nature of his connection with his late brother's widow. From this time he began to move, secretly, however, and carefully concealing his proceedings from the injured queen, for a divorce, in order to gratify at once his licentious passion for the charms of the coy and coquettish maid of honor, who would be approached on no terms save those of matrimony, and his scarcely inferior desire for heirs male.

That the Bishop of Tarbez should have raised doubts as to the legitimacy of the princess, whom Henry had ever represented as his heiress, presumptive, at the least; the legality of whose mother's marriage had never been called in question; and whom he was himself, then and there, soliciting as a wife for the king, his master, who vehemently urged an immediate performance of the ceremony, despite the immature years of the bride, is so unlikely, and as it were ridiculous, that, were proof wanting, we might doubt the whole story.

But proof is not wanting. The journal of the French envoys, recording all the minute particulars of the conferences and all that passed at them is extant; and there is no mention or hint of such a suspicion having been raised, or such a question mooted.

Evidently, it was a device of the king and Wolsey, to account for the origination of such a scruple in the eighteenth year of an acknowledged, undisputed, fertile, and apparently happy marriage, and for the demand of a divorce, literally speaking, after the twelfth hour.

From this time forth, until the whole of that iniquity was accomplished, England had no continental policy, other than this of "the king's secret matter," as it was henceforth styled by himself and the counsellors in whom he trusted. For this, he risked a rupture with one or both of the two puissant princes between whom he affected to hold the balance; for this, he attempted to throw dust in the eyes of both, making and breaking contracts in a manner, which can only be explained by considering how impossible it was that he could do ought consistently, or even promise ought, with a prospect of its fulfilment, so long as he had, at his heart, this unworthy project determined, but unrevealed; and for this, in the end he broke with the Holy See, and, at the imminent hazard of a religious rebellion, enforced a total change of church polity, if not of faith, on his country, certainly before it was prepared in general for such a change.

Both Charles and Francis were, in fact, deeply insulted, if not injured, by his proceedings at this juncture; for the former was the nephew of the noble and virtuous lady, the right royal queen, whom he now proposed causelessly to set aside, and her daughter Mary, whom he now was set on bastardizing, was not only his cousin german, but had been, until within a very short period, his betrothed wife.

Francis he was actually, at this very moment, cozening in the most impudent and barefaced manner; as must appear the moment his divorce, or his application for it, should become public, on the grounds whereby he alleged his marriage to have been illegal from the beginning; since he was actually contracting his daughter, *as his heiress apparent*, either to the king himself, or to the dauphin, while he was secretly laboring to deprive her of her legitimacy and rights of succession, by repudiating her mother.

It is the consciousness of this intent, doubtless, which made Henry so positively refuse the immediate celebration of Mary's marriage with the king of France; and insist, shortly afterward, on the substitution of the dauphin's name for that of his father, in the treaty, and on the insertion therein of a clause to the effect, that, if, *on account of any event which might come to pass*, the marriage should not take place, it should cause no breach of amity between them, nor in anywise invalidate the treaties now to be concluded.

It is very difficult to believe, when we regard the false and temporising policy of Henry, with regard to his daughter's marriage, in the presence instance, when the object which he had in view and the cause of his apparent inconsistency are palpable, that his reason for positively refusing two years before to sanction the solemnization of the same daughter's marriage with Charles, and his breaking with that prince, and altering his whole policy, rather than concede the point, was not the same as now.

His excuse, as to the tenderness of her years, according to the ideas of that day, was invalid, and may be regarded in the light of a mere subterfuge; since the question was simply of solemnization, not of consummation, and to the former the youth of the princess would not have been an obstacle. Taken in connection with the known facts, that, Henry had noticed Anne Boleyn, during the pageants of the Field of Cloth of Gold; that, he caused her to be recalled from the court of France, by name, when he declared war on Francis, in 1522; that, on her return he placed her in attendance on the queen, in a station where he would have constant access to her society; and, lastly, that from this time, he steadily refused taking any step which would preclude the possibility of his setting aside the Princess Mary, as illegitimate, his present conduct appears to me sufficiently to show that he had meditated the commission of this iniquity, long before he broached it to the nearest of his confidants, long before it has been suspected by historians that he did so.

Wolsey was now sent to France, with instructions either to arrange the marriage on the terms above recited, which were in fact adopted, or to break it off altogether. He went most reluctantly, knowing that he was sent by the advice of his political enemies,—Norfolk, Suffolk, and Viscount Rocheford–the former the uncle, the latter the father of the favorite maid of honor, he having recently been raised to the peerage under that title, and being shortly afterward elevated to the earldom of Wiltshire.

He went, nevertheless, and succeeded in accomplishing his master's ends, as also in procuring the insertion of a clause in the treaty, to the effect that, so long as the pope should continue a prisoner in the hands of the emperor, the churches of France and England should be governed by their own bishops, in spite of any bull or breve, which the pontiff should issue, to the contrary, during his captivity; and that, farthermore, any judgment, pronounced by Wolsey in his legatine court, should be carried into execution, whatever the rank of the party condemned, without regard to any Papal prohibition.* This clause, though its meaning was, probably, kept a secret from Francis, was evidently intended to give absolute power to Wolsey to try, in his own court, without recourse, the question of the validity of Katharine's marriage, and to grant a final divorce.

To this step, Wolsey had now, though reluctantly, brought himself to agree, though not with a view to the king's marriage with Anne; for, reckoning on his master's wonted fickleness of humor, and probably underrating the lady's powers of resistance to her royal lover's passion, he calculated fully on his being soon weaned from this short-lived folly, and went so far as to speculate on his marriage with Reneè, the younger sister of Claude, queen of France, and even to assure Louise, the queen mother, and probably Francis also, that such a connection, between the two crowns, would certainly and speedily ensue. On his return to England, he learned Henry's determination, and the inutility of attempting to oppose it. He went so far, indeed, as to implore the king on his knees to abandon the project; but on finding him resolute, and knowing the perduracy and violence of his resolution, he yielded his own judgment and conscience, and served his master to the last, more truly, as he himself confessed too late, than he served his God, until his bad ends were accomplished. But not so truly as to save himself innocent from the beautiful favorite's displeasure; for Anne learned, from her lover, the opposition of the cardinal, and never forgave it, as it seems she never forgave any one, whom she thought an enemy. From this day, therefore, although it was by his means, solely, that the divorce was accomplished, and Anne's marriage rendered possible, Wolsey's downfall was dated. From this day, likewise, may be dated the death-sentence of the venerable Fisher, bishop of Rochester, and of the excellent Sir Thomas More; for they had both given opinions adverse to the divorce, and, although they continued to hold office, and even apparently to enjoy the royal favor, they were both inscribed on the black-list of the revengeful mistress, who never rested from her ill offices toward them, until their heads had fallen.

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* Lingard, vi. 123; and state papers quoted by him.

The first overt act of the king's, after the ratification of this treaty, was the march of a French army under Lautrech, accompanied by Sir Robert Jerningham, the English commissary, with two hundred English horse, across the Alps, with the avowed purpose of liberating the pope from his Spanish captivity. But, although the French general speedily overran Lombardy, and, leaving the strong garrison of Milan unreduced in his rear, advanced to Piacenza, he lingered at that place, with inexplicable fatuity, until the pontiff, despairing of release by means of the allies, began to treat of ransom with his captors, and suddenly, finding their vigilance relaxed, succeeded in making his escape, disguised as a gardener, to the strong town of Orvieto, where he was waited on by the English envoys, with congratulations, and solicitations to empower Wolsey, or Staphileo, to hear and decide the cause of the divorce, and to grant a dispensation to Henry, to marry any other woman whomsoever, even if she were related to him in the first degree, provided always, that she were not the widow of his brother, or if she had been contracted to another man.

The object of these forms, in order to render possible his contemplated marriage with Anne, who was not obviously related to the king in any degree, nor notoriously contracted to any other person, will be explained hereafter, when I come to treat of her fortunes and character. In this memoir of Henry, I restrict myself to my plan of regarding his political career alone, and his relations to his own people and to foreign governments; reserving, as much as possible, the details of his private and domestic life, and the circumstances connected with his queens, to be treated of in connection with those ladies, and touching on his concerns with them, only so far as they are mixed up with affairs of state.

The pope at once signed two instruments to the required effect, but requested that, for the present, they might be kept secret; and afterward, at Henry's request, appointed a cardinal, to be chosen by Henry himself, out of six of that rank, who should try the cause in conjunction with Wolsey. It is worthy of remark here, in connection with what followed in regard to Henry's rupture with Rome, that Clement, who was favorably disposed and bound by gratitude to him, from the beginning, warned him "That he was taking the most circuitous route," and that, if he proceeded as he proposed, "it was plain, that by appeals, exceptions, and adjournments, the cause must be protracted for many years."*

In the meantime, the allied army, which was besieging Naples by land, while Pedro Lando, with thirty Venetian galleys, was blocking it by sea, so that it seemed impossible that the town should hold out any longer, was attacked by a terrible disease, known as the black, or the sweating, plague; which afterward spread throughout Europe, and was, especially in England, very fatal. Of this disease died, first, Sir Robert Jerningham, then Carew, his lieutenant, and, lastly, Lautrech himself, the great French commander; after which the army withdrew, pursued and sorely harassed by the imperialists, to Alessandria, where it passed the winter of 1528;the war in Italy, in fact, terminating with this disastrous and inglorious campaign. For although hostilities nominally continued between Spain and England, an armistice for eight months was concluded between Henry and Margaret, the governess of the Netherlands, by which the war in those parts was concluded;and after the expiration of the year no more troops were sent out from England, nor did Henry ever again earnestly engage in active operations on the continent.

From this time forth, his domestic affairs, and his "secret matter," completely occupied him, the more so as Clement's prediction was fulfilled to the letter, and years elapsed before the cause could be decided. In April, 1528, plenary powers were issued to Wolsey to try the cause, without judicial forms, to pronounce according to his own conscience, without regard to exception or appeal, the marriage valid oı invalid, and the issue thereof legitimate or illegitimate, according to the desire of Henry.

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* Strype, i. 46, 75.

The king and Anne were at first in ecstacies, imagining that the whole matter was decided, and all difficulty at an end; but, at this moment Wolsey took the alarm. If he granted the divorce, he was ruined with both France and Spain, and all for the sake of one, from whom he was well assured he had no kindness to expect; for he well knew that Anne Boleyn hated him, with a perfect and sufficient hatred. If he refused the divorce, he lost Henry's favor, lost his position, his power, his fortunes, probably his head; for, although the king had not yet shown himself the sanguinary executioner into which he, a few years later, degenerated, Wolsey unquestionably knew his nature, and had discovered the latent instincts of the royal tiger, which needed only to be thwarted, that they should display themselves in all their brutal force and fury.

It is probable, also, that Wolsey's conscience did, in truth, wince. For he was not a cruel, nor, as it seems to me, a bad-hearted, or deliberately unjust, man. Could he have been both great and good, at once, I think he would have desired to be good. Perhaps, if he could have been innocent and safe, he would have let the greatness go by, and have continued innocent.

But his ambition and his vanity cried out; and he felt, as all ambitious, proud, vain men must naturally feel, that it is a far harder trial to fall from achieved greatness, than to have refrained from striving to achieve it. Nor was it an easy, or indeed a possible thing to continue innocent, with any certainty of preserving his head, for any one whom Henry had resolved to have guilty for his own advantage.

He now temporized; required that Cardinal Campeggio should be joined to him in the commission, as more experienced than himself in the laws of Rome; and wrote to the pope, imploring him to issue a bull, decreeing the divorce and granting the dispensation, which he pledged himself never to divulge; as he required it, he said, only as a safeguard to his own conscience, without which he could not decide so great a question; not as a justification to the world.

The pretence deceived not the pope, nor his advisers. It was, in fact, too shallow to deceive any one. It was palpable, that the bull once in his hands, so soon as his decision should be impugned, he would produce it as his authority and justification. Late in the autumn, Campeggio arrived in London, the bearer of the bull which had been so earnestly desired; but his instructions were distinct, that, although he might read it aloud to the king and his minister, he was on no account to give it into their hands, but rather to commit it to the flames.

The queen stood resolutely on the defensive, positively refusing to do the smallest act, which should invalidate her daughter's legitimacy, or to admit that she had been living, for eighteen years, with Henry, as his mistress and not his wife; she produced the original breve of dispensation, granted for her marriage by Julius II., to which no objections could be made, and demanded that she should be allowed advocates of her nephew's subjects, who should not be liable to the influence of the king or his minister.

Clement, meanwhile, fell ill again, and was given over for dead, but again recovered. The emperor, who had regained the ascendant over French arms in Italy, by liberal and kindly conduct toward the pontiff obtained a counter influence to that which Francis and Henry had hitherto exercised over him. He moreover, succeeded in making peace, the treaty of which was signed early in the year 1529, with that prince. The pope, moreover, remained firm and immovable. "Campeggio adhered obstinately to established forms; and neither the wishes of the king, nor the entreaties of Wolsey, nor the exhortations of Francis, could accelerate his progress."

On the eighteenth of June, the court met to try the case in the parliament chamber at Black Friars. The king and queen were both cited to appear. The latter, on doing so, protested against the judges, denied the jurisdiction of the court, and appealed to Rome. On the following day, she cast herself at the king's feet, uttered a pathetic appeal to his sympathies, and then with a low obeisance retired, whispering to an attendant, when an officer was sent to recall her, "I never before disputed the will of my husband, and shall take the first opportunity to ask pardon for this disobedience."

On her refusal to appear, either in person, or by attorney, she was pronounced contumacious; and the trial proceeded in her absence, Henry's counsellors demanding the abrogation of the marriage on these three grounds: 1. That her marriage with Arthur having been consummated, her subsequent marriage with Henry was contrary to divine law, and therefore null and void from the beginning; 2. That the bull of Pope Julius II. had been obtained under false pretences; and, 3. That the breve of dispensation, produced by Katharine, which was not liable to the defects of the bull, was a forgery. As Katharine had declined the jurisdiction of the court, no reply was made by her to these allegations; but Campeggio did not choose to pronounce judgment, and solicited the pope to call the cause before himself. In the mean time, the term expired, and the matter was adjourned until the following October.

Henry and Anne were furious. The lady extorted from her lover a promise never again to see Wolsey, and the tyrant kept his word. When the Michaelmas term arrived, Campeggio bade his brother cardinal farewell, and departed for Rome, but was grievously insulted at Dover, by the officers of the customs, who forcibly entered his apartments and searched his baggage, on the pretext that he was carrying off Wolsey's treasures, but in reality with the expectation of finding papers, of which the king desired to make himself master. Nothing, however, was discovered, and the only consequences of the operation were the converting Campeggio into an overt enemy, and rendering it more difficult for Clement to favor Henry in the suit, as he doubtless desired to do, if he might find a way of doing so in safety.

From this time, however, the fall of Wolsey must be dated. He had, it is true, strained every point, sacrificed conscience, duty, truth, used every solicitation, every exertion, left no stone unturned, to gratify the will of his exacting, unrelenting master. But he had failed. It was known that he had been originally, probably was still, opposed on principle, and in his own heart, to Henry's marriage with Anne. Therefore, she hated him, and it would seem that, under her soft, seductive, gentle exterior, she concealed a nature almost as unforgiving as her royal lover's. Henry, probably at her suggestion, was led to mistrust the sincerity of the cardinal's endeavors, perhaps even to suspect him of double dealing. His want of success was attributed to want of faith, and he was marked for destruction.

On the very day when he opened his court, as chancellor, two bills were filed against him by the attorney-general, Hales, under what was commonly called the statute *præmunire*, which he was accused of having transgressed in his legatine court. Nothing could have been more iniquitous than the whole transaction. It was doubtful whether that statute had any application to the court of the pope's legate. At all events, he had the royal license previously obtained, and the sanction of parliament; besides, that immemorial usage was in his favor. He knew too well, however, the temper of the royal brute, fiercer and more untamable than the animal which has obtained the title, and the pitch of frenzy to which opposition aroused him. He declined, therefore, to plead even the royal license, but owned his guilt, resigned his seals, submitted to every demand, divested himself of all his personal property, granted to the king by indenture the revenues of all his benefices and church preferments, and threw himself wholly and unconditionally on Henry's mercy, professing his willingness to give up even the shirt from his back, and to live in a hermitage, if Henry would but cease from his displeasure.* But that, it was not in the nature of the regal monster to do. Fluctuate he might, and in the variations of his fickle, cruel mood show glimpses of relenting. But to one, who had, in truth, once incurred his resentment, or, what was the same thing, his suspicion, he relented never. The king himself took possession of his palace at York House, and the cardinal was banished to Esher, a large, unfurnished house, where he dwelt for above three months, with his large family, destitute of every comfort and convenience, neglected by his friends—if a fallen favorite have any friends—forgotten by the king, but unforgotten by his enemies, who never ceased to possess Henry's ear, with all ill rumors against him.

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* The Bishop of Bayonne. Quoted by Legrand, iii. 371; apud Lingard, vi. 188.

At last, he fell ill of a fever, and was like to die; and, then, for a moment the king was moved, or seemed to be so. He sent three physicians to attend him, with a gracious message, and he compelled the fair Boleyn to present the sick man with a tablet of gold in token of reconciliation. Shortly after his recovery, by the aid of Cromwell, he effected an arrangement with his enemies, on granting them, or their friends, annuities out of the bishopric of Winchester, in virtue of which he was allowed to retain the jurisdiction of his archbishopric of York, both temporal and spiritual, and an annuity of a thousand marks from the bishopric of Winchester, making over to the king, in consideration thereof, for the term of his natural life, all his revenues, patronage, and rights arising from that see, or from his abbacy of St. Albans. For a short time, he was allowed to reside at Richmond; but his enemies feared his residence so near to the ear of Henry, being constantly in terror that he would recover his influence with his master, who ever seemed to have a yearning toward his old and faithful servant; and procured an order that he should repair tc his own archbishopric of York, and reside within its limits.

Here he conducted himself with such a mixture of quiet dignity, liberal generosity, christian charity, and clerical propriety, that he gained all hearts. He became beloved, alike by the rich and the poor, and those who had the most hated him in his prosperity, the most inclined toward him in his adversity. Still Anne's word was ever against him. She was the "night crow," as he said, that ever whispered in the royal ear misrepresentations of his most loyal and most virtuous actions. I cannot hold it doubtful, that, at this moment, it was the very prudence and decorum of his behavior, busying himself, solely, with the spiritual and temporal concerns of his diocese, that doubly armed his enemies against him, fearful that the applause he was acquiring "from mouths of wisest censure," would, in the end, reinstate him in the royal favor.

On the 7th of November, he had invited the nobility of his county to assist at his installation; on the fourth, he was arrested at his residence at Cawood, on a charge of high treason. The charge has never been explained, and was, unquestionably groundless. If there were any shadow of cause for suspicion, it must have arisen from the fact of his correspondence with the pope, with Francis, and with Louise, the queen mother of France; all of them friends and allies of his master. He asserted, himself, and there is no reason to doubt it, that the object of this correspondence was to induce those illustrious personages to interest themselves in reconciling him with Henry, apart from whose favor it would really seem that he could not exist, more than a tropical plant, deprived of sunshine.

The closing scene of this great man—for, if he had his errors of ambition, vanity, and pride, as who hath not his errors? he was still both a great man and a great minister—is so admirably and so curtly told by Lingard,* that I make no apology for quoting the passage entire.

"His health," says he, (he suffered much from the dropsy,) "would not allow him to travel with expedition; and at Sheffield park, a seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, he was seized with a dysentery, which confined him a fortnight. As soon as he was able to mount his mule, he resumed his journey; but feeling his strength rapidly decline, he said to the Abbot of Leicester, as he entered the gate of the monastery, Father Abbot, I am come to lay my bones among you.' He was immediately carried to his bed; and, the second day, see ing Kingston, the lieutenant of the tower, in his chamber, he addressed him in these well-known words: 'Master Kingston, I pray you have me commended to his majesty; and beseech him on my behalf to call to mind all things that have passed between us, especially respecting good Queen Katharine and himself; and then shall his grace's conscience know whether I have offended him or not. He is a prince of most royal courage; rather than miss any part of his will, he will endanger one half of his kingdom; and I do assure you, I have often kneeled before him, sometimes for three hours together, to persuade him from his appetite, and could not prevail. And, Master Kingston, had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given over my gray hairs. But this is my just reward for my pains and study, not regarding my service to God, but only my duty to my prince.' Having received the last consolations of religion, he expired the next morning, in the sixtieth year of his age. The best eulogy on his character is to be found in the contrast between the conduct of Henry, before and after the cardinal's fall. As long as Wolsey continued in favor, the royal passions were confined within certain bounds; the moment his influence was extinguished, they burst through every restraint, and by their caprice and violence alarmed his subjects, and astonished the other nations of Europe."

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* Vol. iv. 163.

His death, of course, induced a total change of the royal councils. Sir Thomas More became chancellor; Sir William Fitzwilliam succeeded More, as treasurer of the household, and chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster; Dr. Stephen Gardiner was appointed secretary to the king. The Duke of Norfolk, Anne's uncle, as president of the council, her father, the Viscount Rochefort, lately created Earl of Wiltshire, and the

Duke of Suffolk, of the same party, retained their places, and ruled the council, as absolutely as Anne ruled the king. From this time forth, Henry held no intercourse with his queen; while on the contrary, Anne, who had ceased altogether from residing in her father's house, lived constantly under the same roof with him, ate at the same table with him, assisted at his councils, was present with him on all his journeys, at all public ceremonies, at all his parties of pleasure. In a word, when we find, as we shall see subsequently, that, when this, at the least, doubtful and indecorous mode of life had continued three whole years, she was secretly married to the king, on the 25th of January, which marriage was not acknowledged until the first of June, and bore him the Princess Elizabeth, on the 7th day of September, 1533, all these events taking place previously to the annulling of his marriage with Katharine, we shall have no difficulty in coming to the conclusion, that she was living with him in open adultery, as his avowed mistress, though doubtless under the most positive promises of being raised to the throne, so soon as a divorce should be obtained, which Henry certainly expected to occur much sooner, and to be effected much more easily than proved to be the case.

Three years elapsed, in fact, during which, so far from making any progress toward gaining his object, he was constantly losing ground. In 1530, a reconciliation took place between the courts of Rome and Madrid, and a congress occurring between the emperor and the pope, at Bologna, Henry, hoping to gain his end by mollifying Charles, sent an embassy, at the head of which he placed the Earl of Wiltshire, a choice which only irritated Charles, who induced Clement to issue a breve forbidding Henry to marry until his sentence should be published, and ordering him to treat Katharine as his lawful wife. In England, where his influence would have seemed the most certain to prevail, he only at length extorted a favorable answer from the universities by threats and even open violence. In Italy, by dint of immense bribery, he obtained favorable decisions from Bologna, Padua, and Ferrara; but in the Germanic states he could not gain the assentient voice of a single public body. Even the reformed churches and divines, hostile as they were to the pope and the emperor, openly and clamorously opposed the divorce. Luther himself wrote to the royal agent, that he "would, rather than approve of such a divorce, permit the king to wed a second queen, and, after the example of the patriarchs and kings of old, to have two wives or queens at the same time." *

Francis he bribed, by a surrender of his claim for five hundred thousand crowns due to him by treaty, by the present of a lily of diamonds pledged to his father by Charles and Maximilian, for fifty thousand crowns of gold, and by a farther loan of four hundred thousand crowns, to exert his influence over the fourteen French universities, which the Bishop of Bayonne had already been soliciting in his behalf. Still he advanced so little, that, in reply to a letter to the pope, which he procured to be written in the name of the nation, signed by all the peers, temporal and spiritual, and by a certain number of the principal commoners, urging an immediate decision of this vexed question, in the king's favor, he received this cold reply —that Clement "was ready to proceed with the cause immediately, and to show to the king every indulgence and favor compatible with justice; one thing only he begged, in re-

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* Lutheri Epist. Halæ, 1717, p. 29.

turn, that they would not require of him through gratitude to man, to violate the immutable commandments of God." *

For once Henry wavered. He fancied the difficulties insurmountable, and told his confidants that he had been deceived; that he should never have sought for a divorce, had he not been led to believe that the pope's concurrence might easily be obtained, and that, finding that assurance false, he was minded to abandon the attempt forever. He had, in fact, carried his suit with Anne, had been disappointed by her not bearing him a son, or appearing likely to do so; and his ardor for the divorce, as his passion for Anna, were on the decline.

But at this moment, Cromwell, who had risen, from being a servitor of Wolsey, on the ruin of his patron, instigated undoubtedly by Anne and her friends, suggested to Henry the wisdom of following the example of the German princes, shaking off the yoke of Rome, declaring himself the head of the church within his own realm, and taking into his own hands all the powers and privileges usurped by the pontiff. The avaricious and ambitious tyrant listened in astonishment and delight. It was not now his passion for Anna only—that was, perhaps, half satiated, and required some newer stimulus—it was his greed of gold, his burning thirst for authority and power, that were now awakened. Cromwell was sworn, at once, a member of the privy council, and instructed forthwith to take measures for carrying out his project.

The same iniquitous plan was resorted to now, as had been adopted in the prosecution of Wolsey. By submitting to the cardinal's jurisdiction, all the clergy of the realm had become equal participators in the crime of which he had confessed him

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* Lingard, vi. 174, quoting from Burnet and Herbert of Cherbury.

self guilty, as offending against the statutes of præmunire. And the attorney-general was instructed to file a bill, in the king's bench, against the whole body of the church of England. Terror-stricken, astonished, and deprived of any defence by Wolsey's plea of guilty, they offered to pay a hundred thousand pounds for a free pardon, but the proposal was refused, except on the condition that, in the preamble to the grant, they should acknowledge the king to be "the protector and only supreme head, under God, of the clergy and church of England."

After a consultation and conferences, which lasted three whole days, Henry consented to the insertion of the words, "so far as the law of Christ allows," previous to "supreme head;" by which, in fact, the whole recognition was invalidated, since it was clearly left to individual judgment to decide whether the "laws of Christ" would, or would not, allow the king's supremacy. As yet, this was a matter of no importance, for Henry had not yet resolved on seizing either the privileges, or the possessions, of the church; and, whatever he might contemplate for the future, only aimed for the present at intimidating the pope into submission to his will. This, however, he failed to do; and, in the month of January, 1531, the inhibitory breve, which had been issued the preceding year, was published in Flanders, forbidding the king to proceed in his divorce of Katharine, or in his marriage with Anne; and, although he made every effort to induce the injured queen to submit her question to the decision of four temporal and four spiritual peers, he availed nothing, that noble-spirited woman remaining constant in her determination to "abide, until the church of Rome, which was privy to the beginning, shall have made an end of the marriage." In this year, Henry would have bestowed on Reginald Pole, son of Sir Richard Pole, and Margaret, duchess of Salisbury — who was daughter of that George, duke of Clarence, of Malmsey memory, drowned in the tower by his own brother's orders—the bishoprics of York and Winchester, vacant since Wolsey's death, if that spirited youth, bred to the church in the university of Padua, and destined by the king, his kinsman, to the highest dignities in his possession, would have consented to give his decision in favor of the divorce. This, after many struggles with himself and debates with his brethren, he could not prevail on himself to do, and, the king not wholly, even yet, withdrawing his favor, was permitted to leave England and return to Italy, where he had commenced them, for the prosecution of his studies. The vacant sees were conferred on Lee, and on Gardiner, the latter of whom had hoped to gain, and might have succeeded in gaining, the influence of Wolsey, had he not been outstripped by the growing predominance of the yet more ambitious and unscrupulous Cromwell.

In the meantime, Henry, despairing of bringing Clement to terms by conciliation, refused to plead in person at Rome, or to send an excusator, endowed with full powers, to account for the cause of his absence, and convoked his parliament. They assembling in the beginning of January, passed a series of bills, which were the commencement of that great revolution, which ended in the total abolition of Popish power in the British empire. The first of these prohibited all payment of the annates, or first fruits of the Episcopal sees, to the see of Rome, by the English bishops, on pain of forfeiture to the king by the delinquent of the profits of his church preferments. The second provided for the consecration of future English bishops, by the archbishop, or two other prelates, in default of the issue, or in despite of the prohibition, of the necessary Romish bulls. A third measure, yet more hostile to the pretensions of Rome, was the compulsory assent of the clergy to a declaration, that they would never more enact, publish, or enforce their constitutions, without the royal authority and assent; and that they would submit those, now in existence, to a committee of thirty-two, half laymen and half clergymen, with the king superintending, in person, for rejection, confirmation, or alteration. And this, thenceforth, became the law of the land; and hereafter the bishop of Rome ceased, in fact, and by law, to hold any jurisdiction, spiritual or temporal, within the dominions of the English crown.

No idea, it must be observed, had been as yet broached of introducing Protestant or Lutheran doctrines into England; the king, to gratify whose passions the whole machinery had been set in motion by Cromwell, was bitterly and personally hostile to Luther, and came to be, so soon as Lutheranism showed itself at all prominently in his dominions, a cruel persecutor of the professors of those tenets; the principal opponents of Henry's pretensions to church supremacy were not Lutherans, but Papists; and, whatever advances had been made, thus far, to the abolition of a Romish and the establishment of an Anglican head to the church of St. Peter within the dominions of England, none whatever had occurred, toward the creation of a Protestant church of England. On the contrary, for some time after this date, Henry himself professed his willingness to be reconciled to Clement and the church, and would probably have carried out such a reconciliation, had not events occurred, which precipitated his course of action, and led him to steps, which rendered the pope's assistance unnecessary, as after circumstances made it also undesirable, if not impossible.

During the summer of this year, 1532, Henry having renewed his treaties of defensive alliance with Francis, against the emperor, Charles, had several times solicited a personal interview with the king; but he now urged it so vehemently, that it could not be declined; pressing, at the same time, that Anne Boleyn should be invited to be present, and proposing that Francis should bring with him the queen of Navarre, since he declined meeting the queen Eleanora of France, as being sister to his enemy, Charles.

Whether Anne was invited, does not appear, although circumstances indicate that she was not, since the queen of Navarre did not accompany Francis to the interview, though Anne Boleyn was present, as Marchioness of Pembroke; which dignity, with remainder to the heirs male of her body forever, and a pension of two thousand pounds per annum, had been conferred on her in the month of September of the preceding year.

The real cause of this meeting of the kings, was Henry's desire to secure the coöperation of Francis in discarding the authority of the pope, and the wish of Francis to reconcile the king of England with Clement, on terms agreeable to the latter—the pretext was the formation of a confederacy against the Turks, and the fearful increase of their dominion.

At a mask, given by Henry to his brother king, at Calais the French monarch danced with the lovely Anne, and on the following morning presented her with "a jewel worth fifteen thousand crowns,"* as the old chronicler has it. And, a day or two afterward, the two princes separated, in great amity; Francis having written to Rome complaining of the affront, offered to all crowned heads, by the citation of Henry to appear out of his own dominions, and inviting the pope to meet the kings at Marseilles, there to arrange all matters amicably; and Henry having promised Francis that he would proceed no farther in his matters, either of divorce or marriage, until after the proposed congress should have been held.

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* Hall's Chronicles, 106.

It should have been stated above, in the order of events, that in July of 1531, on her refusal to submit the question of her marriage to an English board of arbitration, Katharine had received an order to quit the palace at Windsor, whereupon she retired to Ampthill, declaring that "go where she might, she should still be his lawful queen." On her withdrawal, Anne unquestionably occupied her place, if not as wife, ostensibly as companion, and scarce unavowedly as mistress, of the king. In proof of which, though Protestant historians have endeavored to discredit and conceal the truth, in their strange misconception that Anne, Lutheran herself, converted Henry by love of her to that doctrine, it may be brought to memory that, prior to this conference of the kings at Boulogne and Calais, the pope issued a breve denouncing excommunication against both the king and his mistress, as she is termed, unless within one month they should cease from cohabitation; and pronouncing their marriage, should they presume to marry in defiance of his inhibitory mandate, invalid and of no effect.

But now, that occurred which rekindled all Henry's passion for the mistress, of whom he seemed more than half satiated, and redoubled his impatience and his eager cravings for instant divorce. Anne, at length, informed him that she was in that way "which ladies wish to be, who love their lords," and, moreover, that there was no time to be lost, if he would assure the legitimacy of the long wished for heir to the throne—for heir they were resolved that it should be. Accordingly, his promise to the French king must be broken; and, on the twenty-fifth of January, 1533—this date is incontestably shown to be correct by a letter, still extant, from Archbishop Cranmer to his friend Hawkins, the emperor's ambassador; though Henry and his courtiers asserted that the marriage was celebrated November 14, 1532, the day on which the king and Anne sailed from Calais, after his interview with the king of France—at an early hour in the morning, Henry was formally espoused by Rowland Lee, one of the royal chaplains, to the beautiful marchioness, in the presence of Anne Savage, afterward Lady Berkeley, her train-bearer, and of Norris and Heneage, two grooms of the bed-chamber.

It is pretended that the marriage had taken place long before, and was concealed in order to give time for the occurrence of the previously arranged meeting with the pope at Marseilles, but, that meeting being deferred, was now necessarily proclaimed, in order to save the lady's reputation, and secure the legitimacy of the offspring. How either reputation could be saved, or legitimacy secured, does not appear; nor could it have occurred to any one, who was not so thoroughly consistent in inconsistency as Henry, to set up such a defence for either; when he was yet held fast by marriage to another woman, toward divorce from whom he had made no progress; and, when in denying his paramour to be his adulterous concubine, he only asserted himself and her to be guilty of unqualified bigamy.

The marriage, however, must now be validated at all cost.

especially since the existence or non-existence of a king of England was *in posse*, if not *in esse.*

During the past year, Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, who had contended in vain with Wolsey, and been driven from the court on his ascendency, died; and "to the surprise and sorrow" of many, Henry determined to raise Cranmer—whose zeal in favor of the divorce, his book in defence thereof, and his bold advocacy of the measure at Rome, had conciliated both the king's and the favorite's regard—though he had not long been in holy orders, to that high dignity.

This man was, doubtless, in heart a reformer and Lutheran, and had, since taking orders, married, contrary to all the canons of the church, the niece of Osiander. Yet this very married priest had now the infamy and audacity to take the oath of obedience to the pope, and to receive the consecrated pallium at the hands of his delegates, having previously declared, in the presence of four witnesses and a notary, in the chapter-house at Westminster, that by the oath of obedience to the pope, which he swore for form's sake, he intended nothing against the king's sole supremacy, as head of the church of Christ, or against any reforms, which he might thereafter judge it necessary to make.

A worthy commencement, truly, for a prelate, who, in his heart, a convert to the new learning, as Lutheranism was then called, was so base, as to preach constantly, during the life of his tyrant master, doctrines and a faith which he secretly disbelieved and disavowed, and so doubly base and barbarous, as to condemn to the fagot and the stake his brother believers, who had the constancy to assert, in the midst of the fire, the creed which he, like the devils, believed in trembling, while he persecuted it to the utmost. That he should himself, in after times, have died the same cruel death, is but an instance of that retributive justice, which sometimes, though rarely, falls upon man, as if by direct providence; but, in view of his scandalous and barbarous career, one feels more disposed to regret that he should have received the honors, than that he should have undergone the tortures, of martyrdom.

The first measure taken by this base and perjured prelate was to write a letter to Henry, as if of his own free will and suggestion, beseeching him, for the better regulation of the succession of the crown, to allow him to take cognizance of the case in his archiepiscopal court, and hear the cause of the divorce, and put an end, as a duty to God and the king, to the doubts concerning the validity of the marriage. The next step was to procure the passing of an act of parliament, prohibiting, under the penalties of *præmunire*, any appeal from the spiritual judges of England to the courts of the pontiff. A convocation was then assembled, consisting of two courts, one of theologians, the other of canonists, who should give their decisions severally. To the theologians was submitted the question—'Can a Papal dispensation validate the marriage of one brother with another brother's widow, the first marriage having been consummated?" Of the canonists it was asked, "Were the proofs submitted to the legate, Cardinal Campeggio, sufficient canonical proof of such consummation?"

The theologians decided against the power of the pope's dispensation, to render such a marriage valid, by sixty-six dissenting voices to nineteen ayes.

The canonists declared on the sufficiency of proofs, by thirty-eight ayes to six negative votes.

Both courts thus deciding, directly, in Henry's favor, he granted to Cranmer his royal permission to proceed in his court, though he judged it necessary, in the first place, to remind him that he was only, as primate of England, the principal minister of the indefeasible spiritual jurisdiction resident in the crown, and that "the sovereign had no superior on earth, and was not subject to the laws of any earthly creature." *

The ambassador of Francis, in vain, protested that this procedure was in violation of Henry's engagements, at Calais and Boulogne, with his master. Cranmer was ordered to proceed, and Katharine was cited to appear before him, at Dunstable, near Ampthill, where she resided.

The service of the citation was proved on the tenth day of May, and on her non-appearance she was pronounced "contumacious." On the twelfth, a second citation was proved, when she was pronounced "verily and manifestly contumacious," and the court proceeded to hear arguments and read depositions, in proof of the consummation of her marriage with Prince Arthur. On the seventeenth, she was a third time cited to hear the judgment of the court; but to none of these citations did she pay any attention, having been advised that to do so would be to admit the archbishop's jurisdiction. Cranmer, therefore, on the Friday of ascension-week, pronounced the marriage between her and Henry null and invalid, having been contracted and consummated in defiance of the divine prohibition, and, therefore, without force and effect from the very beginning.

Thus, at the expense of all honor, honesty, justice, and reli-

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* State Papers, i. 390.

gion, by the present change of the whole ecclesiastical polity, and future alteration of the entire faith of a great nation, by a total subversion of all domestic laws, and disruption of foreign relations, was consummated, to gratify a bad man's carnal lust, and a bad king's insane caprice for an heir male, thi great and flagrant wrong, against a woman, justly admitted, in all times, to be of the most virtuous, the most womanly, the most queenly, the most loyal, and most royal, of her sex.

But let none say, that Katharine was unavenged. On that day, forever, Henry's good angels all abandoned him. From that day, no one of the manly virtues, no one of the kingly graces, any more abode with him. Up to this time, he had been a man, though an obstinate, a selfish, and a willful man—a king, though a despotic, arrogant, self-sufficient and ungovernable king. Henceforth, he was a wild beast, a Nero, a monster, and almost a demon. Henceforth he was deserted by his better genius, given up, soul and body, "to the world, the flesh, and the devil."

Little as there has been, heretofore, of pleasant to record, or to read, concerning him, henceforth there is nothing but brutal lust, barbarity, and butchery, perpetrated, as it would seem, for the very love of blood.

Fortunately, the record will be short; for, although there remain yet fourteen years, the worst years, of his detested life to be related, before his unregretted death consigned him to posterity, which holds his memory in equal awe and loathing, and liberated England from an incubus of blood and crime, the events of this third division of his reign are so narrowly separated from the circumstances of his five later marriages, and so little connected with the affairs, either foreign or domestic, of his people, that they are more properly detailed with the fortunes of the five hapless ladies, who had, successively, the misery to be his wives; and in the memoirs of these, they will be chiefly, as more suitably related.

CHAPTER III.

FROM THE DIVORCE OF QUEEN KATHARINE, 1533, TO HENRY'S DEATH, 1547.

THE second phase of Henry's character, as developed in the period intervening between the general pacification and the divorce of Queen Katharine, may be regarded as one of ungovernable selfishness, inconsiderate obstinacy, reckless and furious impetuosity in accomplishing his own purposes, with a total disregard to all rights of individuals or countries, to all real interests of himself or his people, arising, in the main, from mere animal licentiousness, and fierce rage, at opposition, like that of the wild bull which shuts his eyes, and dashes headlong against the first obstacle, only because it is an obstacle, to the indulgence of his own passion.

Still, though he had shed blood, he had shown no special thirst for it, nor seemed to desire to spill it, except when he fancied that he should avert some political peril by the spilling. In two instances, he had shown some lingerings of self-respect, and some rare touches of humanity. He had been induced, not without difficulty, to sanction the measures which ruined Wolsey, though he believed him guilty of lukewarmness in the prosecution of his "secret matter;" still he would not, I believe, ever have consented to the execution of that once loved friend and minister. Again, in the case of

Reginald Pole, who was the scion of a race which he regarded as especially hostile and antagonistic to his own, and who had himself crossed him in his tenderest point, and offended him by opposition where he looked for support, he had shown a sort of fitful generosity, which he never displayed in any case again, and which seems to have utterly surprised all who witnessed it; so thoroughly did all around him comprehend already what would be, when once fairly aroused, the dormant instincts of the royal savage. After this time, his obstinacy partially disappeared, because he found little or no opposition which should call it forth; for no one dared any longer to oppose his intimated will, unless it were a few fanatics, or martyrs, for religion's sake, whom he instantly consigned to the fagot or the scaffold, and his divorced wife, who alone, it is truly said, of men or women, ever braved his will with impunity. His lust increased into something akin to madness; his caprices were so whimsically willful and extraordinary, that, but for their fearful and appalling consequences, they would be ludicrous; but his cruelty, his insatiable thirst for blood, nothing but blood, which no claims of gratitude, no memories of affection, no ties of friendship, no bonds of kindred could divert, became, henceforth, the ruling passion, the unmistakable character, of his declining years. During this period, *that* is, indeed, true of him, which the ambassador of Francis wrote to his master, that, "truly, he was a marvellous man, and had marvellous people about him"—not the least of the marvel lying in this, that there was no law of the realm, which he did not override, the moment it thwarted either his lust or his vengeance, by the aid of the very parliaments whose interest, as duty, it was to defend it; no liberty of the subject which he did not subvert, by the coöperation of the very persons ordained to conserve it. In a word, that, throughout all that bold and free England, of late so turbulent and difficult to rule, even by comparatively moderate and gentle princes, among all that proud and restless Norman nobility, erst so prompt to offer armed resistance even to lawful rule, no resistance was so much as attempted against his ruthless and organized barbarity. Even more wonderful is it, that even of those, who fell by his sanguinary mandates on the scaffold, none dared, so abject was their terror, so blind their submission to this "tyrant bloody-sceptered," even to declare their innocence, and so "impugn the justice of the king," in that last moment, when the axe was bared and the block ready, when hope or fear could exist no longer, and, save the last parting pang, the bitterness of death was over.

No promise, one would imagine, to speak nothing derogatory to the monster who slew, so unrighteously, both the innocent and guilty, would restrain some one of those unnumbered victims from declaring aloud his own innocence, at that inevitable instant, when no farther punishment could follow the breach of it, and when the last and most natural wish of man, to live unsullied on the tongue of posterity, would, it should seem, survive and overrule all respect for princes, all fear of king or kaisar.

But so it was not. In this veritable reign of terror, brave men died by the axe, intrepidly, but silent; loyal men perished, without a word on their lips to indicate that they were not the traitors they were, without proof or trial, pronounced to be. Weak woman showed no dread of the sharp and sudden blow, yet passed away, leaving it in doubt, whether they were incestuous and adulteresses, or whether they were innocently, as well as illegally, brought down to the block; when but a breath of theirs would have turned, to the ear of posterity, the balanced scales of opinion. More wondrous yet, the alleged accomplices of these women, dying before them, so that their last declarations, if they were innocent, might have availed those somewhat, died the death, neither confessing, nor denying, crimes so incredible as a brother's incest with his own sister.

Of a truth, if Henry were a marvellous man, or monster, as no one is likely to deny, his aiders and abetters, his victims, his judges, his nobles, his commons, his whole people, were, if anything, more marvellous than he.

In the French reign of popular and democratic terror, the submission of a whole nation to the doom of a handful of murdering demagogues, whom they could have overwhelmed, in an instant, like an entering ocean in its wrath, was equal, and equally incomprehensible, with that of the English, during England's reign of autocratic terror. But the French died, calling Heaven to witness and Hell to avenge; proclaiming, in tones that triumphed over death, their own conscious virtue, and denouncing, with eloquence that scathed, like lava, all on whom it flowed, the crimes of their accursed butchers.

No one suspects the patriotism of one victim of the French revolution, or believes in the alleged treason to the republic "one and indivisible;" no one can positively deny the criminality, or establish the purity, of one of Henry's murdered queens or nobles, however clearly he may perceive the want of proof that they were guilty, and the savage illegality of their doom.

A man may well die — many have, doubtless, died — illegally convicted of crime, yet being guilty of the crime of which he stands convict. With both of Henry's miserable consorts, who died bloody deaths, leaving behind them doubtful reputations, it may, or it may not, have been thus. With mor than one or two, of those condemned with them, and of the nobles attainted and slaughtered, by scores, on charge of treason, so also. They died and made no sign.

If some of the princes and peers, whom he slaughtered, without evidence or trial, had not meditated, prayed for, compassed his death, their loyalty was more a marvel than a virtue; but it is to be remembered that not one ever was proved, not one ever confessed, to have deserved his doom. And if every one of the political sufferers of this reign of blood had been justly slain, the hundreds, some say thousands, of religionists, to whom no choice was left between two horns of the dilemma, save to hang as traitors, if Papists, or to burn as heretics, if Protestants, and of just men who could not forswear their consciences, were yet enough to sink the tyrant's soul an ocean of fathoms deep in innocent and righteous gore.

The first procedure after the annulling of Henry's marriage with Katharine, was a declaration officially promulgated by Cranmer, in his court at Lambeth, that Henry and Anne were and had been joined in lawful matrimony, and that he himself confirmed it, of his own authority, as judge and prelate. This occurred on the 28th of May, 1533, and had their marriage been at this time celebrated, it might have been in some sort held legal, and its issue legitimate; but to assert that a marriage contracted and consummated, months before another existing marriage had been dissolved, could by a retrospective action, validating it from its inception, be *ex post facto* rendered lawful, and its issue, palpably begotten during the continuance of a former undissolved contract, constituted legitimate,* requires more than all the cynical inconsistency of Henry, and the barefaced impudence of its clerical and lay advisers.

On the first of June, Anne was crowned queen, with great pomp and unusual magnificence, amid jousts and tournays, gorgeous processions and triumphal arches, banquets and barriers, splintering of lances, bellowing of ordnance, flowing of conduits with wine and hypocras, smooth congratulations of the nobility, loud lip-loyalty of the mob, but amid the secret sorrow and contained wrath of the English people, and the openly expressed disgust and disdain of all Europe, Catholic and Protestant alike, without distinction of party, creed, or country.

On this day Anne gained the cherished wish of her ambitious heart, the crown for which she had played so long, so skillfully, and, it must be said, so foully — the crown, which was so soon to bring down the fair head that wore it, in sorrow to a bloody grave. She was the queen of England; and the last queen, in that cruel reign, although four yet succeeded her, who was indued solemnly with the diadem of the English empire.

On this day, also, Henry satisfied one half of his fiercest aspirations; he had made his well-beloved Anne, from his mistress, his wife; and the rest was in process of accomplishment. An heir male to his crown was within expectation, and he lacked only the solemn sanction of parliament to constitute him lay pope of the church of England. Still, despot as he was, a portion of his will failed of accomplishment. He could not force the designs of Providence, nor bend to his will the noble heart and unwavering confidence of one royal-minded woman.

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* It is probable, and indeed appears from the declaration of Lee and Gardiner, to Queen Katharine, to that effect, that *after* the divorce had been pronounced by Cranmer, a second marriage took place. But it is not on record. Nor does its validity or the legitimacy of Elizabeth stand on this ground of defense.

On the seventh of September, Anne deceived his hopes by bearing him a girl, stronger to be, in after days, than any man-monarch who has preceded or succeeded her — a girl, Elizabeth, thereafter, the woman-king of England. But this the blinded despot saw not; more than his light consort discerned the bloody winding-sheet, which had begun already to enfold her, still slowly creeping upward until it should envelope, to the neck, that headless trunk, which was now so soft and fair to look upon. The first warp of that ensanguined shroud was struck, on the day and hour when the baffled despot cursed and raved over the birth of a female offspring.

With Katharine, no more than with heaven, not profanely or irreverently be it spoken, could he prevail by any violence or fury of intimidation. It was in vain that he fulminated his orders against her, to forbear the style and avoid the title of queen, contenting herself with the rank of dowager princess of Wales, and the income settled on her by her husband, Arthur. It was in vain that he dismissed such of her attendants, as should presume to style her queen, irrevocably from her service. To every injunction, every menace, she had but one answer. She had "come a clean maid to his bed." She would never slander herself, nor bastardize her daughter. She would never own herself to have been twenty-four years a harlot. She valued not the judgment of Dunstable, at a pin's fee. She had lived, and would die, queen of England. And she did so.

Prelates he might browbeat; pontiffs he might unseat; parliaments he might bend into pliant tools; peers he might un make, at pleasure; princes, of great names and mighty nations, he might divide and conquer; but that true woman's heart was all too strong for his brute violence; and all the puissance of his sceptre, all the terrors of his sword, could not unqueen that royal woman, or take from her the empire she had won, the title she had affeared in the heart of the loyal English people.

If Katharine were no longer queen of England, she was, more than ever, queen of the English; and if he robbed her of all else, even her brute and most unworthy husband could never wholly rob her of his own esteem. For, when at last she exchanged a faded earthly crown, for an incorruptible crown in heaven, he — even he, who garbed himself in white, and married another bride, on the very day when Anne died—who bade the physicians let beautiful Jane Seymour perish, if they might save her son, untimely born, "since wives were to be had for the getting, but sons only by the gift of God"—he, that bloated, bloody, remorseless, tearless monster, let fall one tear, almost his only one, from childhood to the grave, at tidings of her decease, who certainly loved him the only one of women.

But, not to anticipate, for some time, appearances were kept up by Henry with both the pontiff and the king of France, as if he still desired to negotiate and to be reconciled; but still he failed ever to keep his engagements, never sending plenary instructions, or full powers to treat, to his envoys. Francis, from policy, Clement, from gratitude and real liking to him, would have subserved his wishes; but he paltered with both, and, in the end, gulled both egregiously. To the pope he held out greater concessions, than ever had been offered, if he would but annul his first, and ratify his second marriage. To Francis he promised alliance, offensive and defensive against all the world, subsidies, men, money, all and more than all he had ever asked, if he would but break off the marriage of his son, Orleans, with Catharine di Medici, the pope's niece, and denying Clement's authority, follow his own example, discard the ultramontane head, erect a French church, and make to himself a Gallican patriarch, abolishing the power of Rome in France forever.

But Clement, though he had the will to do so, had not the daring to break off with Charles, and draw down upon Italy the wrath of the emperor, as he must have done by sanctioning the repudiation of his aunt, whose rights Spain supported, unalterably, as a point both of faith and honor. Moreover, he could not command his cardinals to a decision foreign to their interests and their pleasure, to the laws of the church and the dictates of their consciences. A want of power, on his part, incomprehensible to Henry, who was used to ride rough shod over all scruples of religion, all principles of honor, to make the faith of churchmen, the duty of parliaments, the very statutes and constitutions of his kindom, bend and fall prostrate, before the dictates of his own absolute yea!

Francis was not prepared to take a step so bold, so sudden, and, above all, so unlikely to be supported in France by public opinion, and by the sanction of the great barons and feudatories of the kingdom; who still retained, and who indeed preserved long afterward, until their powers were broken by the iron rod of Richelieu, a might which the peers of England had lost during the fatal wars of the Roses, a might, which no king could venture to dispute, much less to defy, and without which, on his side, he was powerless against a foreign enemy, and profitless among his own people.

But Henry, secure at home, cared for the proceedings of neither; anticipated the action of both. Before the ultimate decision of Rome, confirming the marriage of Katharine, and excommunicating both the king and Anne Boleyn, unless he repudiated her and took back to him his lawful wife, had reached the ears of Henry, the acts had passed the supreme courts of the land, from which lay no appeal, subtracting England from the sway of Rome, and prohibiting, forever, the interference, spiritual or temporal, of foreign pontiff, as of foreign potentate, with the church, as with the state, of the earthfast isle.

On the second of March, 1534, the blaze of bonfires, the roar of artillery, the shouts of *viva l'Espagna*, *viva l'imperio*, expressed the joy of the imperialists at the sentence, rendered by nineteen out of two-and-twenty cardinals, confirming the rights and titles of the noble Spanish princess, and deposing the adulterous concubine, her despised and hated rival, and made the vatican resound their empty exultation. On the 30th of the same month, silently, solemnly, without noise, or congratulation, or shouting, two bills passed the parliament of England and received the royal sanction. The one erected the submission of the clergy, made the previous year, into a law of the land. The other set aside the marriage of the queen.

By this, all allegiance, all rendition of dues, all acknowledgment of powers or prerogatives, all appointment of prelates, all enactment of bulls, canons, statutes, having force on English soil, were prohibited to Rome forever. All the powers, rights, and authorities, all payments of dues or droits, all nominations to preferment, all possessions temporal and spiritual, formerly belonging to the pontiff, were by this act attributed solely to the king, of the time being. All the existing canons ordinances, and constitutions of the church, at that time existing, were to remain in force, unless modified or abrogated as repugnant to the statutes or customs of the realm, or the prerogatives of the crown, under that act to be determined.

Thus was the power of the pontiff annihilated at a blow, and the king of England, *in esse*, erected forever, *de jure et de facto*, into the supreme head of the Anglican church, spiritually no less than temporally, not as an empty title, but as an abiding fact, for all future generations.

By the second act, Katharine's marriage was invalidated and made null and of no effect, from the beginning—Anne's lawful and valid. The issue of Katharine was made illegitimate, and excluded from the succession—that of Anne rightly born, and true heirs to the crown. To declare the first marriage valid, and its issue legitimate, or the second marriage null, and its issue illegitimate, if the declaration were in writing, printing or in deed, was made high treason; if by words only, misprision of treason, by the act.

And obedience to every clause of both these acts, every subject of the king's, now of full age, or who should thereafter come of age, could be compelled to swear, on penalty of misprision of treason, for refusal.

The thunders of the vatican, the artillery, the trumpets, and the shouting passed away, like empty sound and thin air, as they were. The acts of parliament endured, and are still, themselves, or their consequences, in England and in Italy, in Europe and in America, felt, and puissant with a strong vitality, living at this day throughout the world, more or less, everywhere.

But not as the tyrant, who procured their enactment, to gratify his own vile lusts, intended it. He would have had an old church with a new head—he made a new church, with no head at all, save the Almighty and Eternal Head, the Everliving Truth in Heaven. He would have extinguished liberty of conscience, liberty of speech, of thought, of action, of self-government, utterly and forever. Under the will of Providence, in whose hand his forceful but ephemeral tyranny was but a shaping instrument, he rendered freedom what it is to-day, omnipotent and ubiquitous, felt where it is least heard by the general ear, perceived where it is least seen by the public eye, and thundered into the conscience of the deafest and darkest despotisms, by the overwhelming diapason of public opinion.

Henry would have crushed out the last spark of an expiring mortal body, he created a living and a saving spirit.

Everything was now accomplished which this king had desired—far more, indeed, than he had at the first hoped or even aspired to gain, since he originally sought only, by a divorce, granted at the hands of the pope, to rid himself of one wife, and take to himself a younger and a fairer bride; nor is it in the slightest degree probable, that he would, then or thereafter, had he succeeded in his original object, have conceived an idea of limiting the pontifical authority in his dominions, much less of converting to himself the revenues of the church, or the right of the chief ruler. From opposition, however, he drew increased determination to resist; and from the prosecution of resistance came the necessity of agents, able, ambitious and unscrupulous. Able enough, doubtless, and more than ambitious enough, was Wolsey; but, though his conscience was by no means of the tenderest, it was not so completely seared against all sense of justice, patriotism and religion, as to suit Henry's purpose. Therefore, he fell; partly, that he had not fully satisfied the expectations of his master; more, that he had awakened the enmity of the mistress, who never, it seems, spared any, whom she had the desire and the power to destroy.

Cromwell bid higher, in promises, for the royal favor, than even his predecessor had ever done—to the power of freely indulging his passions, at the expense of morality and justice, he added that of gratifying his avarice and ambition, at the expense of religion; and, I believe, though this is less certain, in opposition to the express desire of a majority of his people.

The ease with which one point was carried, readily suggested others; and so rapidly and successfully were his advances made, "the law providing safeguards and creating offences hitherto unknown, for the preservation of the new royal dignities, and the maintenance of the new succession,"* that at the beginning of the year 1534, he had realized infinitely more, than the wildest wishes of the most impracticable despot could have conceived, at the commencement of his reign, but twenty-three short years before; and had, in fact, attached to the crown of England, the amplest social privileges of the sultan, and the largest spiritual prerogatives of the pope. He had, moreover, diverted to himself, from the lawful owners, a boundless source of wealth in the revenues, possessions, and lands of the church, which, by the way, the holders had never pretended to hold save in trust for the indigent and pauper population of the realm, of whom, practically, in the absence of poor laws or any provision for the proletarian classes by statute, the church was the patron and provider, fulfilling its duty, in the main, as well as it has been done before or since that time.

Of this implied and unwritten trust, it is needless to say, to those who have thus far followed this history, that he never even pretended to take heed; as, in truth, he never did of any thing human or divine, unless so far as it suited his present whim.

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* Lingard, vi, 207.

And it is this which renders it difficult to discern how far it was a sincere regard for the "ancient learning" and the Papish creed, and how far the pressure of want, no longer relieved by the dole and charities of the suppressed monasteries, that caused the transient religious insurrections which followed, especially that known as "the rising of the north."

Probably the latter cause had its full share, at the least; since the rising consisted mainly of the lower classés, led by the rural priesthood; and though some great names are connected with it, was generally little favored by the nobility. One thing is evident; that the king's points were all gained,—that his innovations had been carried into effect unresisted, and that none were disposed openly to deny, though many might secretly disapprove, his spiritual assumption, as supreme head of the church.

But now the bloody feature of his character was to be developed; and it was so, shortly, in a manner the most revolting, and, under circumstances, which showed it to be the effect of innate cruelty, not of political expediency, much less of any state necessity.

The two most respectable, virtuous and learned men of England, Fisher, bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More, the chancellor, had opposed, so far, that is to say, as refusing to countenance, his views in regard to his divorce, and had thereby earned the unforgiving hatred of the beautiful Anne, and drawn on themselves the vindictive spite and jealousy of the tyrant.

Their innocent and holy blood was to be the first libation and prelude to that multitude of human hecatombs, which made the palace of the despot rather to resemble a shambles, or the den of some insatiable wild beast, than the residence of a christian king. An indictment was laid against these men for misprision of treason, in that they had in some degree listened to the ravings of one Elizabeth Barton, known as the "Holy Maid of Kent," an insane, epileptic nun, who supposed herself a prophetess, and, having obtained a set of foolish, fanatical adherents, had latterly given a political tone to her predictions. Much excited, as it appears most of the women of England were, by the case of Katharine, she had strongly espoused the cause of the late queen, and had proclaimed, after one of her visions, that the king should die within a month after his divorcing Katharine; that his daughter, Mary, should succeed him, and—which portion of her prophecy was, by a strange accident, fulfilled—that "dogs should lick his blood." The king had been long acquainted with these pretended prophecies; he had out lived the term appointed for his death; and last, not least, the wretched Barton and her chief adherents were brought to confess the whole matter to be an imposture, publicly, at St. Paul's cross. This done, one would have judged, all possible danger over, that the insignificance and obvious folly of these miserable wretches might have saved their lives, and that royal vengeance might have slept. But no ! Their blood was needed to justify the shedding nobler blood thereafter. They were attainted for treason, without trial—a thing unheard of and abominable in English law—before the parliament; and though the lords humbly craved permission of the king to hear what defence the accused might make, no reply being vouchsafed to this most moderate request, were condemned unheard, and suffered at Tyburn, all the horrors which, to the disgrace of English jurisprudence, remained so long attached to the crime of treason. For having had one or two interviews with this mad woman, for having once given her money, and, in the case of More, for having advised her to confine her predictions to piety, avoiding to intermeddle with politics, the two illustrious men first named, were connected with the low-born and deluded crew who had suffered a martyrdom so cruel, for their folly. The virtue, the learning, the innocence of Fisher, could not preserve him from attainder. He was condemned; and purchased, for three hundred pounds, his temporary pardon from the tyrant, less avaricious only, than he was bloody and relentless.

The entreaties of all his counsellors, literally on their knees before him, procured the erasure of More's name from the list of proscription, as there was not a shadow of evidence against him, and they felt the impossibility of so destroying him.

But Boleyn thirsted for their blood; the king could refuse Boleyn nothing; therefore their blood must flow. They were, within a fortnight of Barton's execution, called upon to swear to the acts of successsion and supremacy. Both consented to swear to the civil portions of both acts, admitting their validity and the competence of the civil power to enact them. Both declined to swear to every particular in the acts, as some of these contained dogmata of a purely religious nature, which they could not conscientiously admit.

Cranmer was in favor of the acceptance of the oaths, so limited. Cromwell stood out for the whole; and Henry, eager for their blood, if possible, and if not, anxious to compel them to unconditional surrender, suppported Cromwell. They were again cited to swear, and refusing, committed to the tower. In the meantime, while farther proceedings were in preparation against these, religious persecution began to take the place of political oppression. Henry was determined that his spiritual supremacy should not remain as an empty title, but should go into fact, as a present and active power; and called on his most learned and most loyal prelates to support him with their talents and their counsels. Sampson and Stokesly, two of the most celebrated, assisted, willingly, and from conviction, in the work of blood. Tonstal and Gardiner, slavishly and cowardly, and in defiance of what they believed to be the right.

The people and the clergy of the realm, for the most part, outwardly, at least, and openly, conformed; the three religious orders, Carthusians, Brigittins and Franciscans defied both argument and intimidation. Of these, no less than fifty miserably perished in prison; the rest, at the intercession of Wriothesly, the chancellor, who was with them at heart, were banished to France and Scotland.

Shortly after this, the priors of the charter houses of London, Axiholm and Belleval, were brought to trial for high treason; and, though the jury could not be brought to find against them, until the minister himself had argued with them and intimidated them by threats of being themselves similarly arraigned, were convicted, and, in company with four other monks and a secular clergyman, hanged, cut down while yet living, embowelled, dismembered, and beheaded.

During this interval, thus employed by Henry, his parliament had found both Fisher and More guilty of misprision of treason. The sentence was forfeiture and perpetual imprisonment. These men—these innocent, good men, both of them, but a little while before, Henry's personal friends, associates and intimates,—were now reduced, with their families, to utter destitution, and almost to starvation. Fisher, at seventy years, lay in his dungeon, without clothes to cover his nakedness. More would have perished of starvation, but for the support afforded him, by his married daughter, Margaret Roper.

But even this would not suffice. Henry had broken bread, and tasted the sacred salt; had jested with More, and played at his hearth with the innocent children, whom he was now resolved, *per fas aut nefas*, to render fatherless, as well as homeless. Fisher was the last surviving counsellor of Henry VII., and the guardian to whose care, on her death-bed, the venerable countess of Richmond had entrusted his inexperience. In his earlier and better years, the king had been wont to boast that no monarch in Europe had a counsellor so wise, a prelate so pious as the Bishop of Rochester. He affected to revere him as a father.

But both these had committed the unpardonable sin. They had dared to think for themselves; they had withheld consent from the king's "secret matter;" they had offended the king's harlot. Therefore, they must die.

But how or wherefore, when in these just men even their false judges could find no deadly sin? They were harassed, in their secret prison-houses, by examinations, interrogatories, multiplications of questionings. Even that availed nothing. They were tempted into, what were distinctly stated to them to be, private conversations; and, these being infamously revealed, if not more infamously invented, by the king's basest spies and panderers, the vilest of whom was Rich, the solicitor general, were sentenced to the block for high treason.

This, be it observed, not for actions done, or opinions openly, much less seditiously, expressed, but for conscientious convictions, only extorted from them at all, in reply to questions at once insidiously and illegally propounded.

Fisher died first, dauntless as innocent; and, to increase, if anything could increase, the atrocity of the deed, the decapitated trunk was suffered to lie naked, where it fell, until night, when it was removed by the guards, and buried in All-hallow's church-yard, in Barking.

More was led, on foot, from the tower to Westminster, tc receive his sentence; openly avowed his conviction that the act of supremacy was unlawful; heard his doom, unmoved; and even preserved his unalterable firmness, when, on his way back to the tower, his beloved daughter, Margaret, twice broke through the halberds of the pitying guards, and, in her speechless anguish, bathed him with unavailing tears.

He died, like Fisher, dauntless. The heads of both were displayed on London bridge; though it is said that More's was rescued thence by the heroism of Margaret, and, with the body, duly consigned to consecrated earth. In England, men were plunged into such an apathy of dismay, despair and servitude, that the death of these great, good men, though it smote every heart, as with an individual calamity, awoke no responsive cry of abhorrence or defiance. But their names live in every English heart, synonymous with all that is best of liberty and religion.

In every foreign land, the tidings were received by Lutheran and Catholic alike, with one unanimous burst of open execration. The pope, Paul III., who had succeeded Clement, at the urgent exhortation of the conclave, issued a bull of excommunication, interdict, and dethronement, against the murderous tyrant; but, perceiving that the only monarchs capable of enforcing it, Charles and Francis, were both eager only to court the friendship, not incur the enmity, of this puissant arbiter of Europe, he revoked it before publication, and reluctantly consigned it to oblivion in those "lofts of piled thunder," which were stored with ineffectual and unfulminated bolts of Romish arrogance and anger

During the remainder of this, and the whole of the ensuing year, the king strenuously pressed, and thoroughly carried out, what has been called the reformation, but what should be called the suppression of Papacy in England. By a singular stratagem, suggested by Leigh and Ap Rice, two creatures of Cromwell, all the prelates in the realm were entrapped into the admission, "that they derived no authority from Christ, but were merely occasional delegates of the crown." * The method of effecting this, was the issue by Cromwell, as vicar-general of the king—in which capacity, it is worthy of note, that he took precedence of the Archbishop of Cantebury, primate of England—of an act suspending, on the pretext of a general visitation, all the powers of all the dignitaries of the English church.

Thereupon, it was held, if they claimed powers as of divine right, they would adduce proofs. Otherwise, the question would go in favor of the king, by default.

Recourse was had to the scheme, with absolute success. The prelates submitted patiently, some ignorant of the trick, some fearful to resist, some tricksters themselves and in the plot; and, after a month's suspension, on humble petition to the king, all were severally restored, each by a separate commission, to the exercise of their functions during the royal pleasure, and that, merely as royal deputies.

This feat of *legerdemain*—for it deserves no other name—accomplished, a bill was forced through both houses, not, however, without violent opposition—so violent, indeed, that before it passed, the king had to send for the members of the lower house, whom he pleasantly informed, that he "would have the bill pass or take off some of their heads"—suppressing all the smaller monasteries, giving the whole property real or personal, appertaining to them, to the king and his heirs forever, and vesting the possession of their lands and tenements in those to whomsoever they should be granted by letters patent.

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* Lingard, vi., 231.

So pleasant and simple, in those days, was the manner adopted by the kings of England, in dealing with their trusty commons; and so obedient were the members of that puissant body, now the dominant power of the state, to the monarchs, their veritable lords and masters. Thus was consummated the humiliation and spoliation of the church, to the indefinite augmentation of the power, wealth and prerogative of the crown; to the infinite enriching of the creatures of Cromwell and the king, and of the grantees of the suppressed establishments; to the cruel injury of the ejected monks and nuns, the latter of whom were thrown on the cold charity of the world, with no provision, other than the mockery of a single gown, granted to each by the king; and to the enduring loss of the indigent poor, who were supported, in a great measure, by the alms of these much abused institutions.

Thus, strange to say, was accomplished a prediction uttered many years before, though with no pretence of divine inspiration, by an archbishop of Paris; that whensoever the Cardinal of York should lose the favor of Henry,* the spoliation of the church would shortly follow.

This same year, while the process of spoliation was in operation, died, in the castle of Kimbolton, where she had lived the last years of her life, almost in durance, that most royal woman, Katharine of Arragon. Nothing of persecution, of intimidation, of menace, had ever induced her to abandon her style of queen of England, or tempted her to accept the asylum, which Charles offered, and Henry dared not have disallowed, in Spain or the Netherlands—not that she valued the empty title, but that she would not invalidate her daughter Mary's claim to the succession, which she ever believed would come to be hers, in time.

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* Lingard, vi. 230.

She died on the 7th of January, 1536; and Henry, as I have said, wept, when he heard of her decease, and ordered his court into mourning for her loss. But his sympathy did not induce him to grant her last request, for an interview with her child, from whom he had savagely separated her; nor did it deter him from endeavoring to seize himself of the small effects she had left behind her; as he had previously done by her dowry, her jewels, and even her wardrobe, all of which, with the exception of what she actually wore, this foul disgrace, not of royalty, but of manhood, had detained, when he drove her out of her apartments at Windsor, to make way for her light rival.

That rival now, when all the court wore mourning, and all England, but the court, mourned indeed, trapped herself in yellow robes, the color which best becomes a brunette, and professed herself "now indeed a queen." But her departed rival better knew Henry's heart, than she; if it be true, as it is said[†] by Dr. Harpsfield, that hearing one of her ladies cursing Anne, the sad queen cried, "Curse her not—curse her not, but rather pray for her, for even now is the time fast coming, when you shall have reason to pity her and lament her case."

It was, indeed, fast coming; for while she was yet exulting over her rival's death, she found her maid of honor, Jane Seymour, who had supplanted her, as she had supplanted Katharine, sitting on Henry's knee. In an agony of jealous rage, she took to her bed, for she was far gone with child, in premature labor pains, and was delivered of a dead son—who, had he lived, would probably have prolonged, if not secured, her ascendency—only twenty days after the decease of Katharine.

[†] Apud Miss Strickland, vol. iv. 109.

That mis-delivery decided her fate. On the twenty-fifth day of the ensuing April, a court of commission was held to inquire into her conduct; it consisted of the chancellor, of the Duke of Norfolk, her uncle, the Duke of Suffolk, and *her own father;* and these reported, that there was proof sufficient to convict her of unchastity, with Brereton, Norris, and Weston, of the privy chamber, with Smeaton, the king's musician, and even with her own brother, the Lord Rochefort. Of the circumstances of the case, and of the evidence, little is known, and that little will be examined more fully, when I come to her own sad story. Suffice it now, that Lady Rochefort, her own brother's wife, who, singularly enough, had been committed to the tower for adherence to her predecessor, and was afterward beheaded for complicity in the adultery of her third successor, was the principal witness against her. Smeaton, whose rank in life subjected him, and who was probably subjected, to question on the rack, is said to have confessed his guilt. But he, with the others, including herself, who all died on the scaffold, died, not denying nor confessing anything.

She was decapitated, meeting the death stroke fearlessly, after passing her last days, strangely, between tears and laughter, with a two-handed sword by the hand of a French executioner, imported from Calais, for the purpose—the last, if not the only, woman who died such a death in England.

The strongest proof, or show of proof, against her, lies in the bitter hatred which Henry evidently bore to her, personal in its nature, and insatiate by her death, until he had destroyed her memory also. Either to slay, or to divorce her, would have sufficed, to enable him to marry the Seymour had that been his only object; but he must needs do both, and, moreover, bastardize her innocent child, Elizabeth, whom, notwithstanding, he admitted to be his own daughter, and brand her memory with the stain, not of adultery only, but of the almost inconceivable crime of incest.

He sat on horseback, under an oak, in Greenwich park, until the tower-gun announced that the lovely head had rolled in the dust; and then uncoupled the hounds, and away on the wings of the morning! to wed Jane Seymour, on the succeeding day, at Wolf's Hall, in Wiltshire, and to feast, with her, on a bridal banquet literally furnished forth, while her predecessor's life hung on the falchion's edge.

Cranmer must next be called upon—Cranmer, who had pronounced the marriage with Katharine null and void, and declared that of Anne lawful and of good effect from the beginning, by virtue of his own authority—only he was the man who should reverse his own declaration, and falsify his own record. He did so; and that second marriage was, likewise, pronounced null and of no effect from the beginning, though on what grounds is nowhere stated. The issue of Anne was also, of course, declared incapable to succeed, and an act of parliament was procured securing the succession, after the repeal of its last preceding act of entail, to the heirs of the body of Jane Seymour. To this act was appended a clause, in utter defiance of the laws and constitution of the kingdom, giving to Henry the power "to limit the crown in possession and remainder by letters patent under the great seal, or by his last will, signed with his own hand," * to any person or persons

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* Lingard, vi. 252.

of his own choosing. The object of this enactment was to enable him, and so it was understood, in default of heirs male legitimate, to bequeath the crown to his favorite, the Duke of Richmond, his natural son, by Elizabeth Taillebois. He, however, died this very summer; and the willful and arrogant tyrant was left, without heir male or female, legitimate or illegitimate, to succeed him.

Shortly after the present marriage, he partially relented toward Mary, whom, on account of what he called her disobedience in upholding the marriage of her own mother, he had kept hitherto in penury and disgrace; and, on her confessing him to be the supreme head of the church, and admitting the marriage of her mother incestuous and unlawful, restored her partially to his favor, and granted to her an establishment, in some degree befitted to her birth, though still denying her legitimacy. In this autumn, broke out a dreadful insurrection, originating with the starving monks and famished populace of the north, but secretly patronized and fomented by the northern nobility of the old religion. To such a height did this rebellion rise, and so formidable had it become, involving the whole north of England, from the frontiers of Scotland to Doncaster, that Shrewsbury and Norfolk, the king's lieutenants, found it expedient to treat rather than to fight; and, on the promise of a free pardon to all, and the speedy assembling of the parliament at York, for the redress of all grievances, the insurgents laid down their arms. Henry, of course, so soon as the peril had passed over, neglected his stipulated word, and the rebels again rose in force; but Norfolk was now at the head of a sufficient army, and defeated them in detail. Their chief leaders, Lord d'Arcy, and Robert Ashe, with some others, were executed in London; the subordinates were hanged by scores and hundreds, at York and Carlisle, and when "rebellion's head was cold," and the last spark of resistance quenched in blood, that, which was whimsically styled the king's mercy, spared the wretched remainder, and granted a general pardon.

The suppression of an insurrection ever strengthens the hands of any government, and supplies a tyrannical government with means of fresh tyranny. Nor did this general truth now fail of application. After the insurrection of the north, all the great northern abbeys,—Furness, Whalley, Botton, Lanercost, Jovraulx, Fountains, and the rest,—shared the fate of the smaller monasteries; all were, in turn, suppressed, wrested from the lawful possessors, and transferred to the grantees of the crown.

This done, Henry converted the last relics of his fury against Reginald Pole, to whom, as has been before shown, he had formerly displayed a fitful and short-lived generosity. This young nobleman, who had borne himself, in his voluntary exile, with singular moderation, had been actually compelled, by Henry's agency, to give his opinion in writing, on the assumption of supremacy and the divorce of Katharine. As long as possible he avoided the unwelcome task; but, at last, after Anne's execution, he delivered his opinion, utterly condemnatory of the whole course of his royal kinsman's conduct, in a long, rhetorical, elocutionary treatise, which he sent by private hand to the king. Henry, for once, concealed his fury, and dissembled, but dissembled only, in the hope of getting his now hated enemy—for such he henceforth styled him—into his power. Reginald was, however, too wise and wary to accept Henry's invitation to visit him, when they could discuss the matter together at leisure; for he well knew that to tread on English soil was to follow his friends, Fisher and More, unavailingly, to the block. Shortly after this, he was created cardinal, and appointed legate beyond the Alps, for the purpose of effecting a reconciliation between Francis and the emperor, and uniting their arms against the Turk. Of this mission and its purpose, he honestly and truthfully informed Henry; and, farther, did him good service in procuring the continued suppression of the bull of interdict, which, but for his intercession, would have been promulgated, during the height of the northern insurrection, which Paul and his advisers regarded as a favorable opportunity. Cromwell was, however, his personal enemy; and, if Henry's rage had not been, in itself, too blind and brutal to discriminate, would have secured his ear against him. That was not needed; so soon as he arrived at Cambray, Henry demanded him of the king of France; set a price of fifty thousand crowns on his head, and offered Charles an auxiliary force against Francis in exchange for his person.

Frustrated in his purpose, by the cardinal's recall to Rome, he declared him a public enemy, and resolved on the total destruction of all his English kindred, who, unhappily for them, were within his reach; from which fell purpose he was not diverted, although he was compelled to defer it, by the events of the autumn, which one knows not, in reference to Henry, whether to style calamity or good fortune, and which made him, once more a father—this time of an heir male—and again a widower.

On Friday October 12th, 1537, Jane Seymour, of whom Lingard most justly observes, that, with no evidence of any positive merit, or virtue, of her own, she has fared better with historians, than any other of Henry's queens, was delivered of a prince, afterward Prince of Wales, and King Edward VI.

The immunity from censure which this princess enjoyed, possessing no kind of real merit, that one can discover, beyond grace, beauty, and a certain inoffensiveness, which was, after all is said, merely passive, he ascribes, justly, to the fact, that, whereas to each one of the other five queens, either the Romish or the Protestant writers have been hostile on polemical grounds, both have upheld the character of Jane. The former because she was uniformly kind and gracious to Mary, the child of Katharine, and afterward the Papistical queen — the latter, because she was the mother of the ultra Lutheran king, Edward VI.

He, conclusively, shows that her alleged uniform kindness to Mary, might well arise from mere opposition to Anne Boleyn, who had been peculiarly and uniformly unkind to her; while Miss Strickland, no less conclusively, shows that she was not "the fairest"—for the two unfortunates, Boleyn and Howard, were both fairer, as their extant portraits prove — nor "the discreetest"—for how can she be called discreet, who is found by a wife sitting on her husband's knee? — nor in any respect, at all, "the most meritorious of all Henry VIII.'s wives" — as some pompous historiographer has absurdly styled her.

On the 12th of October, she was delivered, after a labor so dangerous, that the physicians, apprehensive that to save both lives would be impossible, left it to the option of the "uxorious" king, as he has been called, who showed his uxoriousness, on this occasion, by ordering the wife and mother to be sacrificed, if need should be, with the pleasant and manly, not to say gentlemanly, observation, that he could have as many wives as he pleased, but as many sons, only, as it happened. That she lived at all, was no thanks to her brutal lord· that she died, a few days afterward, was owing, wholly, to his reckless and boisterous exultation, at the birth of a boy; and to the din and roar of the christening carousals, with which he deafened her sick chamber, and literally drummed her into the grave.

That he affected to hold her first and dearest of his wives, was, first, that she died before he grew aweary of her; second, that she was the sultana-mother of his harem of queens, who alone bore him a surviving son.

How much he truly loved her, one may judge, knowing that, before she had been cold in her grave, a single month, he was moving heaven and earth to win the hand of the beautiful Marie de Longueville, precontracted to his own nephew, James of Scotland. A rare commentary, by the way, on his sanctimonious horror of the iniquity of marriages with precontracted women! But why look for consistency in one whose only constancy was wickedness, whose only consistency, crime?

It appears, that when, immediately on Jane Seymour's death, this truly "marvellous man" expressed his desire for a French wife, a step which, of course, Francis was bound, by his own interest, to promote, that prince made him some general answer, to the effect that there was no unmarried dame, or damsel, in his kingdom, whose hand he might not obtain, at his pleasure; and when Henry, after vainly persecuting Marie de Longueville, for five months, to force her to accept him, was compelled to resign all hopes of possessing her, on her sailing to Scotland for the purpose of marrying his nephew, he actually took his brother monarch at his word; and required him not as a jest, but in all sober seriousness, to produce the handsomest ladies in France, at Calais, for his inspection. The Duchess of Vendôme he might have had; but, offended by the refusal of the beautiful Longueville, he refused the other lady, in order to strike a balance, as one would say in mercantile phrase, since James had rejected her, in like manner as James's lady-love had denied himself her favor. Marie's two sisters, he would neither of them; because Francis declined the proposal to show them for selection; observing, as such a gay gallant as he well might do, that it was not the mode of France, to do with fair ladies, as horse-coursers do with their palfreys—trot them out, that he, who wants one, may choose the easiest-goer.

The truth is—strange as it may appear, that anything should be exaggerated concerning Henry, unless it were the report of his early virtues — that an exaggerated rumor prevailed, on the continent, in regard to the death of his first three wives, which rendered the princesses of France averse to trying their fortunes, as his fourth. Katharine, it was said, had died of poison—a saying, for which there was no possible foundation, as she had been for many years a valetudinarian, and died after a lingering illness. The sharp and sudden cure of Anne's earthly sorrows was known to all; as was the cause of Jane Seymour's untimely departure; which might undoubtedly have been prevented, by the common care and quietude accorded, in such cases, to all women of humbler station, though not, always, to those in more exalted places. It is not wonderful, however, that such a rumor should prevail; though many persons, doubtless, will esteem it even more than wonderful, that, after his antecedents, he should have found any lady, without the pale of his own dominions—where to have refused his hand, would, in all probability, have cost her head—who would accept his crown, burthened with the weight of his now bloated, unwieldy and diseased person, of his brutal love, and the risk of his barbarous displeasure.

It was, indeed, above two years before he could find any one who would accept it; and when he did find one, it was political motives, alone, which brought about the sacrifice of the hand of the unhappy lady, whom he wedded, only to repudiate, almost before the honeymoon was ended.

The interval between the loss of his third, and the wedding of his fourth bride, he spent for once consistently; in coquetting with the pope, whom his execution of Anne, his roasting of heretics, his dabbling in theology, with an evident leaning to the doctrines of Rome, induced to hope that he might be reclaimed into the bosom of the church; and at the same time, with the reformed states and princes of Germany, who fancied that he might be brought to join their communion, in consequence of their mutual antagonism to the pontiff and see of St. Peters. He promulgated articles of faith, denying the possibility of salvation, except by adherence to the creed of the Romish church, the head of which alone he repudiated; maintaining the seven sacraments, the Apostles', the Athanasian, and the Nicene creeds; enforcing the compulsory celibacy of the clergy, much to the grief of Cranmer, who was obliged, in order to save his body from the stake, to repudiate his wife, and send his children into Germany; forbidding the cup of the eucharist to the laity; and sustaining private masses and auricular confession. He butchered Protestant heretics and adherents to the pope, with perfect impartiality; he presided at the examination of accused heretics, argued with them, condemned them, assisted at their *autos da fe*, to the admiration of Cromwell,* and the disgust and abhorrence of the whole christian world beside. He reformed abuses in religion, abolished useless holidays, destroyed miraculous shrines and holy wells, prohibited pilgrimages and processions, pulled down oracular chapels, burnt juggling relics, and finally, to put the climax on high-flown absurdity, and stamp himself almost a fool and madman, cited the Archbishop Thomas à Becket, who had been dead since the reign of Henry II., nearly three centuries before, to appear in court at Westminster, and show cause why he should not be found guilty of rebellion, against his sovereign lord, the king. At the end of thirty days, the period allowed by canon law, the saint not appearing, in person or by attorney, was found guilty of "contumacy, rebellion, and treason;" his bones were ordered to be burned, "to admonish the living of their duty by the punishment of the dead;" and all his personal property was forfeited to the crown. It is worthy of remark, that his shrine was immensely rich in gold and jewelry, two huge coffers full of which were conveyed to the royal treasury.

One might doubt, whether he were reading history, or the wildest and most imaginative, satirical romance, but that Henry's original proclamation of November 16, 1538, beginning with the words, "Whereas, Thomas à Becket, sometime archbishop of Canterbury,"† &c., &c., is still extant, as well as the bull of Pope Paul III., of December 17, of the same year, relating the whole affair at length.

Farther than this, he completed the suppression of all the remaining monasteries and religious houses, confiscating their property and bestowing their lands and tenements on his friends and courtiers; and, finally, compelled parliament to grant him subsidies of two-tenths, and two-fifteenths, within twelve months, to remunerate him for the trouble he had been at, in effecting these reforms, and the expences, he had been put to, in confiscating and converting, to his own use, lands, dwellings, tenements, personals, treasures, rents, and revenues, to an amount now wholly incalculable, but supposed by some writers to have equalled one-twentieth part of all the values then vested in England, though this is probably an excessive valuation.

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* See Cromwell's letter to Wyatt, ambassador in Germany. Collier, i. 152, apud Lingard, vi. 283.

† See the originals in note to page 276, vol. vi. Lingard's Hist. Eng.

Nor was this singular being, singular mixture of cruelty and puerility, sense and folly, strength and weakness, content with burning obscure priests and wretched booksellers, who dared to publish unauthorized translations of the holy writ; nor even, with the torturing to death, in a manner too horrible to bear relation, of the venerable Doctor Abell, and the aged Friar Forrest, confessor of the late Queen Katharine, the latter because he would not disclose the secrets of his royal penitent's confessional, but he must needs imbrue his hands, to the shoulders, in the noblest blood of England, the closest akin to himself, the most intimately connected with all the greatest deeds, the grandest memories of the empire.

To avenge himself on Reginald Pole, whom he despaired of bringing himself within reach of his vengeance, he caused to be arrested, in one day, Henry Courtenay, marquess of Exeter, and the marchioness, his wife; Lord Montague, and Geoffrey Pole, brothers of the cardinal; their mother, the aged Countess of Salisbury, the last of the high blood of the old Plantagenets; Sir Edward Neville, the brother of Lord Abergavenny; Sir Nicholas Carew, master of the horse; and two Cornish gentlemen, named Kendall, and Quintrell; all of whom were accused of high treason on the most frivolous pretences, not one of them for overt acts, but only for words spoken, the most trivial and inoffensive, that can be imagined.

Of these, Geoffrey Pole escaped, it is supposed, by bearing evidence against his comrades. The aged Countess of Salisbury was retained in the tower, with her grandson, and Gertrude, marchioness of Exeter, against none of whom was there any shadow of such evidence, as even Henry dared produce, before such courts as he employed; who seem to have regarded it as a matter of necessity, in respect of the king's honor, to sentence to death all whom he chose to send up for trial. The rest suffered the extreme penalty of the law, and died by decapitation; except the two commoners, who underwent all the atrocious horrors of the sentence.

Still, Henry's fiendish heart could not be satiated, until he had wounded the cardinal in the tenderest point, by the slaughter of his revered mother, the Countess of Salisbury; whom he detained in the tower, perhaps in some sort as a hostage, but unquestionably resolute to destroy her, so soon as a fitting opportunity should occur.

After this interval of widowhood, unable longer to endure the state of celibacy, he determined to listen to the suggestion of Cromwell, who, alarmed at the growing intimacy of alliance between Charles and the French king, advised him to form a counterpoise to the strength of this confederacy, by allying himself to the German princes of the Smalcaldic, Lutheran league. Anne, the sister of the reigning Duke of Cleves, was the lady selected for this doubtful honor, and envoys being sent to inspect her, and reporting of her favorably, as a large, tall personage, of comely stature, and queenly deportment, bringing with them, moreover, a portrait of the princess, by Holbein, which represented her as very handsome, the royal voluptuary expressed himself satisfied; the match was contracted; and the lady elect was escorted in great pomp, by her own kinsmen, to Calais, where she was met by Lord Southampton, the lord high admiral of England, and a splendid train of gentlemen and nobles.

On New Year's eve, the king, who was impatient, as a child for a new toy, to catch a glance of his young and much lauded bride, rode on to Rochester, where he met her, with the intent to look on her, that he might, as he termed it, "nourish love." Awful was his disappointment, fearful his fury, when he saw her, large, indeed, and well shaped in person, but coarse-complexioned, with irregular features, and deeply pitted with the small pox. She had no accomplishments, moreover, no graces of air, no skill in dance or song, she could not even converse with him, in his native tongue. To a man like him, above all things, a connoisseur in beauty; an admirer of all kinds of art and grace; himself a musician, a composer, a poet, with an ear exquisitely attuned to all sweet sounds; a lover, who had possessed the stately dignity of the majestic and right-royal Katharine, the voluptuous loveliness and perfect gracefulness of the admirably accomplished Anne, the gentle charms of the soft and placid Seymour; above all, to a fierce, coarse sensualist, who regarded woman as the merest Circassian Odalisque, the rage of frenzied disgust, which poor Anne of Cleves, with her high German accent, her coarse, scarred features, and her gorgeous, yet ungraceful, attire and attendance, must have produced, can be imagined more easily than described. He swore, in his blunt, brutal humor, that she was no better than "a great Flanders brood mare," and that he would none of her; and charged Cromwell, as he had devised, to find, as he he regarded his head, some method of dissolving this odious contract.

When no mode of evasion could be discovered, and when he perceived, as he said, that "there was no remedy, but he must needs against his will put his head into that noose," he reluctantly consented to celebrate his nuptials, which were performed with unwonted splendor, at Greenwich, on January 6th, being the Epiphany, or feast of kings; but, from that day forth, the fall of Cromwell was dated. After the consummation of his marriage, Henry, with his wonted brutality, endeavored to depreciate her character, as he did her person, speaking of the one, as if she had not come a pure maiden to his bed; and of the other, as no man, possessing even a shadow of the feelings or delicacy of a man, would speak of the lowest and most downfallen of the sex.

During the brief time that he cohabited with her, he made pomp, and solemn pageants and processions, afford an excuse for eschewing her privacy; yet so rude and brutal was his conduct, that when Wriothesley, the meanest, basest, and most sordid of Henry's low-born parasites, rudely broke to her the king's desire to annul the marriage, although she fainted on the first shock, partly at the insulting style, in which the foul pandar conveyed his message, partly from apprehension that she was destined to share the fate of Anne Boleyn, she instantly consented to join with him, in procuring a divorce, and assented with alacrity to resign the title of queen, for that of the king's adopted sister, with a pension of three thousand pounds a year, and precedence over all ladies of his court, except his children, and his future consort. Probably, she was, to the full, as much rejoiced, as he, to be liberated from the bonds of a wedlock, in which affection or liking never had a share, and which to joylessness and disgust must have combined no small share of awe and apprehension.

But I must not anticipate; for, before the divorce was carried out by act of parliament, and by means of a convocation of the clergy, principally on the untenable pretext of a precontract with the Prince of Lorraine, Cromwell was himself arrested, on charge of high treason, and condemned without trial by his peers, exhibition of evidence, or confession, by an act of attainder, passed, almost unanimously, by both houses of parliament, Cranmer alone for a while feebly interposing in his behalf, but finally surrendering him to his fate. The charges against him were groundless and futile; the measure by which he was sentenced, without trial, by attainder, most iniquitous; yet cannot any one compassionate him; nor could he with right complain, if he were compelled to drink of the cup, he had himself brewed, first, for others. He was the original inventor, who suggested this diabolical mode of criminal procedure, and, like Perillus, the creator of the far-famed brazen bull, he was the first to perish by his own invention. For, although many had been executed already, by process of attainder, the act had been, in all prior instances, founded on alleged confession of the accused; and, although the Countess of Salisbury now lay under sentence, awaiting death in the tower, under the same atrocious procedure, she was not brought to the scaffold until the ensuing year.

On the 28th of July, 1540, he died by the axe, under the operation of the bill he had himself suggested; one other instance of "the engineer hoist by his own petard." Not a tear was shed over his headless trunk. The great lords openly exulted, that the low-born tradesman, who had risen by cunning, base ness, servility, and performance of all mean and ignoble offices, had fallen headlong from the highest seat, which he had so unworthily attained, in the house of lords. The clergy triumphed over his downfall, as over the bitter enemy, who had, in his day of power, so cruelly triumphed over mother church. The lovers of liberty and justice rejoiced in secret that the manes of More and Fisher were at length appeased. The nation, at large, looked on his death as the just reward of the onerous taxation imposed on the realm, when the royal treasury was filled, or at least ought, of right, to have been filled, with the overflowing spoils of the plundered monasteries.

His judicial murder was followed by a new form of religious terrorism. By the same parliament, which had attainted him, three Papists had been condemned to death for denying the supremacy, and three Protestants for holding heterodox opinions. Two and two, Protestant and Papist, the day after Cromwell's death, they were drawn on the same hurdles to Smithfield, from the tower, where they expiated, the former their heresy in the flames, the latter their treason by the disembowelling knife of the civil executioner.

So impartially equal was the justice of this great, reforming monarch to both classes of his suffering subjects.

After his divorce from the gentle, patient-minded, and noble Anne of Cleves, the modern Bluebeard did not remain long a widower; for, at his own suggestion, doubtless, his lords humbly petitioned him, in consideration of his people's welfare, to venture on a fifth marriage, in the hope that God would bless him with a numerous issue. Anxious, as his whole career shows him ever to have been, for the good and happiness of his people, this pious monarch now lovingly condescended to grant their prayer, the rather that it was so humbly tendered, and within a month Katharine Howard made her appearance at court as Queen. She was the daughter of that Lord Edmund Howard, who commanded the right wing of the English host at Flodden, since deceased; niece to the Duke of Norfolk, and, of course, cousin to the unhappy Anne Boleyn, whose fate she was so soon to share. She had been brought up by the dowager Duchess of Norfolk—who appears to have been a garrulous, half-doting beldame, utterly unfit for such a duty—and first attracted Henry's eye at a dinner party of the Bishop of Winchester, where she was present, it is said, as maid of honor to Queen Anne of Cleves. She was not a tall, commanding beauty of the king's favorite style, but very small, although beautifully shaped, extremely pretty, with winning ways, and, says Lord Herbert of Cherbury, "by a notable appearance of honor, cleanness, and maidenly behavior, she won the king's heart." During about twelve months he lived with her in great content and delight, lavishing on her every mark of tenderness, confidence, and affection. He carried her with him in his progress to York, in the following year; for it delighted him to have her, at all times, near to his person, and he professed to be more charmed with her, than with any of his preceding consorts. Immediately previous to their progress to York, there had been a trivial Romish insurrection in the north, headed by Sir John Neville, which was easily suppressed, but which, as usual, became a means of strengthening the adverse party, and afforded a cause for renewed bloodshed.

Henry attributed it, as he did all Papistical disturbances, to Cardinal Pole, and seized the occasion to bring his mother, the aged Countess of Salisbury, so long a prisoner in the tower, at length to the scaffold. Then followed a scene of unexampled horror The lion-hearted septuagenarian, the last of the long and glorious line of the Plantagenets, refused to bow her hoary head to the block, lest by so doing she should appear to admit herself guilty of treason; not that she feared death—for what Plantagenet ever counted that worth a moment's thought?—but, in that fiery and defiant mood, not alien to the spirit of her mighty ancestors she strode to and fro on the scaffold, her features flushed with indignation, shaking her dishevelled locks of snow abroad, like the mane of an ancient lioness, and bidding the executioners "win her head as they could, if they would have it." At length, she was dragged violently to the block, where the headman "slovenly butchered her, and stained the scaffold from veins enriched by all the royal blood of England."*

But, alas! ere long a sadder, "a darker departure was near"—even hers, the delicate, the beautiful, the notably maiden-looking Howard. It is a deep, a dreadful, a mysterious tragedy; and, like that of her kinswoman and predecessor in the fearful journey down that painful and bloody road, it defies all scrutiny.

That there was a religious party, strongly set against Katharine, as there had been one against Anne, is not to be doubted. The Protestants detested the former, as the Catholics hated the latter, owing to the religions of the queens, whom they had, each in turn, supplanted; and the reformers, with the Duke of Cleves, probably, himself at their head, believed that if the Howard could be disposed of, Anne of Cleves might resume the ascendency; even as the Catholics had previously augured the same for Katharine of Arragon, if the Boleyn could be overthrown.

That the charge did not originate with the reformers, though they certainly brought it forward, and that it was not all a plot is certain, from the partial confession of the sufferers.

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* Guthrie. Quoted by Miss Strickland, iv., 301.

During the progress to the north, it appears that a person of the name of Lascelles came with information to Cranmer, that absolute proof could be brought, that the queen, while Mistress Catharine Howard, had continually admitted, previously to her royal marriage, a gentleman to her bed, of the name of Dereham, then page to the Duchess of Norfolk, in whose house they both resided; and that this said Dereham, with certain women who had been privy to the whole affair at its origin, had been taken into the service of the royal household, and employed about the person of the queen. Henry and Katharine reached Hampton court on their return, just previous to the feast of All Saints, and on that day "the king revered his Maker, and gave him most hearty thanks for the good life he led and trusted to lead with his wife." The next day, while he was at mass, the archbishop placed in his hand a paper containing the information which he had received. Henry, for once in his life, was deeply grieved and perturbed; and, at length, disbelieving the charges, ordered a private inquiry to be held into the matter, without allowing anything thereof to reach the ears of the queen. Lascelles, his sister, who had been in the Duchess of Norfolk's household, and from whom the story originally came, Dereham himself, and others, were strictly examined; when it came out that Dereham was not merely admitted to the queen's presence, but had been employed by her as her private secretary; and that while at Lincoln, on the late royal progress, a gentleman of the name of Culpepper, of the privy chamber, and her kinsman on the mother's side, had remained in the queen's apartment, with none but herself and the lady Rochefort—the same by whose testimony Anne Boleyn was convicted of incest with her own brother, and the husband of the witness—from eleven at night, until two of the morning. This was considered sufficient whereon to proceed farther; and the council went on to visit and examine the queen. At first, she protested her innocence, fell into fits, and seemed half frantic but, at a later visit from the Archbishop Cranmer, who brought her some assurance from Henry of mercy, she was induced to promise, under the most solemn oaths and obligations, to answer truly all questions which should be put to her. Then, on examination, she admitted the fatal fact, of ante-connubial intercourse with Dereham, who, it seems, had been in the habit of calling her his wife; but she insisted that all the favors he had ever obtained from her had been by violence; and she vehemently asseverated that from the hour of her marriage, she had been true wife to the king.

To do Henry justice, it must be said that he does not seem to have, for once in his life, in any wise thirsted after her blood; and that her life might have been spared, if, by admitting a precontract, she had left room for his liberation from her, by divorce. But this she could not be brought to do; probably not understanding the urgency of Cranmer, who endeavored strenuously to obtain such an avowal from her, clearly for the purpose of saving her, though he dare not too openly declare his object. She persisted that all he had ever had from her, he had by violence, and this which she thought should defend, did in fact destroy her.

Culpepper and Dereham were tried, and found guilty of high treason, and were left to suffer their penalty of crime. The evidence, certainly, would not now be held sufficient for conviction; but it must be admitted, that the presumption was strongly against Dereham, at least, in consequence, after the admitted relations between himself and the queen, of his reäppearing suddenly at court, where he had been unknown before, simultaneously, or nearly so, with her marriage; and of his being appointed, in connection with, at least, one other individual, privy to what had gone before, to a post of trust, giving him easy access to her person.

To the hapless queen, the same reasoning forcibly applies. It is, indeed, possible, that the depraved persons in question, forced themselves, by threats of revelation, which to her were threats of destruction, upon her unwillingly; and that she had no ill intention in retaining them; still her case is one of early sin and shame, perhaps repented, but so unfortunately mixed up with grave later suspicions, that it is equally dangerous and difficult to absolve or to condemn her.

The case against Culpepper is entirely different; no guilt or suspicion of guilt attaches to him; and his death was clearly as illegal, as it was unjust and cruel.

Under the present state of law in England, no one of these persons could be convicted on the evidence. The hapless young queen was never put on her trial, or suffered to speak a word in her own behalf; a privilege which was not denied to her kinswoman, Anne Boleyn, who, though she might not convince her judges, or avert her doom, yet left a burning record of her eloquence and artless pathos to plead for her, with a posterity kinder and less unforgiving than the age in which she lived. Attainted on her own confession, Katharine was sentenced to be beheaded, with the Lady Rochefort, as her aider and abettor, and Culpepper and Dereham as her accomplices.

Cruel and persevering attempts were made by the king, to involve all her family—the old Duchess of Norfolk, Lord William Howard, her uncle, the Countess of Bridgewater, and

Anne Howard, the wife of her brother Henry, in her ruin; for the blood of the old duchess, especially, he seems to have thirsted, owing to the fact of her having abstracted some papers of Dereham's from a trunk in her possession, which he conceived to have contained evidence on the point in question—the actual commission of adultery after marriage, between the parties. The judges, however, for once, were firm against him. Culpepper and Dereham, the latter after being most unmercifully racked, as a person of his rank might, it seems, at that time legally be, in order to extract evidence fatal to the queen, though wholly without effect, were executed; the former by the axe, the latter by the gibbet and the knife, hanged, drawn and quartered. It was two months later before the queen and Lady Rochefort were beheaded, within the tower, meeting their fate with perfect calmness and decorum. The unhappy Howard died, the first, professing, with her last breath, her penitence for her early sins, though declaring her innocence of the crime for which she suffered. The Lady Rochefort is said—but I hold this more than doubtful—to have expressed herself as satisfied to die, for that she had betrayed her husband to death by her false accusation of Queen Anne Boleyn, but that otherwise she was conscious of no crime.

Several things—among other the fact of Cranmer having felt himself in danger, as a favorer of, the new learning, and of his having completely recovered his own position and that of his party, by means of the eclat they gained by this detected plot, as well as his extreme and evident anxiety to save the life of the queen, seem to indicate a consciousness, that she was not guilty of that portion of the crime for which she suffered, and which was not certainly proved against her. Presumptions, however, as certainly were adverse to her, and that was an age in which presumptions lighter far than these, were held to be, in criminal cases of this nature,

> . . . . "confirmations strong
> As proofs of holy writ."

All her relatives, who had been included in the bill of attainder, were found guilty of misprision of treason, including the old duchess, for not having revealed their kinswoman's indiscretion before she was elevated to the royal bed; but the king himself seems to have been aware of the absurdity of such a procedure, since he shortly afterward pardoned all the subordinate accessories.

In order, however, to guard against such contingencies in future, it was made misprision of treason in any person knowing or suspecting the incontinence of any woman about to marry with the king, who should not reveal the same; and high treason in any woman, who, passing for a true maid, not in very deed being such, should not disclose her unchastity to him.

At this enactment the people made exceeding merry, declaring that the king had nothing left for it now, but to marry a widow—as he, indeed, did soon afterward—since, surely, no single woman would take him at such risk. There seems to be some difficulty in fixing the exact date of Katharine Howard's execution, some historians making it to have occurred in 1542, and others in 1543. The 12th of February was the day, beyond doubt, and, I conceive, of the former year, since we must otherwise suppose that a year and four months elapsed between the discovery of her alleged guilt, in November 10, 1541, and the infliction of her punishment; which savors neither of the then state of English jurisprudence, nor of the headlong rapidity of Henry in the determination of such cases.

Immediately after the conclusion of this sad and bloody business, the king, as usual, turned himself to a directly opposite course, and betook himself to piety, and to the disciplining his subjects on religious topics. He, this year, prohibited the use of Tyndal's version of the holy scriptures, as "crafty, false and untrue;" and ordered the authorized version to be published without note or comment. He prohibited the reading even of the authorized copy in public; restricted the use of it in families, to the houses of gentlemen of rank and nobles; and even its private study to householders, and ladies of gentle birth. Still, desiring to provide for the people of the Christian church, of which he was himself, under Christ, the supreme head, some work of religious instruction, he caused two committees of prelates to digest a new code of doctrines and ceremonies. On this work three years were expended, in elaborating it, and, on the thirtieth day of April, 1543, it was produced under the title of "a necessary doctrine and erudition for every christened man;"* but it was generally known by the name of the "king's book," and continued to be, until, with the accession of the next sovereign, the religion of the kingdom was again changed, the only recognized standard of English orthodoxy.

During the last ten or twelve years, constant dissensions, and even forays, skirmishings, invasions and counter invasions had been in process on the Scottish and English borders, there being a powerful Anglo-Protestant party in the neighboring kingdom, and a yet more powerful French and Scottish Papistical party; to which Francis, following an hereditary policy of the French kings, was lending constant aid and comfort, to the great wrath of Henry. His sister Margaret, the queen dowager, widow of James, who fell at Flodden, and wedded a third time, to her paramour Methuen, having been divorced by Douglas, had lost all power in the realm, and sunk into the obscurity of private life. Her son, James V., Henry's nephew, who had married his uncle's lady love, the beautiful Marie de Longueville, determinedly adhered to the cause of Rome, and espoused French politics. Enraged at some trifling defeat of a body of horse at Haldenrigs, just within the Scottish border, Henry now declared war, laid claim to the crown of Scotland, as its feudal superior, and ordered the Duke of Norfolk to levy an army at York, and invade his nephew's country, which he did with success, burning many towns, and laying waste the marches far and near, till want of provisions compelled him to fall back, and return to Berwick.

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* Lingard, vi., 319.

Thither James, having levied an army of thirty thousand men, hastened to pursue him; but, having advanced so far as to the field of Fala, his men mutinied, refused to cross the borders, and all that he could do was to dismiss his troops, proceed in person to the western marches, and order Lord Maxwell, the warden, to enter England with ten thousand men, and remain in that kingdom as many days as Norfolk had tarried in Scotland. Maxwell, however, was attacked and totally routed, with the loss of the whole royal train of artillery, two earls, five barons, and two hundred gentlemen, prisoners, by Lord Wharton, the English warden. James, despairing, diseased and broken-hearted, retired to Caerlaverock castle, where he pined for awhile, and when he heard that his beautiful wife had borne him a female child, afterward the most beautiful and the most unhappy of queens, Mary of Scotland, died with the prophetic words upon his lips, "Woe is me! the crown came with a lassie, and with a lassie it will pass away!"

For the possession of that infant child, arose instant rivalry between Henry and Francis, each coveting her for the bride of his young son, as a means of annexing her dominions to his own. Hence war broke out once more between those ancient rivals, France and England; and, in February, 1543, peace and amity were once more established between the king and his imperial nephew; to gratify whom Henry consented to restore Mary by act of parliament, to her right of succession in blood, though without any mention of her legitimacy; by which means he avoided the difficulty of admitting that he had wronged her mother. War was then made, as in old times, conjointly by the imperialists and a body of six thousand English auxiliaries; but, although they gained some trivial advantages, the campaign was on the whole unimportant.

During the same period, however, Henry had effected much more nearer home, and had thoroughly carried out a measure of reform of the greatest importance to his country; the complete incorporation, namely, of the principality of Wales with England, and the abolition of all the distinctions and jurisdictions of the two portions of it; the one divided into shires, and governed by the laws of England, the other consisting of one hundred and forty-one several lordships, all under several governments and jarring laws. It was, in 1536, reduced into the regular form of counties, and became, under English laws, a homogeneous district of the nation, as it has continued ever since. He, likewise, so far pacified Ireland, as it is called, as any sovereign, perhaps, since, certainly before him, has ever succeeded in doing, whether by arms or by conciliation. At least he is the first who assumed the title of king of Ireland; of the church of which, as well as of that of England, he became in the same year which saw Wales incorporated with England, supreme head. It was not, however, until within a few days before the execution of Katharine Howard, his fifth wife, in 1542, that he assumed the title of king of Ireland. That unhappy lady, therefore, died the first queen of the United Kingdoms.

We have now brought Henry, the uxorious, fairly down to the period, when he wedded his sixth and last wife, Katharine Parr of Kendal, a double widow, first of Lord Borough, and then of Neville, lord Latimer, happier in this than any of her predecessors, that she survived her lord, preserving his regard to the last; though she once nearly lost it and her life together; at a period of his life, when all the fits of sanguinary frenzy to which he had been formerly liable, were but as passing gusts compared to tropical tornadoes, to those which now possessed him. Yet, in his wildest moods, she seems, although a delicate and gentle creature, of small stature, and mild and feminine demeanor, more to have swayed him, than any of his consorts, even her first stately and majestic namesake.

She is remarkable, moreover, as the first Protestant English queen of England; for so far is it from being true, that "gospel light" as stated in my motto, chosen from Gray's exquisite fragment on education and government, "first dawned from Anna's eyes," that she was as completely a Romanist as ever kneeled at confessional, except that, like Henry, and for the came cause, she repudiated the supremacy of the pope, because adverse to her own interests and elevation. Her elevation to the throne seems to have given the most general satisfaction throughout England; she was a lady of no less genius and learning, than piety, morals, grace and accomplishment; specimens of her handiwork in embroidery are still preserved at Sizergh castle, and other places which she honored with her residence; her Latin correspondence with Roger Ascham, and the learned men of the universities, extant to this time, are fully equal to the style of Latinity of the day. But what most shows her influence over the king, more even than the admirable way in which she soothed his peevish and almost insane irritability, now exacerbated and exaggerated almost to actual madness by an inveterate and incurable ulcer in his thigh, the consequence, undoubtedly, of his gluttony and excess in wine, to both of which, as he advanced in years, he became much addicted, was her perfect management of the royal children, now wholly committed to her charge.

To conciliate the affections, govern the tempers, cultivate the parts of the children of three queens, so widely differing in character, religion, temper and fortunes, as Katharine of Arragon, the stately Spanish lady, the Catholic daughter of Isabella, the most Catholic queen; as Anne Boleyn, the light, witty, brilliant, impulsive French coquette, to whom religion was but an outward vestment, not "that within, which passes shew;" as Jane Seymour, the moderate, gentle, calm, feminine Englishwoman; with parts never exceeding mediocrity, was in itself no small task, no unarduous duty.

But, when we look at the children themselves, at the nations which were hanging, breathless partizans, on the ascendency of each—when we consider Mary, cold, taciturn, grave, suffering constantly from excruciating neuralgic headaches, already a severe religionist, and a learned and accurate scholar, who had, as yet, shown no tokens, however, of that hard-heartedness and cruelty, which were developed in her as she rose to power, and which probably were caused by the influence of others over her, rather than by innate illness of disposition—Mary, on whom hung the hopes of Spain, of the Empire, of Rome, the idol of the old Roman party in England, who trusted in her again to see their church restored to its pristine grandeur—when we consider Elizabeth, already headlong, impetuous, full of the hot Tudor blood, the very daughter of very father, she, too, learned, overflowing with a strong, steady genius—Elizabeth, already the chosen head of the party of the Anglican church, and looked up to by the preëminently English party, as to her one day destined to afford the strongest type of the most English sovereign—when we look at Edward, gentle, kind-tempered, with some small taste for letters, but timid, mediocre, formal, narrow-minded, wholly under the dominion of the strongest intellect near him, and those intellects attached to the strictest Puritanism—it will be easy to see, how difficult and dangerous a part she had to play.

It is true, that by the execution of Katharine Howard, who belonged strongly to that faith, to which her powerful descendants still adhere, by the elevation of the present queen to the throne, and by the strong influence which the Seymours had obtained over the king, through their relationship to his "best loved wife," Jane, and to his heir, prince Edward, the anti-Romish, and even the Protestant party in the kingdom had gained a strong ascendency, which in fact, during Henry's life-time, they never wholly lost.

Still, to deny the seven sacraments, to doubt the real presence, to dispute the efficacy of prayers to the saints, masses for the dead, auricular confession or supreme unction—in short, to be openly a Protestant–was to go to the stake just as certainly as to deny the king's supremacy, was to be gibbeted, drawn and quartered for high treason.

And Katharine was a Protestant, with all the deep and fervent belief of her tranquil, sincere, and self-possessed soul.

And Katharine, though she was the bloated tyrant's "best, dearest wife, and sweetheart," would have been consigned to the flames, with as little scruple or hesitation, as would the lowest-born handmaiden, the poorest clerk, in all England.

And ever the greedy eyes of the Catholics were watching her, sharpened by interest and hatred, to catch her in any lapse of faith, any offence against orthodoxy, that they might give her to the fagot, as they alleged the Protestants had given her predecessor to the block.

A strange age, truly, when the two great religions of the world hung balanced on the smiles and tears, the sorrows and the sins, the misery and the blood, of royal ladies; and when a whispered word, a stolen kiss, came to be watched and sought for, as the casting weight which was to turn the scale between balanced creeds.

During her very honeymoon, owing to the ill will of Gardiner to the royal bride, Persons, Testwood, and Filmer were passed through flames to a celestial crown, for holding to the new religion. Marbeck, against whom no evidence was adduced, but a few MS. notes on the bible, and some hundred pages of a Latin concordance, found in his house, in process of arrangement, by the informers, would have followed them to the stake; but Katharine contrived that the concordance, should be shown to Henry, who, with all his vices, was learned himself, and loved learning.

"Alas! poor Marbeck!" he exclaimed, moved for once by an honest and manly feeling. "It would be well for thine accusers, if they had employed their time no worse!" * and so he pardoned him. Shortly afterward, encouraged by his suc

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* Soame's History of the Reformation. Quoted by Miss Strickland, iv., Kath Parr, 81.

cess thus far, Gardiner struck a blow, through his tools, Dr. London and Symonds, at some higher persons, members of the queen's household—Dr. Haines, dean of Exeter, and prebend of Windsor, Sir Philip Hoby and his lady; Sir Thomas Carden, and others of the royal household, and if this blow had told successfully, there is no doubt but that the queen would have been the next accused. But, in order to ensure their conviction, false evidence must be used, by supposititious documents introduced by one Ockley, the clerk of the court, among the papers of the accused. The plot was discovered to the queen; the forged documents were seized, London and Symonds, not knowing what had happened, perjured themselves; were tried for that crime, convicted, led through the streets of London, on horseback, with their faces to the horses' tails, and pilloried, with papers on their foreheads setting forth their crime—and so the present danger passed, and the matter ended.

In the meantime, Katharine had as completely won the affections of the royal children, which, to the day of her death, she never lost, as she had that of the king, their father, and of the best of his subjects; and there is no doubt, that much, the best, part of all their characters is in some degree to be attributed to her education. The Latin style of Mary and Elizabeth, who were both proficients in writing that terse and difficult language, is almost identical with her own; and the fine pen manship of Edward VI., her step-son, closely resembles her beautiful manuscript. She lived on the most intimate terms of friendship with them all, a sweet, domestic, highly accom plished English matron, rather than a mighty queen; as clearly shown by many notes, still extant, on familiar subjects which passed between those royal ladies, as also between

Katharine and her predecessor, Anne of Cleves, whose Protestantism was probably another link between them; and as is farther proved by the lists of prices, paid for little mutual presents, and tokens of affection, which have casually come down to our days — beautiful memorials of the past, rescued like waifs from the ocean of time—as charges on the daybooks of the royal expenditures.

In the year following his marriage, "July 14, 1544, Henry crossed the seas from Dover to Calais, in a ship with sails of cloth of gold." * He went in compliance with a treaty of offensive alliance, entered into with the emperor, in the year before, by which they were to reclaim Burgundy for Charles, and the French possessions of the English crown for Henry; and on refusal, make war in common. "On the 25th, he took the field in person, armed at all points, mounted on a great courser, and so rode out of Calais, with a princely train, attended by Sir William Herbert, the queen's brother in-law, bearing his head piece and spear, and followed by the henxmen, bravely horsed and apparelled. Katharine's brother, the Earl of Essex, was chief captain of the men-at-arms, in this expedition."

Before setting out, Henry created his queen, as he had done his first Katharine, in his previous invasion of France, queen regent of the realm, during his absence; Hertford, the uncle of Prince Edward, was to assist her, and be ever resident at her court, and attendant on her person. If he were forced to be absent, then Cranmer was to attend her, and Sir William Petre, Lord Parr of Horton, the Bishop of Winchester, and Wriothesley, were to complete her council.

By an act of parliament, also passed before his departure,

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* Miss Strickland, vol. iv., Kath. Parr, 31.

he finally settled his succession, which had been settled and unsettled with every successive validation or invalidation of marriage, legitimating or illegitimating of heirs, five or six times, at least, since his accession. This was, indeed, final; and as it did actually regulate the succession, is worthy of notice.

In it he condescends to mention only two of his marriages, those of Jane Seymour, and Katharine Parr, passing over all the others, as if they had never existed at all. He appoints Prince Edward his heir; and, failing him or his heirs male, then, any issue he may have by his most entirely beloved Queen Katharine. Failing issue by Katharine, then the issue of any other lawful wife; and failing all these, his daughter Mary and her issue, and on failure of her line also, his daughter Elizabeth, and her heirs forever. Who those daughters were, or by what mothers, he does not condescend to name, lest he should be led into an acknowledgment of their legitimacy, or the lawfulness of the marriages of the queens, from whom they sprung.

This French campaign, though Henry was at the head of a mighty force of thirty thousand Englishmen and fifteen thousand imperialists, did not effect much; the king persisting in besieging Boulogne, which detained him two months by a desperate resistance, instead of advancing on Paris, joining the emperor, and closing the campaign by a splendid dash at the capital. Still the reduction of Boulogne was well and gallantly effected, and its conquest afforded the king an opportunity of returning home in triumph, with the pomp and splendor of a great conqueror.

In the following year, the war was carried on principally at sea; where Francis endeavored, in vain, to acquire a superiority. But, although the king's great ship, the Mary Rose, was sunk before his own eyes at Portsmouth, the English squadrons kept the seas, the French rarely daring to exchange a few cannon shots, and, both in the channel and in the Netherlands the war languished, for want of moneys. The king's vast prodigalities, though he was esteemed the most wealthy prince in Europe, had utterly exhausted his treasuries; and, although he had recourse to every unkingly and unmanly plan to recruit them, extorting money for pardons, manufacturing false charges of treason, and misprision of treason, in order to countenance such proceedings, and even pillaging the jewel boxes, seizing the wardrobes, and confiscating the dowries of his repudiated and beheaded wives, he was now reduced to the narrowest straits for money, and was, in fact, unable to maintain the war for want of it.

After great difficulties, by debasement of coin, and levying contributions and benevolences from the clergy, he contrived to raise sufficient means, during this winter, for the ordinary needs of the government; and, at length, in June, 1546, a peace was agreed on with Francis, which was far longer of duration than most measures, which depended in any respect for their origin or conclusion, on Henry's pleasure or caprices.

It endured until he, who made it, had gone to that place, where there are no wars of mortal making; but where there is, whether he found it, or they, whom he had sent thither, in such multitudes, through pain and tribulation, by fire and the sword, that peace forever and forever, which passeth understanding.

From this day, that of his return, I mean, to England, to the end, the life of Henry all is horror—a mere repetition of the dreadful circumstances, which surrounded the end of Marius, the great Roman plebeian, in whose dying ears rang forever the knell—

"Δειναι γαρ κοιται και αποιχομενοιο λεοντος." *

The dread of treason, in the king, had brought forth bloodshed. The dread of bloodshed, in the subject, had brought forth treason to the king,

To gain his own ends he had broken up the church, into two parties, and played one against the other, so long as he had strength and health and power to play them. But, as health failed, and strength, and power of will, as energy departed, and suspicion only and irritability remained and increased upon him, the two parties of the church played out the game, the one against the other, each striving to keep the name and the authority of the king with them, flattering his passions, and pandering to his infirmities, in order to strike with the sword, which he could himself no longer wield.

One day, it was Gardiner and the Chancellor Wriothesley who, working on his jealous suspicions against the heretics, caused the young, beautiful, and delicate Anne Askew to be racked to extremity, and to die at the stake—who, taking advantage of some indiscretion on the part of the queen, actually obtained from him an order for her arrest and committal to the tower as a heretic. The next day, it was the Seymours, the low-born uncles of the young Prince Edward, who, leaning to the side of the "new learning," only because the Norfolks, their bitterest enemies, held to the old, played upon his dying weakness, and stimulated his ancient jealousies into what may, I think, be deemed real madness.

The queen's rare virtue and prudence carried her scathless

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* "For dreadful is the den even of the dying lion."

through the perils of the deep-laid treachery, which had so nearly overwhelmed her. All that Wriothesley gained by his base and insidious scheme, when he entered the garden of Hampton Court, where Henry was taking the air, with his "sweetheart," with whom he had again become "perfect friends," having the guards at his heels to convey her to the tower, was to be called, "Beast and fool and knave"— all three of which he indeed was—and to be bade, "Avaunt from his presence!"

To dwell on the imbecility of crime and cruelty, as it dwindles into the weakness of the last ashes of itself, is in itself a painful task and horrible. But when that last weakness is perverted and distorted to the commission of yet worse wickedness, than the strength and maturity of its power had conceived, it leads us to doubt whether the tyrant himself, or the age of tyranny, which he created and fostered to his own destruction, were most savage and tyrannical.

Of all Henry's atrocious crimes, those for which he has been censured the most unsparingly, condemned with the deepest condemnation, are precisely those, in my thinking, of which he is the least guilty.

While I do not believe — God forbid! — in the old Greek tragic creed of fate, that ancestral crime must produce crime, and reproduce it, generation after generation, I do believe, for I have read it in history, and seen it in nature, that blood begets the thirst of blood, even as wine begets the thirst of wine.

The drunkard in blood, as the drunkard in wine, under the curse of habit, when the cup is thrust before his lips, must drink. Wo be to those who administer the cup!

When the noble and gallant, the chivalrous and lettered

Surrey was sent to death by the written mandate of the king, his swollen and paralyzed hands could not guide the pen which signed the fatal warrant.

When the doom of his father, Norfolk, was decided by the same persons, who had pointed the wavering mind, and guided the palsied fingers of the blood-haunted despot against the life of his whilome favorites, they could not find life enough in those wretched mortal fingers to do their bloody business. A stamp was used, instead of a sign manual. But before the stamped warrant could be brought into operation, the spirit of the king had departed to the judgment place — perhaps, to bear testimony against those who had perverted his last judgment, and laid upon his memory even a deeper stain of blood, than that which rests upon his soul.

He died on the 28th of January, 1547, in the thirty-eighth year of his reign, and the fifty-sixth of his age, the most powerless, most useless, most worthless, monarch of his day, who might have been the greatest, had he only possessed goodness, in a remote degree proportionate to his talents, his capacities, his opportunities.

It is wonderful to relate, because it is, evidently, accidental and not providential, that the leaden coffin, in which his embalmed and perfumed body was enclosed,—in the wretched mockery of giving a sweet savor to royalty, even within the jaws of corruption—being suffered to fall upon the pavement, the gore oozed out, and as the mad, epileptic nun, Barton, and the fanatic friar, Peyto, had predicted to him, to his teeth— "The dogs *did* lick up his blood, as they licked up that of Ahab!"

It is worthy of remark, that of all the changes which this bad king, and worse man, wrought, simply for his own profit and self-gratification, not one operated as he intended and desired that it should operate.

The cherished heir male, whom he so deeply sinned to have his heir, died heirless, after a vain attempt to create an intolerant, dominant religion, of that Puritan heresy which his father had most abhorred and persecuted.

The daughter of the Spanish queen, the right royal Katharine, whom he had robbed of all, but honor, reinstated, through blood and fire, the church, which he had, as he thought, prostrated forever; and all but made England Spanish, and the church of England, Romish.

The daughter of the woman, whom he had stigmatized with incest, not content to slay, completed the work, in which he would not have that she should put a finger, but completed it, not as Henry would, but as God would have it! — completed it, so that out of the worst English despotism, grew the most perfect English liberty—out of the deepest Romish darkness, dawned the most lustrous light, the dayspring from on high, which, once arisen, can go down no more nor be put out forever.

[illegible], [illegible] [illegible] as he intended and desired that it should operate.

The cherished heir male, whom he so deeply [illegible] to leave his heir, died barren after a vain attempt to create an [illegible] dominant religion of that Puritan [illegible] which his father had most abhorred and persecuted.

The daughter of the Spanish queen, the rightful heir, whom he had robbed of all her honour, restored through blood and fire, the church which he had, as he thought, [illegible] for ever; and all but made England Romish, and the Church of England Romish.

The daughter of the woman, whom he had [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] not content to [illegible] completed the work in which he would not have that she should put a finger, but completed it not as Henry would, but as God would have it;—[illegible] as that out of the worst English despotism, grew the most perfect English liberty—out of the deepest [illegible] [illegible] the most glorious light, the [illegible] [illegible] which, once risen, can go down no more, [illegible] [illegible] forever.

KATHARINE OF ARRAGON.

MARRIED, 1509; REPUDIATED, 1533.

> The queen of earthly queens;—She is noble born;
> And, like her true nobility, she has
> Carried herself toward me.
>
> Shakspeare, *K. Henry VIII.*

KATHARINE OF ARRAGON.

BORN, 1483; MARRIED, FIRST, 1501; SECOND, 1509; REPUDIATED, 1533; DECEASED, 1536.

> **The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;**
> **And, like her true nobility, she has**
> **Carried herself toward me.**
> **Shakspeare, *K. Henry VIII.***

CHAPTER IV.

Had one no other object in view, than to select a subject for declamation, illustrative of the vicissitudes of human affairs, the instability of human fortunes, the mutability, in one word, of everything terrestrial and mortal, contrasted with the sublime spectacle of a christian soul, while yet contained within the poor, perishable body, remaining constant, unaltered, and the same, through all changes of condition, all trials sorest to the heart, all calamities most difficult to endure serenely, upheld by the innate consciousness of worth, by a clear sense of the obligations imposed by noble birth, and, above all, by a secure faith and fervent piety,—I know not whither he should turn to seek one more consistently, than to the page, which contains the records of this most royal lady, her varied sorrows, but unvarying majesty and virtues.

Were one to exhaust all history, all romance, to draw to the utmost on the dreams of unmixed imagination, in order to find something nobler in its origin, more blessed in its early promise, more prosperous and full of all good augury in the first years of life's voyage, more consistent with that promise and augury in its undisturbed and gorgeous noontide, than the career of this illustrious princess and great queen, from her cradle to her fortieth year, or even something later, he would exhaust history, exhaust fiction, bankrupt imagination, to no purpose.

Were he to ransack all storehouses of sorrow, humiliation, and indignity, heaped on a virtuous and almost perfect woman's head, and borne with unswerving constancy and patience, with unruffled temper, with more than manly dignity, yet with the grace, the tenderness, the feminine affection of the most delicate and gentlest woman, he could find nothing to surpass, nothing, in my thought, to equal, the examples shown in the latter years of Katharine of Arragon.

The youngest daughter of the two greatest monarchs of the most powerful, splendid, and civilized country, at that day, in all Europe, Ferdinand of Arragon, and Isabella of Castille, who won from the Saracen Abencerrages and Almohades the long lost patrimony of the Gothic kings, and first united the rich provinces of Spain within the compass of one gorgeous diadem, to whom Columbus, "the world-seeking Genoese," gave, while she was yet but a child, careless of royalty, new worlds across the western ocean, and the proud right to bear the vaunting words, "Plous oultre" — "Yet more beyond" the pillars of the Spanish Hercules and limits of the ancient world,—she was born amid the bray of trumpets, the splendor and the din of arms, and all the pageantry and pomp of Spanish chivalry—and chivalry in those days was preëminently Spanish—while her admirable mother, one of the most charming heroines of history, was waging war, as herself the independent queen of an independent nation, against the magnificent Moors of Grenada.

For many centuries, Spain and England had been bound by strict links of amity and alliance, as well as by connection of their blood royal. The arms of the English Plantagenets had given their aid to support the legitimate line of Castille against domestic treason, as against foreign warfare; and two several princes of the blood of that indomitable race, Edmund of York, and John of Ghent, duke of Lancaster, had severally married ancestresses of this lady. So settled, indeed, had become the policy, and so near to the national heart was the sentiment of friendship toward England, that we find it recorded in that most popular of all forms of record, in Spain more especially, I mean the proverb, in which no other extant language is so rich as that of Cervantes.

The existence of such a saying as this, alive in the mouths of a proud and homogeneous people, from a very remote antiquity—

"Con todo el mundo guerra
Y paz con Inglaterra"—

testifies to no suddenly-born or transient policy of cabinets or kings, but to a genuine and established national belief; nor was it, until dissensions arose, which perhaps had their origin in the wrongs of this very princess, which were exaggerated by religious struggles and persecutions, enduring through many generations, and deeply stirring the general heart of both countries, that the mutual disposition to a traditional and almost hereditary amity, has passed away and become extinct, probably forever.

It is worthy of remembrance, that Isabella of Castille, her self, the mother of Katharine, had been betrothed in her early youth to Edward IV., grandfather of Henry VIII., and had been slighted and discarded by that licentious monarch, in consequence of his suddenly-conceived passion for the beautiful Elizabeth Woodville, which he could by no means gratify, save on conditions of honorable matrimony.

Of this wise and heroical queen, Katharine was the youngest child, by her politic and prudent consort, Ferdinand V. of Arragon; who—after the death of his wife and her daughters, Isabella and Joanna, the former without issue by her husbands, Alphonso and Manuel of Portugal, the latter leaving an infant, afterward the famous emperor, Charles V., whom she bore to Philip, son of Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy—succeeded to the administration of the kingdom of Castille, by right of guardianship to his grandson, as heir male of Isabella's royalty.

The monarchs of these two provinces, which they indeed united, and left one kingdom, to their successors, yet governed them severally and singly; neither assuming to exercise sovereign rights in the realm of the other, but carrying on their governments, each by the ministers of each, and each commanding the armies of the kingdoms they represented, personally or by national vicegerents. At the time of Katharine's birth, December 15, 1485, Isabella, with her famous clerical counsellor and captain, Cardinal Ximenes, was in the full prosecution of her long and difficult war against the unfortunate Boabdil, the last of the Saracen kings of Spain, and his heroic mother; who did not ultimately succumb to the arms of the royal consorts, until in 1492, when the young princess, who was born in the city of Alcala de Henares, during one of the martial progresses of her royal mother, and much of whose early life was passed in the besieging camp, on the banks of those delicious rivers, the Xenil and Darro, watering the lovely vegas of Granada, and within view of the exquisite Alhambra, was in the ninth year of her age.

What a world of romance must have passed, in splendid review, before the admiring eyes of that young Spanish girl, in those strange years, wherein expiring chivalry decked itself, like the dying dolphin, or the autumnal forest, in hues of which its lusty prime had been unconscious; wherein the practical and real world, in which we live and have our being, had already begun to encroach upon that ideal and imaginative world, which was as tangible to our ancestors, as theirs seems strange to us, and ours would seem to them, could they be brought to comprehend it.

The last spirit of the crusades was still blazing bright, on the fertile valleys of Granada; gonfanons and panoplies of burnished mail, surcoats of knightly arms, turbans and oriental draperies were still flashing and floating, under the azure skies of Spain, through the deep passes of the Alpuxarras; "the gentle river" was still running red with mingled streams of infidel and christian gore, and the Atabals, the Cymbals, and the Lelilies of the Moslemin were ringing among the trumpets and the war-cries of St. Jago, while the caravels were fitting in the port of Palos, which were to open to the old world the knowledge of the new, and to bring about changes yet stranger and more potent in the manners and morals of men, and in the destinies of nations, than in the regions of science, and the extent of the known universe.

While this interminable domestic war was in process — which resulted in the expulsion of the Moorish race from their last stronghold on European soil, and which, much as it has been accused for impolicy by historians who have not hesitated to ascribe to it, as one of the prime causes, the ensuing decline and ultimate decadency of the Peninsula, was clearly necessary to Spain, as a homogeneous nationality and government—unweariedly did the enthusiastic and indomitable navigator petition the queen, who, it would seem, from the beginning appreciated his daring intellect, his untiring perseverance, and the far-reaching vision of his instructed mind, but in truth lacked the means to forward him; for the scanty aid, which he promised would suffice him to give a new world to Castille and Leon, was not attainable during the continuance of that exhausting struggle.

A superabundance of absurdity has been written, and high-sounding indignation wasted, on the narrow-mindedness and *malice*–heaven save the mark!–of those, who failed immediately to fall in with the views and to appreciate the arguments of Columbus, which naturally appeared to them visionary in the extreme; which were contrary to all experience, to all the knowledge of past ages, and, as by many it was constantly asserted, to the principles of the christian religion. The same opposition has been offered, under nearly the same forms, though without ascription by the writers of the day to either envy, hatred, malice, or any other kind of uncharitableness, to every great and marvellous discovery of modern days; to illumination of the world by gas; to the navigation of the ocean by steam; to the transmission of intelligence by magnetism; to every new truth of science; and there are, at this moment, in which I write, hundreds of Lutheran, Calvinist, Methodist, Baptist divines, who are neither envious nor malicious, nor, in other matters, ignorant, who condemn the geological discoveries of Buckland, Lyell, Cuvier, and Agassiz, as impious and contrary to revealed religion, with equal intolerance to that displayed by Romish inquisitors toward the world-seeking navigator, and for the very same cause; that, in both cases, the teachings of the philosopher are at variance with what the theologist conceives to be the only true interpretation, because it is his *own* interpretation, of some obscure passage in the Old Testament, at the meaning of which he only arrives, at all, through the medium of a translation from a dead language into a foreign tongue.

It is ascertained, at this day, beyond a peradventure, that Columbus had not merely surmised, as a deduction from given data, the existence of a new, transatlantic world; but that he knew it, as a fact, from the perusal of the journals and inspection of the charts of the Norse prediscoverers, which he had certainly seen in the royal library of Iceland–where they are preserved to this time–during a visit, which he is known to have made to that island. It is even doubtful, whether he had conceived any idea of reaching the western shores of India, for such to the end he believed the newly discovered lands to be, by means of circumnavigation, until after he had become acquainted with the success, which the Norse rovers had encountered, on a western course; although—granted the world's rotundity — to perceive the feasibility of such a plan would seem to argue no preternatural acumen, though to carry it out, to accomplishment, might demand almost superhuman fortitude, energy, perseverance, and the immutable will of a very hero.

As Columbus did not choose to reveal the positive knowledge, he had acquired, of the possibility of reaching a vast western land, far beyond farthest Thyle, by steering out into the seemingly illimitable ocean, but persisted in resting his convictions, only on vague speculations, and on reasonings, which will not bear the test of reason, as to the necessity of an existing continent in the west, in order to counterbalance the preponderance of land in the eastern hemisphere, and so to preserve the equilibrium of the globe, it appears to me far more astonishing that he did ultimately, than that he did not earlier, persuade any potentate of that day to adopt his theories, to such an extent as to furnish ships, mariners, and money, and that when each of the three was worth many multiples of its present value, for the prosecution of a plan of discovery so wild, and with a prospect of remuneration so remote and slender.

It does not, moreover, appear to me — although the solid sanction of the universities, always the most slowly moving, and most difficult to be convinced, of bodies, although the authority of the ponderous doctors of Salamanca and the fanatical fathers of the order of Jesus could not be readily won over to the new theories—that, one of the shrewd, practical, politic princes, men of the world, and statesmen, to whom he applied, ever entertained any strong doubt of the truth of the chart-maker's speculations; but that they did, all, shrewdly doubt the profitable character of the proposed enterprise, and the policy of their embarking suddenly in so extraordinary an adventure, is as certain, as it was natural and wise in them to do so.

John II. of Portugal, who, by the discovery of the passage by the Cape of Good Hope to the eastern Indies, of which he was even then in pursuit, shortly afterward seized the initiative and hoped to acquire a monopoly, in the trade of spice, of precious gems and gold, from the rich regions of the Orient, needed not, nor had the desire, to open a fresh channel, whether to the same or to some other mart of tropical wealth, when to do so would but create a rivalry, to the detriment of his own subject.

Henry VII. of England, the sagest, most prudent, most parsimonious, and, withal, most grasping monarch of his day, though he governed a people, who had hitherto displayed little genius for maritime, and scarcely more for commercial, enterprise, yet seriously inclined his ear to the enthusiastic eloquence of the Genoese mariner. He became, but a few years later, the ardent patron and promoter of transatlantic discovery, and it was under his auspices, if not at his charges, that the Cabots, a year at least before Columbus saw the mainland of America, discovered New Foundland and the coasts of the northern British provinces, thus being the first to attract the English mind to that career of north-western enterprise, from which it has never since been diverted; at this time, however, he was too vitally occupied in securing the crown, he had occupied, to a dynasty of his own creation, and in subduing domestic insurrection aided by foreign influence, to be enabled to spare either time or moneys on an adventure, which, how magnificent soever, afforded little present prospect either of profit or of power, which were necessary alike to his ambition and to the safety of his line.

The causes for delay, on the part of Isabella, are so evident, while an internecine war was raging on the frontier of her own dominions, with a race, which must be extirpated or expelled—since it never could be rendered subordinate to Spanish or christian rule—if Spain was ever to be made one kingdom, included by its natural boundaries, that it is only wonderful to me, how she ever was induced and enabled to furnish forth the means, scanty as they were, with which Columbus proceeded on his voyage of discovery.

After eight years, however, of incessant solicitation, the good queen was able to do what she had earnestly desired to do, years before; and, on the third of August, 1492, the world-finder set sail, with three small vessels, from the port of Palos, in Seville, the year following the final conquest of Granada, and the incorporation of the whole territory, between the Pyrenees, the Bay of Biscay, the Atlantic ocean, and the Mediterranean sea, the small kingdom of Portugal on the western shore alone excepted, into one state, which soon became from a third rate, a first rate power among the nations.

I am not about to fall into an error, common to many brilliant and speculative writers; that of assuming the probability, because she was in being at the time, that the child Katharine had any agency whatever in any of the great movements, which were going on around her; much less of imagining that her childish fancy might have been touched by the eloquence and sublime aspect of the pilgrim navigator, or that her childish endearments might have had their effect in bringing her mother to grant the mariner's supplication. Such, however, is too much, and too often, the mode of writing history, adopted by the memoir compilers of to-day, who, writing often to gain the mere popularity of the minute, for the most part think it needful to take a popular view of the subject; and, true or untrue, possible or impossible, are ever on the *qui vive* to produce something in favor of the hero, or heroine—of whom they almost invariably constitute themselves mere partizan defenders—which no one ever heard of, or suspected, before. To such an extent, is this mischievous and foolish partizanship sometimes carried, that it leads the writers into the defence of all sorts of crimes and enormities, and deprives their works of any claim to authenticity; and so flagrant does this sometimes become, as to be in the end ludicrous, as well as provoking; as, for instance, where Miss Strickland, in her laborious and, in other respects, valuable lives of the queens of England, takes every sovereign in succession, so soon as she begins to deal with her as a sovereign, under her immediate and especial protection, often totally reversing the verdict she has rendered, a few pages above, in considering her relations toward her predecessor, while herself a private personage.

I do mean, however, to show that the mind of an intelligent girl of ten years, having such scenes constantly passing before her eyes, such conversations continually held within her hearing, brought up and educated, as we know Katharine to have been, by such a mother, so affectionate, so pious, so prudent, as we see Isabella to have been, must have taken a deep coloring from the vastness of the events, of which she was herself a witness and in some degree a part. Her favorite device of the pomegranate, which she bore, throughout her life, in a sterner and bleaker clime, and in darker days, than those which left their imprint on her childhood, speaks strongly of the impression made upon her by the orange groves and myrtle gardens, the silvery waters and the umbrageous woodlands of the beautiful Granada. Doubtless, she saw the rearguard of the Moorish squadrons defiling through the steep streets of the Saracenic city, while weak Boabdil wept, and his man-hearted mother chid the tears, which bewailed an empire his hand had lacked the power to defend. Doubtless, she marvelled in her girlish wonder at the rare, the inimitable splendors of the exquisite Alhambra, and as she tasted the diamond waters that sparkled from the fount of lions, and murmured with a cooling freshness through the hall of kings, felt, mingling with triumphant admiration, some touch of sympathy for those, though of a hostile race and hated creed, whom she had seen expelled forever, by her mother's arms, from that, their earthly paradise. Doubtless, she had heard all the pitiful, all the marvellous tales of the wild mariner, whom men deemed mad, while he was wandering on foot, begging a cup of water for his fainting fellow-journeyer, from cottage door to convent gate, yet promising, while he lacked bread for his own need, the wealth of undiscovered realms to the mightiest of monarchs — had heard of him, when his eloquence convinced councillors and cardinals, and won Ferdinand and Isabella to speed him on his marvellous adventure — had heard of him, when he sailed, tempting the terrors of the mighty deep, in those three slender barques, scarce equal to the long-boats of a modern three-decker. Doubtless, she heard the shouts and reverberated peals of ordnance, as they hailed the return, no longer of the mad adventurer, but of the world-discoverer, of the lord admiral of the ocean sea, of the governor of that New Spain in the farthest west, the conquest of which was to render, before her own eyes should be closed in the welcome slumbers of the grave, her native land, the Old Spain, which she was so soon to leave forever, the wealthiest, the mightiest, the most puissant of all European kingdoms; and her own, yet unborn, nephew, Charles, the stateliest and most powerful of earthly monarchs.

She lived to see, even before she left the sunny shores of her beloved Spain for that northern isle, the hospitality of which she was destined to find as cold to her as the rigor of its northern winters, the first influx of that entering tide of gold, which, while it filled the treasuries with stores that appeared inexnaustible, corrupted the life-blood of the land, sapped the stern virtues of its haughty aristocracy, and, in the end, undermined all its foundations, and left it the baseless and downfallen ruin, which we gaze on, with less of pity than contempt, in the nineteenth century.

This she saw not, however, nor could in anywise foresee, unless it had been by aid of actual inspiration. It was the glorious and majestic aspect of a rising, not a falling, empire, that filled her youthful soul with visions of majesty, and fed her aspirations to the height of human dignity. Not so rapid is even the vaunted growth of the United States, from the imbecillity of childhood to the colossal might of immature manhood, as were the strides by which Spain burst, within a lifetime, from being a disjointed region of secondary, unconnected kingdoms, to be greatest, wealthiest, strongest, empire, since Rome's Cæsars fixed the imperial eagles high above the Palatine.

The union of Castille and Leon with Arragon and Catalonia, the conquest of the Moorish kingdom of Granada, the acquisition of auriferous America, mainland and island, came, one and all, fast following consequences, from the auspicious marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella. From that of their daughter Joanna with Philip, heir of Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy, the whole of the rich Netherlands, and of that splendid duchy, comprising nearly a third part of what is now the empire of the French, was added to Spain in the succession of their son Charles, the first king of the Austrian house, to that throne, on the demise of his grandfather, Ferdinand.

Born of such parents, sprung from such a land, exhibiting from an early age the talents which she inherited from her mother, with all that mother's dignity, and piety, and prudence, but without her coldness, her austerity, her fanaticism, or her fierce zeal, leading her even to the length of persecution, gloriously endowed with the dark-glowing, stately, superb beauty of her native land, who should predict for any one of earthly mould a happier or grander future than for young Catalina — for so she was christened, although the history of the land, in which it was hers to live and die, has Anglicized her into Katharine—the beautiful infanta of her paternal Arragon? Nor was the marriage of this highly favored princess less promising of happiness than was her birth august, and the circumstances of her early youth auspicious.

Henry VII., the usurping pretender of the house of Lancaster, who, with less claims of blood than any monarch, who ever ascended that splendid throne, having obtained possession of the crown of England, vacant by the death of Richard, that tyrant, veritably "bloody-sceptered," and secured it by his marriage with Elizabeth, the beautiful "Pale Rose of York," and heiress of that house and its rightful claim to the monarchy, sat in the place of his unjust dominion, more firmly, perhaps, than any king in Europe; assuredly wielded his sceptre more despotically, as less checked by the arrogant feudal nobility, which, in other kingdoms, as in past years they had done in England, before they were decimated, and their strength was well nigh broken, in the bloody wars of the Roses, still divided the power with the monarch, and prevented the absorption of the whole puissance of the state by the crown. It is a strange trait of character, that this cold, hard-hearted, selfish, practical, iron-minded man, whom of all others one would the least have suspected of anything like imaginative, much less poetical, tendencies, was yet a dreamer, a believer and enthusiastic student in the old legendary lore of that wild and mystic land of Wales, and that yet wilder reign of Cymric Brittany with its vast stormy heaths, its bardic monuments, its cromlechs, its monoliths, its huge stone avenues and circles, its Carnak, vaster than Stonehenge, its identical superstitions, and almost identical language.

Himself of the Welsh blood of the Tudors, on the father's side, he had resided much among the mountains of North Wales; he had landed in that country, at Milford Haven, when he came in his chivalrous and daring enterprise against the bloody Richard, and he constantly sought to identify himself with the people, loyal, brave, and devoted to their hereditary chiefs, of that ancient principality, in which he numbered many of his most resolute adherents. His eldest son, the Prince of Wales, born at Winchester, while the king, his father, was hunting in the New Forest, on the 20th of September, 1486, was named Arthur, after the great king of the Cymri, whom many of his people believed, then, and perhaps still believe to this very day, to survive, though plunged in a magic stupor, in the enchanted shades of Ynys Avallon, the undiscernable bardic sanctuary and admeasured centre of the island.

To this young prince, who was handsome of person, excellent of disposition, and eminently learned, was the princess betrothed, while she was yet but a child, sporting among the exquisite scenery of the Alhambra, and in the fairy halls of the Generaliffe, wherein her youth was spent, happily and gracefully, amid the *dolce far niente* of that soft, southern climate of Granada, which her mother made her constant abode, no less than the seat of her royalty, after the expulsion—from its Saracenic domes and oriental minarets, its thickets of figs and jessamine and orange and pomegranate, its towering palms, its shadowy cork-woods, and the blue lapse of its vocal waters—of its unfortunate Moorish lords.

At the age of four, we first find Catalina present at the marriage of her elder sister, Isabel, with Don Juan,* or, as he is otherwise termed, Don Alphonso, the heir of Portugal. It is remarkable, in reference to the question which subsequently arose with regard to Katharine's marriage with Henry, that, after the death of Alphonso, Isabel was wedded to Manuel, king of Portugal, who was within the prohibited degrees with her first husband, and that after Isabel's decease, her third sister, Mary, became the wife of the same Manuel, her sister's widower, so little, at that time, seems to have been the objection made to marriages with the relicts of deceased brothers and sisters. Joanna, the second sister, was married to Philip of Burgundy, son of Maximilian, and bore to him Charles, afterward the magnificent rival of Francis and Henry.

So soon as Arthur completed his fifteenth year, Katharine being just one year older than her youthful bridegroom, the marriage, which had been definitely arranged in 1496, and celebrated by proxy in the chapel of the prince's manor-house at Bewdly, the Spanish ambassador standing proxy for the infanta, was brought to pass in earnest.

On the seventeenth day of August, 1501, the princess embarked at Corunna, but–as if the winds and waves themselves, things inanimate, and lying under the ban of poetry, as above all else deaf and pitiless to humanity, were opposed to her departure for that misty and inclement isle, wherein her future fates were to be as cold and ungenial as the climate,—a fierce storm, during which she suffered from sea sickness grievously, drove her back upon the coasts of old Castille; but a second attempt, on the twenty-sixth of the following month, was more successful; and, on the second of October, she landed at Plymouth, where she was received with much pomp and splendor—all the population of the country flocking in to do her honor, and entertaining her with west-country sports and rural pastimes—by the Lord Brook, steward of the royal palace, the Duchess of Norfolk, and the Earl of Surrey, who were especially deputed to wait upon her.

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* Miss Strickland calls him "Don Juan, the heir of Portugal." Lord Herbert of Cherbury—"Alphonso, prince of Portugal."

The royal progress was so slow as to savor more of Spanish etiquette, than of the frankness which is attributed to English hospitality. The roads were execrable; the weather was such as may be understood by those who know what is English weather in November, the bleakest, saddest, stormiest month of the year; the processions of the princess, inland, and of her royal bridegroom, seaward, were made on horseback, and it would seem that they never exceeded a foot's pace; for it appears to have been the third or fourth day after Katharine's departure from Plymouth, before the royal parties met on the open downs, in the midst of a wild and pelting storm, not far from the town of Dogmersfield, where some circumstances occurred sufficiently curious to be worthy of remark. At this period, Spanish etiquette, always rigid and formal in the extreme, had caught, from long habitude to Moorish customs and ideas, an ultraism, in regard to the fair sex, amounting almost to the oriental usages of female sequestration; and it seems that the high Spanish dignitaries, to whose care the infanta was committed, had received positive regulations as to her intercourse, previous to marriage, even with her father-in-law and husband, that were to be, which, like the laws of the

Medes and Persians, were to be immutable under whatever mutation of circumstances.

Under no possible contingency, was the young infanta to be looked upon by the profane eyes of a male animal, until she should stand before the altar; when, and when only, her veil was to be raised, and the charms of the bride exhibited to the bridegroom, which he was not so much as to behold, until the indissoluble knot should be tied.

Henry VII. was himself a man of forms and ceremonials, cold, hard, close-handed, and close-hearted; but, whether, as Miss Strickland has it, his curiosity was thoroughly aroused by the prohibition, or, as I presume, he did not choose to receive dictation in his own country, he would not hear of the restriction. A council was called, on the bleak Hampshire downs—one would like to have seen that council, at nightfall, in the gray, ghostly mist of a November evening, amid the pelting rain, and the cutting breath of the cold north-easter, without so much as a tree or a hedgerow to shield them from the bitter rain storm — the starched, grim-visaged, whiskered, Spanish grandees, wrapped in their long capas, with their sombreros slouched over their brows, shivering on the backs of their Andalusian coursers, yet holding out in high debate against the mere idea of such a breach of all Iberian proprieties, as the suffering a Spanish maiden to be shown unveiled to the eyes of her nearest future relatives; while Henry, in his blunt English fashion, backed by the opinion of his sturdy lords, who were probably cursing the stilted nonsense of the dons, from the depths of their Saxon souls, as they thought of the barons of beef, the haunches of venison, and the giggots of mutton, which were growing cold in the lodging, prepared for the royal cavalcade, at Dogmersfield, insisted that since "the

Spanish infanta was now in the heart of the realm, of which King Henry was master, he might look at her if he liked." And, as it seems, *that* emphatically "he did like;" so it was decided; and, accordingly, leaving his son in the storm on the downs, he rode on to Dogmersfield, whither the princess and her ladies had very sensibly got themselves out of the rain, some three hours, or so, before. But, even so, the matter was not to end; for a Spanish count, an archbishop, and a bishop opposed the king's entrance to the apartments of his fair daughter-in-law, saying that "the lady infanta had retired to her chamber."

But Henry VII., cold, as he was selfish and hard of heart, had too much British blood—none the coolest when once fairly aroused, at bottom—to brook the Spanish formulas; nor was the man, who had met the bloody boar of York, front to front, at Bosworth, precisely the person to be turned from his purpose by a Spanish count, even if he were supported by an archbishop and a bishop, as his assessors. So he swore a lusty oath, that, "if she were even in her bed, he meant to see and speak to her, for that was his mind, and the whole intent of his coming." Wherefore, seeing that he was a man somewhat apt to have the whole intents of his mind satisfied, the infanta, who really had gone to bed, being, probably, thoroughly tired and drenched to the skin, had no choice for it, but to get up again, dress herself, and receive the visit of her father-in-law *in futuro.* He, being well pleased with her appearance, sent for his son to come in out of the rain, retired to change his own wet riding suit, and then proceeded to introduce the prince to the bride elect. Thereafter, they parted, after pledging their troth in person, the king going with his son and his hungry lords to the long desired supper, and the prin cess *not*, as one would have expected, going back again to bed, for, we find that after the jolly evening meal was over, at which one can well imagine how the stout English peers laughed and roared among their cups, over the discomfiture of the pompous dons, she received her betrothed lover and his father in her own apartments, "when she and her ladies called for their minstrels, and with right goodly behavior and manner solaced themselves with dancing." The prince, it seems, whether that he did not understand the Spanish dances, or that it was contrary to the rules of etiquette, did not mingle with his lady love and her damsels in the dance, but, when his turn came, "in like demeanor took the Lady Guilford," governess to his sister Mary, afterward Queen of France and Duchess of Suffolk, "and danced right pleasantly and honorably."

On the following day, Katharine arrived at Chertsey, where she was lodged in the royal palace at that place; thence, on the eighth of November, she came to Kingston on Thames, where she was met by the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Kent, and the Abbot of Bury, who, on the next morning, escorted her with a splendid train to her own lodging, in Kennington palace, close to Lambeth, which had been duly prepared for her reception.

On the twelfth of November, being the day of Saint Katharine, her patroness, chosen as such in her honor, she made her solemn entrance by London bridge, whence she was conducted in great pomp to St. Paul's, the streets crowded with people in holiday garbs, the conduits running all day long with Gascon wine, instead of water, and the nobility vieing with each other in the lavish expense of bravery and decoration, whereby to testify their sense of the occasion. On that night, as on that, also. which followed the wedding, she was lodged in the palace of the Bishop of London, adjoining the cathedral, in which the ceremonial was performed, on the feast of St. Erkenwald, being November 14, 1501, by which she became Princess of Wales, and wife to the heir apparent of the British throne.

The young Duke of York, afterward Henry VIII. and her second husband, conducted her to the altar, himself attired, as was the bridegroom, his brother, in white satin; the princess Cecily bore her train, attended by a hundred ladies of rank; the service was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by nineteen bishops and mitred abbots; and the king, the queen, Elizabeth of York, and the king's mother, the venerable Countess of Richmond, witnessed the proceedings from a latticed box, which had been prepared for their reception, near to an elevated stage, or mount, as it is called, in the centre of the church, whereon the principal persons stood, during the celebration of the nuptials. After the wedding, the prince and princess were sumptuously feasted in the episcopal palace, in St. Paul's church-yard; and were there bedded, according to the ceremonial and usage of the day, the bed being solemnly blessed, in the presence of a multitude of noble lords and ladies, who were called upon many years afterward to testify to what they had seen on that night, in regard to the cohabitation of the parties as man and wife.

And it is well here to state, in a word, that it was proved on oath, by the old Duchess of Norfolk, the Lord and Lady Fitzwater, and other witnesses, who had ample means of knowing the fact, that the young couple slept together on the night of their marriage, at the bishop's palace, and for five or six nights subsequently; and that, for five months, thereafter, both in London, and at Ludlow, where, as the capital of their principality of Wales, they held a miniature court, modelled after that of Westminster, they lived in all respects, as man and wife. At this time, Arthur was in good health, and is described as a gentleman of good and sanguine complexion, above fifteen years of age, while Katharine was a year his senior. Some indelicate remarks of the prince, suited to the rudeness of the time, are quoted, as tending to prove the consummation of the marriage; but Katharine, both previous to her second marriage, and at the period of her repudiation, swore that she came to Henry's bed a pure virgin, as indeed she persisted to the last; and, on the former occasion, offered to submit to the examination of a board of matrons. The whole affair is mysterious, and difficult of ascertainment; yet, in view of Katharine's unblemished and unquestionable character for piety, morality, integrity, honor and worth, we cannot, I think, err in placing full confidence in the veracity of her statements—the rather that she does not by any means appear to have been solicitous to marry, the second time, with Henry, who was five or six years her junior—and in taking it to be a fact, however we may explain it, that her marriage with Arthur never had consummation. It is not my intention to fill whole pages with descriptions of the childish and endless pageants, allegories and masks, which are one of the features of this period, and which must have been, one might judge, from the tediousness of the narrative, mortally wearisome, both to the spectators and performers. They are curious, certainly, in an antiquarian point of view, and as throwing some light on the social life and amusements of our ancestors, which seem to have been as ponderous as their diet; and that was no light matter in days, when the fairest and most delicate of ladies broke their morning fast on chines of beef, kits of salted herrings, with a proper seasoning of kilderkins of mustard, and washed the solids down with gallons of October. Those who are curious about such details, will find them spread out over the solid tomes of Holingshede and Hall, and quoted largely in Miss Strickland's lives, as if to make up for the want of what we most desire to know, and what she could not give us, from the lack of existing information, something of the inner and more domestic life of the princes, as well as of the people of that day.

The truth is this; that where the lives of individuals, and the courses of nations, run tranquilly, peacefully and happily, the memoirs of those and the histories of these have little to relate, and that little is related in a few brief sentences. A century of undisturbed and peaceful national advancement, is fully narrated in two or three generalizing paragraphs—a single year of warfare, of conspiracy, of pestilence, of conquest in a people's career—of crime, intrigue, misery and ruin in a man's story, shall require pages, and exhaust eloquence, in proportion as it will excite interest and enchain sympathy. The deepest, and grandest and most fertilizing river, where it dispenses wealth by the lapse of its waters, and bears the welfare of nations on its bosom, rolls on in silence without a murmur that should denote its existence at a mile's distance. The paltriest of brooks, where it is tortured into agony, or lashed into fury, shall roar you, that its echoes will be heard over leagues of space.

We know, therefore, that, before he would consent that his gentle daughter should wed with the heir of England, Ferdinand insisted that the blood of the innocent young Earl of Warwick, unhappy son of the murdered Clarence, and last heir male of the direct line of the Plantagenets of York, should flow on the scaffold, lest he should one day dispute Arthur's claim to the throne; but of the life of that young and interesting couple, during the brief five months, in which they played Prince and Princess of Wales, in their miniature court of Ludlow, we know nothing. History is silent, and tradition has not left a whisper; but the absence of all rumor is conclusive, as is the regret and the long and exemplary widowhood of the charming Katharine, that they were, as they deserved to be, happy, beloved of one another, and honored by their people.

Katharine had brought a royal dower of two hundred thousand crowns to England, on her marriage, half of which sum had been paid down in gold, on the celebration of her nuptials. As Princess of Wales, she received in dower Wallingford castle, Cheylesmore, near Coventry, the city of Coventry, the castles of Conway and Caernarvon, a third part of the stannaries in Cornwall, and the city and town lands of Macclesfield; and now, on the death of her young husband by the plague, which occurred amid the general lamentations of the people, within six months after his marriage, she was allowed, in lieu of the rents and rights of these manors and cities, the sum of five thousand pounds, annually, equal, in all respects, to at least ten times that sum in the present day, as her appanage, as princess dowager of Wales.

It would seem strange, were it not too common of occurrence to excite wonder, that, out of what would seem the abundance of her advantages, and the greatness of her position, came her worst sorrows. Which was the craftier and more cold-blooded schemer, which the more grasping and avaricious man, which the more ambitious, politic and wily statesman, her father-in-law, or her own father, it were difficult to say. But, no sooner was her young and beloved husband dead, than she herself, and her possessions, began to be a subject of anxiety, which should profit by her, of the two royal intriguers.

It was the game of Ferdinand to avoid paying the second hundred thousand crowns of the infanta's dowry; and to recover the hundred thousand which he had already advanced; he, therefore, as loudly reclaimed his "daughter and his ducats," as though he had been a very Shylock, not the most Catholic king of christian Spain.

Henry, on the contrary, had no notion of refunding the first instalment, but "had made it his mind and the whole of his intent," to get the second instalment, also; and farther, he had resolved that Katharine's appanage should be spent, so long as she should draw it, in England, and to England's profit, and that she should not carry it abroad or disburse it in Spain.

Hereupon, it was proposed by Henry, and, after some demur, agreed to by the parents of Katharine, that a dispensation should be obtained from the pope, and that she should be in due season married to Henry, duke of York, who, having been educated for the church, had now become heir, and afterward succeeded to the throne, on the demise of his father, as Henry VIII. This prince, it will be remembered, was born on the twenty-eighth of June, 1491, and was now in his twelfth year only; while the infanta was a magnificent young woman, of eighteen, in the full flush of mature, Spanish adolescence. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that this lady, in the flower of young womanhood, should have been averse to a marriage with a mere boy; and that she should have written to her father, earnestly deprecating the proposed alliance, though professing, at the same time, perfect obedience to his wishes. That father was a mere cold-blooded politician, and the daughter's happiness was, of course, unhesitatingly sacrificed on the altar of state expediency. A dispensation was readily obtained from the reigning pontiff, Julius II., and the ceremony of betrothal was performed on the twenty-fifth of June, 1503, in the house of the Bishop of Salisbury, in Fleet street.

It is very worthy of remark, that Isabella of Castille, who was at this moment on her death-bed, was deeply troubled in her mind with forebodings as to the result of this marriage, though on what grounds it cannot readily be conjectured; and that she procured a copy of the breve of dispensation to be transmitted to her in Spain, which she afterward conveyed into Katharine's possession, who carefully preserved, and afterward produced it, in support of the validity of her marriage.

By Miss Strickland this alarm on the part of Isabella is regarded, it would appear, as an indication of doubt as to the lawfulness of the marriage, on any terms; while Miss Benger, in her life of Anne Boleyn, speaks strangely of the inconsistency of Henry and Anne in resting their opposition to the legality of the marriage, on the alleged invalidity of the bull of dispensation, which she terms a mere *quibble*, rather than on the inherent unlawfulness and vice of such an alliance. Both these ladies forget, I apprehend–the former in marvelling that Katharine, among her objections to the proposed marriage, should not have spoken of it as repugnant to the laws of God and man, rather than as merely repugnant to her own feelings; and the latter, in viewing the question of the dispensation as a mere quibble—two most important considerations.

First, that neither Isabella nor Katharine could have regarded such a union as utterly repugnant to the laws of God or man, since such unions were of common occurrence in Spain and Portugal, two of Katharine's own sisters having been successively wives to the same man, without a pretence of denying cohabitation or consummation; and since dispensation was required in such cases, only, as it was in case of the union of cousins, of persons pre-contracted but never married, and in all other instances, where the parties were within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity, and! where the bar was merely formal and easily set aside.

Secondly, that in those days, not one person, in ten thousand, doubted the right of the pope to grant dispensations, or the absolute virtue of the Papal dispensation, when granted, to legalize that which would otherwise have been illegal, and to obviate all objections to the commission of any deed, which would otherwise have been positively criminal, but was thus rendered innocent and irreproachable.

The fears of Isabella cannot, therefore, have pointed to any such or similar scruples, but must be attributed to her knowledge of the tortuous dispositions both of her own husband, Ferdinand, and of Henry, of England, which led her to apprehend that political chicanery might cause interference with her fair child's prospect of married happiness, unless her marriage should be secured beyond a peradventure; and this caused her too seek, by all means, to ensure its validity, and to satisfy herself of the authenticity and fullness of the instrument which sanctioned it.

Her fears were shortly to be realized, by an occurrence, which doubtless led, in after days, to the inception of Henry's idea of procuring a divorce, though she lived not to see their confirmation; for soon after the death of Isabella, Elizabeth, the fair Rose of York, Henry's virtuous and lovely consort, died; and, within a few months of that event, Philip of Burgundy, son of Maximilian, on his voyage from the Netherlands to Spain, was forced by stress of weather to land on the

English coast, with his wife, Joanna, the elder sister of Katharine. Henry, it appears, was struck with her beauty, and, her husband dying shortly afterward, conceived the idea of himself marrying the fair widow, and so allying himself yet more closely with the powerful family of Spain.

In all ages, the English mind has been especially averse to kindred marriages; and it seems, that the contract of Katharine, as widow of one, to a second brother, had not been perfectly acceptable to the people of the realm. At all events, Henry VII. was well assured that if, in addition to this misliked alliance, he should himself be united to another sister, of the successive wife of two of his own sons, the popular indignation would be excited to a dangerous pitch. Warham, the archbishop of Canterbury, one of the most trusty and wisest of his counsellors had, it was understood, already taken exception to the marriage of Katharine with the Duke of York, and several of the cardinals were said to have protested against the bull of dispensation. He, therefore, compelled his son, on attaining his fifteenth year, to protest against the contract of marriage with his brother's widow, with a view, undoubtedly, to the setting aside of that contract, in case of his own marriage with Joanna; as that lady proved, however, to be hopelessly insane, the idea of the match passed away, and the protest itself was concealed, as a state secret, until many years afterward, when it was produced, in order to give a color to the base schemes of the lover of Anne Boleyn.

It is characteristic of Henry's recklessness and headstrong obstinacy, while he was at yet a mere boy, that, although he had, probably, thought little and cared less, up to this time, for the grave and stately Spanish maiden, who was, as we have seen, six years his senior, he now became, or imagined himself to be, passionately enamored of her, and his father found it necessary to keep a watch over the young couple, and to debar their meeting, in order to prevent the possibility of their contracting a clandestine marriage. In what degree, there was real peril of this, it is not easy to judge; whether it was, as Miss Strickland argues "it must have been, truly provoking to the princess to be treated, as if she wished to steal a marriage, which she had designated to her father as distasteful and unsuitable," or whether, in the time that had elapsed since the writing of that letter, her sentiments had not undergone a change, is, to say the least, doubtful. There is, it must be remembered, infinitely a greater disparity between the girl of eighteen and the boy of twelve years, than between a young woman of twenty-one and a youth, unusually precocious of intellect, as he was beyond his age in stature, both as to height and development, of fifteen. It is scarce to be doubted, that Henry VIII., who had, at the early age of forty, become so bulky as to be difficult of locomotion, ponderous and unwieldy, and who stood, when at his prime, six feet four inches in height, was already at fifteen a large, fully-formed man, looking many years in advance of his actual time of life. And it is possible that the heart of Katharine was not untouched by the manly graces, chivalrous deportment, fair person, and various accomplishments of her youthful lover, even as it is certain, that in after life she did, for her own misfortune, being probably the only woman who ever did so, truly and sincerely love him.

One fact is undoubted, that to whatever other causes this contract is assignable, it is not to any distaste to the marriage on the part of Henry; who, on the contrary, ardently desired it, as was proved by the alacrity with which, immediately on his becoming his own master, he proceeded to accomplish the engagement, in spite of the objections of Warham, who liked not the circumstances of the alliance.

Scarce had he ascended the throne, before he stated to Fuensalida, in expressing his determination to fulfill his father's contract, that he loved Katharine above all other women; and, for many years after his marriage, after, even, he had become a faithless and negligent husband, he esteemed her virtues, appreciated the sweet gentleness of her character, the irreproachable dignity and purity of her life, admired her talents, and loved her as well as such men, as he, are capable of loving.

"On the day of St. Bernabos, June 11, 1509," says Bernaldes, the Spanish historian, quoted by Miss Strickland, "Donna Catalina wedded the brother of her first lord, who was called Enrico, in a place they call Granuche"—Greenwich—"and was crowned afterward on the day of St. John, with all the rejoicings in the world." "Her father, King Ferdinand, was so well pleased," adds another Spanish historian, "at his daughter's second marriage, that he celebrated it by grand festivals in Spain, particularly by the *jeu des cannes*, or darting the jerreed, in which Moorish sport Ferdinand assisted in person."

"On the 21st of June," continues the fair authoress, from whom I have quoted the above, "King Henry and Queen Katharine came to the tower from Greenwich, attended by many of the nobility. After creating twenty-four knights, Henry, accompanied by Katharine, on the 23d of June, proceeded in state through the streets of London, which were hung for the occasion with tapestry. The inhabitants of Cornhill, as the richest citizens, displayed cloth of gold. From Cornhill and the Old Change, the way was lined with young maidens, dressed in virgin white, bearing palms of white wax in their hands; these damsels were marshalled and attended by priests in their richest robes, who censed the queen's procession from silver censers, as it passed. Of all the pageants ever devised for royalty, this was the most ideal and beautiful. At that time, Katharine was pleasing in person. 'There were few women,' says Lord Herbert, 'who could compete with Queen Katharine, when in her prime.' She had been married but a few days, and was attired as a bride, in white embroidered satin; her hair, which was black and very beautiful, hung at length down her back, almost to her feet; she wore on her head a coronal set with many orient stones. The queen, thus attired as a royal bride, was seated in a litter of white cloth of gold, borne by two white horses. She was followed by the female nobility of England, drawn in whirlcotes, a species of car that preceded the use of coaches. Thus she proceeded to the palace of Westminster, where diligent preparation was making for the coronation next day. Cavendish asserts that all the orders for the king's coronation and the funeral of King Henry VII. were given by Katharine, the illness of the king's grandmother and the youth of the king were, perhaps, the reasons that she had thus to exert herself." That venerable lady, the Countess of Richmond, who had been regent up to the period of the coronation, when Henry attained his eighteenth year, died a few days after that occurrence, and her decease, joined to a dreadful pestilence, which broke out in London, banished the court to Richmond, where Henry passed the year in "pageants, masking, and diversions of the like nature, into which he entered with all the avidity of a grown-up child."

It is pleasant to know, that the first act of royalty performed by this good queen, was one, consistent with her whole career, of mercy, charity, and justice. At her intercession, the unfortunate agents of the late monarch's extortions, Empson and Dudley, who had been, both illegally and unjustly, attainted for high treason, were respited for a while, and would probably have been pardoned, had not the clamors and accusations of the people, which fatigued Henry's ears and wore out his patience, during a progress to the northern part of his dominions, induced him to order them for execution, finding it cheaper to repay his father's debts to his subjects with innocent blood, than by refunding the amount which he owed them.

During the two years, which followed, history has nothing to record, save the balls, revels, and devices of the court, the tilts, tournaments, and barriers, at which the young king exercised and distinguished himself, fighting daily before the queen and her ladies; the former affecting, probably, an interest in those rude sports, which she did not really feel—for she was of a grave and sedate humor, addicted to literary amusements and studies, strictly observant of her religious duties, and a rare proficient, not in Latin only, in which she composed fluently and correctly, but in the feminine and beautiful art of embroidery, in which she was held to excel.

In the year 1512, however, he determined to intervene in the war, waging between Pope Julius II. and the French king, in which most of the European kingdoms were in some sort involved; and, in June of that year, the third after his accession to the throne, he sent an army, under the Marquis of Dorset, in Spanish transports, to the coast of Guipuscoa, to coöperate in the conquest of Navarre, and the invasion of Picardy and Guienne. At the same time, Sir Edward Howard was ap pointed to cruise in the Channel, to blockade the French fleet in its harbors, and to act in concert with the armies. Both these expeditions were unsuccessful. The army lying inactive, owing to want of concert with the Spaniards, became mutinous in consequence of want and pestilence, lost nearly half its numbers, and finally returned home, having effected nothing, and gained no honor. Sir Edward Howard, whose favorite maxim it was, that a sailor's highest virtue is the height of rashness, after seeing his great ship, the Regent, burnt before his face, fell in a desperate attempt to cut out six French galleys, which were moored in the bay of Conquêt, under the defence of batteries and rocks planted with cannon. Boarding the largest of the enemy, at the head of a handful of men, he was unsupported, overwhelmed by numbers, and thrust over board by the pikes of the defenders, casting the insignia of command, his admiral's golden whistle, into the waves, that it might not be a trophy in the hands of the foes of England. This gallant officer, scion of an illustrious and noble race, "was a friend of Queen Katharine and her parents, having served as a volunteer at the seige of Granada; he bequeathed to her in his will a beautiful relic of antiquity, the grace-cup of Thomas à Becket. The queen subsequently restored the the cup to the noble family of Howard, in whose possession it yet remains."

In the following year, burning to achieve glory and to avenge the disasters of the late campaign, Henry took the field in person, passing over to Calais at the head of a great army, and professing his resolve never to desist from the war, until he should have reconquered all the French dominions of the English crown, lost in the disastrous reign of Henry VI. Before departing, he constituted Katharine queen regent of the realm, during his absence, with larger powers than any female had ever held in England, with the title of captain-general of all his forces, aided by a council of five nobles — a trust which proves how absolute, at this time, was his confidence in her, and which was fully justified by the wisdom and energy which she displayed in her government.

Henry's showy and vain-glorious campaign, which had no results beyond the fruitless victory of "the Spurs," and the no less fruitless capture of Terouenne and Tournay, gained, at the best, empty honor only, for the country; but the arms of Katharine at home, wielded by the noble Earl of Surrey and his two gallant sons, Sir Thomas and Sir Edmund Howard, the latter father of a future queen of England, yet more unfortunate than his first royal mistress, were crowned alike with glory and advantage; for James IV. of Scotland, who had married Henry's sister, Margaret, and who now took occasion of his brother-in-law's absence, and the war with France, to invade his dominions, suffered the heaviest defeat on the famous field of Flodden, which had befallen a Scottish army since the disastrous rout of Nevil's Cross—at which, as now, an English queen commanded, Philippa, regent for Edward I., like Henry, absent in France with his army–and lost the flower of his kingdom and his own life, in guerdon of his unjust and unchivalrous attempt.

The letters of Katharine to her husband, to Wolsey, now rising in power and in the royal favor, and to other officers of the crown, which are yet extant, display at once the greatness of her talents, the goodness of her disposition, and her administrative capacity. They are written in pure, idiomatic English, without any foreign tone or expression, and indicate how completely, when she assumed the crown of England, she assumed also the heart and feelings of an English woman, as well as the dignity of an English queen. It may here be stated, if only to refute a charge, probably false, on the memory of Ferdinand, who is said to have suggested to Henry the judicial murder of De la Pole, earl of Suffolk, who was sacrificed to the jealousy nourished by Henry against every one, who claimed the dangerous honor of representing a drop of the blood of York, and consequently having the remotest show of pretence to the succession, that, as she did in the case of Warwick, of Empson and Dudley, of the princely Buckingham, and of all the unhappy victims of Henry's rage or policy, Katharine argued and entreated earnestly, though in vain, on the side of mercy. There was no taint of blood on the unstained whiteness of her regal ermine; and, even to the excommunicated corpse of the ruthless invader, James, she had rendered royal honors, and would have granted a kingly interment, but that the return of Henry, who meanly avenged the sins of the living man upon the dead clay, frustrated her clemency, and defeated her pious intent.

In the following September, Henry landed at Dover, and rode post, incognito, to surprise the queen at Richmond, "where," observes Hall, "there was such a loving meeting, that every one rejoiced who witnessed it." Yet under the exterior show of love, there was already the hollowness of infidelity; for it was during this campaign, that he first met, at Calais, Elizabeth Taillebois, his first, and, for a long time, his only mistress, with whom he maintained a connection for many years, though with little publicity, meeting her in private at a place called Jericho, near New Hall, in Essex, where, in 1519, she bore him a son, Henry Fitzroy, afterward Duke of Richmond; whom, on the failure of all hope of heirs male by Katharine, he once contemplated legitimating and making his heir. This, however, he was prevented doing by the decease of the young man, previous to the repudiation of the queen.

On the 18th of February, 1516, the queen, who had already been the mother of at least two princes, neither of whom long survived his birth, was again brought to bed, this time of a daughter, who was named Mary, after her beautiful aunt, the queen of France; who, after her husband's decease, had returned to her native land, and married the object of her first youthful fancy, Charles Brandon, the gay and gallant duke of Suffolk. With this lady is associated the first mention of the queen's future rival and successor, Anne Boleyn, who accompanied her, as one of her train, then quite a girl, to France, on her wedding with Louis XII.; and who, almost alone of her English ladies, was permitted to remain in her suite, when the rest of her attendants were dismissed. After the death of Louis, and the return of Mary to England, Anne was transferred to the service of the good Queen Claude of France, and is said, though, it is probable, without any real foundation, to have been a favorite of that merry monarch, Francis I., previous to attracting the regards of Henry. At this time, the court of Katharine was graced by the presence of two queens dowager, both of them sisters of her lord, Mary of France, and Margaret of Scotland, beside an unhappy princess, the daughter of the unfortunate Clarence, and sister to that young, unhappy Warwick, who died to secure her own accession to the crown. To this royal lady her unvarying kindness and constant friendship, is a beautiful trait of her gentle and loving nature, ever anxious to compensate the cruelties of her husband to the survivors of his victims; as was her successful intercession, in behalf of the London apprentices, condemned to death for their fierce riot, on what is known as "Ill May-day," against the Spanish residents, her own countrymen and loving subjects, a proof of her forgiving disposition and true attachment to her English people.

Eighteen months after the birth of the Princess Mary, the queen had once more hope of giving the king an heir, hope which was again frustrated by the death of the infant, so soon as it saw the light. It was after this disappointment, that Henry publicly owned his son by Elizabeth Taillebois, "a circumstance which," as Miss Strickland justly observes, "gave the queen more uneasiness than any jealousy ever occasioned by the boy's mother."

In 1520, the year was rendered famous by two great events, one of which, at least, made glad the heart of Katharine, though probably she had little pleasure in the empty pomps and lavish vanities of the other — the first of these, was the visit of her nephew, Charles V., the emperor of Germany, who landed at Dover, and afterward was spendidly entertained at Calais, whither the royalty of England had crossed over, in order to the second event, alluded to above, the meeting of the kings on the field of Ardres, better known as the field of Cloth of Gold. At this interview, Charles entered into a contract of marriage with his cousin, the Princess Mary of England, and was much delighted with his reception, with the splendor of the English court, and with the enviable position of his aunt, of "whose happiness he often spoke, in being wedded to so magnificent a prince as Henry."

Little did he think how hollow and insincere was that outward magnificence; how soon that happiness was to come to a close· how low that position was to be brought dowr, before the arrival of death, that common leveller of the greatness of kings.

To Katharine, the field of the Cloth of Gold produced no result unless it be the real friendship, to which it gave birth, between herself and the good Queen Claude of France; for although Anne Boleyn was certainly present, in the train of the French queen, it does not appear, that she even excited the attention of Henry, much less aroused the jealousy of the queen; who had, at that very moment, reason why she should be aggrieved at the conduct of Anne's younger sister, Mary Boleyn, a fair, blue-eyed beauty, who was, at this time, even more openly and ostensibly Henry's mistress, than the beautiful Taillebois had been before her. For some reason, it is difficult to say why, Miss Strickland chooses to discredit this fact, as she does other well proved circumstances in the life of Anne, to which I shall allude, hereafter; although it is notorious, that it was by his own shameless assertion of his connection with the younger sister, though neither marriage nor contract between the parties was pretended, that he procured his subsequent marriage with Anne to be declared null from the beginning, and its offspring illegitimate. The clever authoress produces some very pretty sentiment on this subject, in relation to Mary's subsequent nuptials with William Carey, as disproving the reports of her intimacy with Henry; just as if all history did not teem with examples of fair ladies content to bury the honor, or dishonor, whichever it may be deemed, of royal sultanaship, under the name of wife; and of court gallants willing to accept beauty, even when tainted by the touch of kingly favor.

In 1522, war was again declared against France, and, all the English being recalled to their own country, Anne Boleyn returned to England, and was appointed to the same office in the court of Katharine, which she had held in that of Mary and Claude of France, and Margaret of Navarre. She seems, however, to have made, as yet, no impression on Henry; at least the first evidence of his entertaining any regard for her, is found in the passion into which he burst on learning, in 1523, that she was contracted to Henry Percy, son of the Duke of Northumberland, and the pains which he took, by aid of the Cardinal Wolsey, to break off the marriage.

Still, it is clear that the maid of honor did not as yet understand, or appreciate, Henry's views — perhaps, she imagined that he had deprived her of a noble husband, only in order to make her a royal concubine, a questionable honor, which she by no means appreciated, not yet entertaining a suspicion of the ulterior views. which possibly Henry had not, as yet, himself conceived. At all events, she retired, indignant and offended, from court to the shades of her father's noble place of Hever Castle, in Kent, having, it is said by some, been dismissed from her situation about the queen, as a punishment for the favor she had shown to the suit of Percy. From this year, until 1527, there is no mention of her in history, unless it be a vague rumor that the king, on one occasion visiting Hever Castle, the lady took to her bed on the pretence of indisposition, and did not suffer herself to be seen, until after the departure of the royal guest. It is, by some writers, ascribed to this dissolution of her contract with Percy, that she was so constant and unrelenting an enemy to Wolsey ; but it is far more likely that his subsequent opposition, to her elevation to the throne, earned him her ill-will, than his agency in this matter, which, however much it might have grieved her at the moment, certainly, in the end, paved her way to the throne.

At this same period, Katharine also disappears almost entirely from the page of history. Her ill health probably incapacitated her from taking, any longer, a part in Henry's absurd pageants and revelries; as her gentle and domestic habits held her aloof from his hunting matches, in which she never took any delight. Her studious tastes increased on her, at the same time her religious observances degenerated into something like asceticism, and, at the very moment, when her declining beauty, her increasing years, and her failure to give him a son, had begun to operate on Henry to her disadvantage, she furnished her rival with weapons against herself, by withdrawing herself from participation in the king's boisterous amusements.

In 1525, Sir Thomas Boleyn, Anne's father, was created Viscount Rochefort; in 1527, she was recalled to court and reappointed to her old station about the queen's person, her old lover, Percy, having been compelled to marry Mary Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, with whom he led a most unhappy life. It was on the 5th of May, in this year, that peace was reinstated with France, and Mary, the king's daughter, recontracted to Francis, in breach of her engagement to Charles of Spain.

It is a significant circumstance, that at a grand masque, given to the French ambassadors at Greenwich, Anne was the king's partner in the dance, and that in the conferences relating to the marriage, the first idea of Mary's illegitimacy and of the unlawfulness of his union with Katharine was, according to Henry and Wolsey, suggested by a question of the Bishop of Tarbez, concerning the dispensatory power. The allegation is proved to be false, by the minutes of the conferences which have been preserved but the fact has its value, as proving the date when the divorce became a settled object of Henry's policy, which was henceforth avowed to his ministers, and urged by them, as the "king's secret matter." This alleged question, it seems, speedily came to the ears of the queen, who immediately took measures to protect herself, by sending a private messenger to her nephew in Spain; but Henry, falsely and cowardly protesting that he had no object in view, but to establish the legitimacy of their daughter, beyond a doubt, she was forced to remain apparently satisfied, though doubtless she was not deceived by the weak falsehood.

It must have been a cruel aggravation to her anxieties, to have Anne always about her person, present at all her progresses and entertainments, attracting, doubtless, all the king's eyes by the coquetries which she so well knew how to practice, and monopolizing the attentions, which had once been her own, and which she was not content to resign.

During all this trying time, the conduct of Katharine was more than irreproachable; it combined all that consummate wisdom, perfect temper, feminine dignity, and conjugal duty could effect or suggest. Thus far, all decorum had been preserved between Henry and his new dulcinea, however he might solicit her in private, ply her with love letters, decorate her with jewels, distinguish her above all other ladies. Thus far, it is probable, save in the resolve to rise unlawfully, Anne was an innocent woman. She had no mind, as she told Henry, to be his mistress, and, as yet, she saw no certain prospect of becoming his wife. She knew, that at this early stage to become the former, while the king had in no wise yet committed himself, would be to renounce all hope of ever becoming the latter. So far, therefore, since Katharine sacrificed nothing of self-respect, dignity, or decorum, resolute to do nothing which should provoke, or in any way justify, a separation from her on Henry's part, and determined to maintain her own rights and those of her daughter, at all hazards, she would see nothing, hear nothing, though of course seeing and hearing all things, but treated her rival with unvarying gentleness and propriety, accommodated herself to every wish of her husband, mingled more generally in the sports and amusements of the court, took part in the balls and masques, inclined her ear to minstrelsy, and made every effort to reconciliate the affections of her capricious and licentious despot.

Once only, she seems to have yielded to a momentary indignation, to have disclosed her knowledge of the secret intrigues of the beautiful maid of honor. She was, it appears, on one occasion, playing at some game of cards, with the favorite, in which the person turning up or holding the king stops, as the winner of the game. Anne had a run of luck, winning many times in succession, when the patient queen, shaking her head, sadly exclaimed, "Ah! my Lady Anne, you have the good hap ever to stop at a king, but you are like the others, you will have all or none." I cannot profess to see, as Miss Strickland does, any vindication of the honor of Anne, in this "gentle reproach" of the queen; nor can I believe, with Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in view of her return to court, her overt flirtations, and love-letter writings with Henry, immediately after her first lover's marriage, that "she would rather have been Percy's countess than Henry's queen;" on the contrary, I see, in her every move, a deep determination to win the game, at all hazards; I see it in her coyness at one time, in her consent at another; and, above all, I see it in the implacable, unrelenting hatred with which she pursued all who opposed her marriage with the king,—Wolsey to ruin, More and Fisher to the block; and for the love and esteem, which she is said, by her encomiasts, to have borne to Katharine, I read base rivalry and cruel triumph; I mark her ungentle persecution of the fallen queen's orphan child, bastardized for her aggrandizement; I see the triumphal dress of yellow, worn on that fallen rival's funeral day; I hear the exulting speech—"At length I am the queen of England"—it needs not the imagination of a Shakspere to conceive, if it might tax his powers to create, the phantom of the abused, departed royalty, floating in vengeful majesty athwart the path of the exulting beauty, and replying to the wicked vaunt, "Not long! not long!"

All this, which I can clearly see in the historic page, Katharine saw, beyond doubt, with the eyes of the flesh, and much of what follows after, she appears to have foreseen, with the eyes of the spirit.

What during these long years of agony protracted, of hope now extinguished, now for a little while relumed, must have been the sufferings and sorrows of that royal lady, it taxes the most fertile imagination to conceive. From this time, Henry's exertions to obtain the pope's decision on his divorce was open and unconcealed; though, with his usual hypocrisy, he ascribed these exertions to different causes, as he addressed himself to different hearers—to the bishops and to his injured wife, he spoke of the troubles of his conscience; to the temporal lords of the necessity of securing the successsion. He deceived no one, although all affected to be deceived, even Katharine, whom he would have persuaded that it was the validity of her marriage, not its original nullity, which he desired to have confirmed by Clement.

Once, in 1528, a fearful pestilence broke out in the court, known as the sweating sickness, at the same time Campeggio the cardinal legate, was daily expected in London, to hold the trial so long and anxiously desired; and Henry, partly afraid of death, partly anxious to conciliate the good opinions, both of the cardinals and the people, affected penitence and piety. He sent Anne home to her friends at Hever, and returned entirely, as it seemed, to his habits of intimacy and affection with the queen. The change was not, however, of long duration, nor was it even sincere while it lasted; for, at this very time, he was continually writing love letters, in the tenderest strain, and even occasionally paying visits to Anne, incognito, at Hever Castle.

In the autumn of this year, Campeggio arrived, with full powers to hear and to decide the case; and Henry, feeling assured that he should easily obtain his wishes, as dispensations and divorces were, in those days, things readily granted to crowned heads, was in high hope and spirits. Both these were speedily diverted into blind wrath and frantic fury. The pope had been assured by Wolsey, who had thus far not looked unfavorably on the divorce, having it in view to ally the king, his master, either with Margaret, the beautiful duchess of Alençon, or with Reneè, the sister of Claude of France, that Katharine would not refuse to assume a religious life. But now, to the dismay of all parties, and the fierce disgust of Henry, she declared openly that she had no idea whatever of making any religious profession, nor had she any taste or vocation for a religious life. Thereupon Henry blazed out into fury irrepressible, and declared that he had discovered a conspiracy on the queen's part to kill himself, her husband, and the cardinal, on which revelation his obsequious council, thinking his life in danger, advised him to separate himself from her bed and board, and to take from her her daughter, Mary, lest she should turn her infant mind against her father.

At length, the legantine court sate, in the great hall of Black Friars, on the 28th of May, 1529; the royal parties were summoned to appear; Henry replied by two proctors; but the queen appeared in person, followed by a great train of the noblest ladies in the realm, and by four bishops, as her counsellors; then courtesying with much reverence to the legates, she appealed from them, as prejudiced and incompetent judges, to the court of Rome. The court continued to sit for weeks, hearing evidence on both sides, and, on the 18th of June, again summoned both the king and queen to appear personally before them. Henry, when cited by name, answered, "Here," in a loud voice, and proceeded to deliver a long, hypocritical, lying speech, praising his wife for all possible excellencies, and descanting on his unwillingness to part with her, unless it were to soothe the pangs of his wounded conscience. The queen, on answering to her name, renewed her protest, on the ground, that all her judges held benefices in the gift of the king, and again appealed to Rome. Her appeal was denied by the court, whereupon, taking no farther notice of the legates, she made the circuit of the hall, followed by all her ladies, fell at Henry's feet, and, after uttering an appeal so pathetic, in its calm and beautiful simplicity, that it melted every heart, save that one heart of stone to which her fortunes were unfortunately bound, left the court, in spite of the repeated citations of the crier,—"Katharine, queen of England, come again into court." One of her attendants, on whose arm she was leaning, called her notice to the summons; when she replied, "I hear it well enough. But on, on—go you on, for this is no court wherein I can have justice; proceed, therefore."

When she had withdrawn herself, a strange scene followed. Wolsey called on the king to exonerate him from the charge of having prompted the divorce; Henry declared that this was true, for that the admonitions of his confessor, Bishop Longland, with the demurs of the French ambassadors, had first raised his doubts and scruples. As to the French ambassadors, it has been already shown that they never broached or heard of the topic; and the king's confessor, according to Burnet, asserted that, instead of his suggesting it to Henry, Henry was continually urging it on him. The king then proceeded to state, turning to Warham to confirm his statement, that "these doubts having arisen, he had applied to him for license of enquiry, which was granted, signed by all the bishops." Fisher, of Rochester, denied that he had signed it, and on being shown his hand and seal, pronounced them both forgeries; and, farther, when Archbishop Warham declared, that Fisher had permitted it to be signed for him, indignantly repelled the falsehood, pertinently enquiring, "Why, if he wished it done, he could not have done it himself?"

Henry, enraged and wearied out by the fruitless debate, dissolved the court in a fury. Fisher, who had been Henry's tutor, and was thought to be much loved by him, behaved, spoke, acted, as he was, a true, single-hearted, honest-minded man. But his defence availed the queen nothing, and cost him his life; for neither his pupil, nor his pupil's paramour, ever forgave him, until his gray head had rolled on the gory scaffold, nor forgave him then; for they would deprive the mutilated corpse of the honors due to the lowest and the meanest of the dead.

On the 25th of the same month, Katharine was again cited into court, and, on her refusal to appear, was pronounced con tumacious. Her appeal to the pope was, however, read, signed by her own hand on every page, protesting as before; and she wrote to her nephew Charles, that she would suffer death, rather than do ought that should compromise her daughter's legitimacy.

On the following day she was visited by Wolsey and Cam peggio, in the palace at Bridewell, where they found her embroidering with her maids, and she came to them with a skein of red silk about her neck. They were commissioned to offer her a *carte blanche* of wealth and honors, from the king, and a patent of secondary succession to Mary, after the children of the next contemplated marriage, if she would consent to a divorce.

Her refusal was absolute and uncompromising; but, in a private interview which followed, she succeeded in gaining both legates to her cause, so that neither would ever pronounce judgment against her. When the legate's court was once more assembled, the king's counsel pressed in vain for judgment; for Campeggio positively refused to decide, and referred the whole matter to the pontiff. The king's rage may be imagined, from the conduct of his friends. His brother-in-law, the Duke of Suffolk, when the legates pronounced the court to be dissolved, started to his feet, dashed his hand on the council board, so that the whole house rang, and swore a fierce oath, that "England never had known a good day since cardinals came there." But Wolsey was as proud and bold as Suffolk, and retorted on him sharply. "Had it not been," he said, "for one cardinal, at least, the Duke of Suffolk would have lost his head, and had no opportunity of now reviling him."

Soon afterward, Campeggio took his leave of the king, and set off for Italy. But, before leaving England, he was subjected to a grievous insult, his baggage being searched by the officers of the customs at Dover, as if he had been conveying out of the realm Wolsey's treasures, but, in truth, in the hope that the king's love letters to Anne, which had been purloined, would be found in his mails. At the same time, Wolsey was disgraced, plundered, banished from the court, and, ultimately arrested for high treason, was probably saved from the block only by a timely natural death.

For one year longer, the unhappy queen continued to dwell as his loving wife, with her reluctant husband, accompanying him in his progresses, eating at his board, and playing her part in the court pageants of which Anne was, in truth, the queen; but when, on the following Whitsuntide, she refused to submit her case to an English court, consisting of four prelates and four temporal nobles, and expressed her determination "to abide by no decision but that of Rome," she was ejected contumeliously from Windsor castle; all her jewels, all her wardrobe, except what she chanced to have on her person, at the moment, and all the rich dowry, she had brought to England, were confiscated; she was separated from her child, and infamously robbed of her dignity and title. Thenceforth, she resided at her manor of More Park, and afterward at Ampthill, near Dunstable. Anne, at once, took her place. In the king's pomps, his processions, in his journeys and progresses, in the hunting field, at the dining table, at the council board, she queened it openly. In all respects, save that she did not occupy the same chamber, and bear the same name or title, she was received by his courtiers, and honored by himself, as a legal wife. Still, nothing could shake Katharine in her noble constancy, consistency and gentle virtues. Her beautiful let ters to the child, of whom she was so savagely bereaved, and whom she was not permitted to see, on her most urgent entreaty, either when that child was pining for maternal love and maternal care, or when she was herself on her death-bed, breathe no strains but those of humility, piety and submission to the will of her savage lord, to whom she charges her to be an obedient, loving, grateful daughter.

About this period, Henry received a private letter of friendly admonition and advice from Clement II., who was attached to him by ties both of gratitude and policy, advising him to take home his true and lawful wife, Queen Katharine, and incontinently to put away "one Anne," whom he kept about him. Henry was, for the moment, staggered. He had expected to gain his end easily; and now it was clear to see, that the whole weight of the church and the whole opinion of the christian world, was against him. Following this secret admonition, as the thunderbolt follows the flash, came the decision of the court of Rome. It declared the marriage of Katharine valid, and its issue legitimate, by a preponderating vote of nineteen cardinals out of twenty-two, the three malcontents venturing only to propose a farther delay. But, previous to the promulgation of this decree, events had occurred, which rendered it null, and in the end, produced the abolition of the pontifical authority and the Romish influence in England.

Shortly after the fall of Wolsey, and the receipt by Henry of the pope's secret admonition, which had moved him so greatly, that he declared himself to have been grossly deceived in the matter, and went so far as to express a half-formed resolution to abandon the attempt forever, Cromwell, who had risen on the ruins of his master, Wolsey, at the instigation of Anne, and her kindred—to whom such a change of sentiment would have been degradation and destruction—suggested to the king the idea of setting the pope at defiance, causing the divorce to be granted in the ecclesiastical courts of his own kingdom, and declaring himself supreme head of the church of England.

By this scheme, Henry would not only gain the power of making his mistress—of whom he was not yet utterly aweary, though possession had blunted the edge of his early passion, while her failure to give him a boy led him to dread that, in case of marriage, she would not perpetuate his race—but would convert to his use and pleasure, all the dues and droits claimed by Rome, and, on the plea of reforming abuses, ultimately, all the wealth of the monasteries and abbayes of England. The bait took instantly, and, though Henry promised Francis, who visited him at Calais, in order to hold a conference on this very subject, that he would not proceed with his new project, until the French king should have made another attempt to bring Clement to grant the divorce, he never gave up the idea, which shortly afterward became a fact.

On this progress to his French dominions, Henry was accompanied by Anne, who had been recently *invested* Marchioness of Pembroke, with ceremonies not far differing from the coronation of a queen; but the lady and her lover were equally disappointed by the evidence, which they received, of the light in which her character and station were regarded on the continent, in the fact that, although especially invited, Francis brought neither Margaret, queen of Navarre, nor his sister Reneè, to the interview; nor were any French ladies of rank, how anxious soever Francis might be politically and socially to gratify his powerful ally, found willing to lend the sanction of their presence to the state of a person, who could be regarded in no other light than that of a royal concubine.

On the return of the king to England, circumstances precipitated measures; it was soon found, that Anne was likely to make her lover a father, before she was herself made a wife; and, in order to secure the legitimacy of the child, a private marriage was resorted to, on the 25th of January, 1533, which was celebrated in a room of the west tower at Whitehall, in the presence of Norris, who afterward suffered with the new queen, Heneage, another groom of the chambers, and Anne Savage, lady Berkeley, who bore Anne's train. The mass was performed by Dr. Rowland Lee, who demurred to the duty until Henry assured him—the assurance being a most unmanly and unkingly lie—that Clement had pronounced in favor of his divorce, and that he, then, had the instrument in his desk. Much mystification was resorted to in the concealment of the real date of the marriage; which, it appears, bold as he was, Henry was afraid to avow, so indignant were the people; and in the subsequent attempt to ante-date it, in order to save Anne's character for chastity; but the date is, in truth, fully established by the evidence, as well of Wyatt, Anne's former lover, constant admirer, and defender, to the last, who fixes it *on* St. Paul's day, the 25th of January, as above stated. If this were not enough, Cranmer, the archbishop, also a supporter of Anne, wrote a letter, yet extant, to his friend Hawkins, the English ambassador near the court of the emperor, denying that he had married the royal pair, "for I myself knew not thereof, for a fortnight after it was done;" and, also, stating that she was married "*much about* Sainte Paule's daye laste." The object of this letter is to show that the marriage was previous, not subsequent, to the coronation; and the reason for the substituting of the words "much about" for "on," by the archbishop, who must have certainly known the real date of the celebration, is easily found in the fact that the Princess Elizabeth was born on the 7th day of September of the same year, or seven months and thirteen days after the celebration of the marriage. This date is, of course, carefully suppressed, or slurred over, without comment, by Protestant historians, who, blinded by polemical partisanship, or by a false sympathy for their sex, like Miss Benger and Miss Strickland, positively deny that Anne was ever the mistress of Henry, or granted him any ante-connubial favors—but it, in truth, summarily settles the question. That she conceived a child to the king, two months before her marriage—even if that marriage had been anything more than a mere *quibble*, while a previous marriage existed, undissolved—is conclusive, as to her unchastity; nor, when to this certain and undeniable proof is added the circumstantial evidence, afforded by her occupation of contiguous apartments to the king, during at least three years, and by her being the constant companion of his privacy, as well as of his pomps, can it be doubted that, so soon as she felt assured that he was fully bent on repudiating his lawful wife, and espousing herself in her stead, she surrendered herself wholly to his passions, trusting to her own blandishments and beauty to secure his capricious favor?

How nearly that was lost, we have already seen. Had it not been for Cromwell's offer to place the power and the revenues of the English church in his control, it is probable that Henry would have discarded the paramour, of whom he was, perhaps, half satiated, so early as 1530, when the pope's private admonition reached him. Had she not found herself *enceinte*, after her return from Calais, it is probable, that she would have lived Marchioness of Pembroke. and died in her bed, not on the scaffold.

On her expulsion from Windsor, Katharine replied only in these touching words,—"Go where I may, I am his wife, and for him I will ever pray." She never again saw her husband, or her child. Until after the marriage of Anne, she was allowed the title of queen, and the empty honor to be served, on the knee, and to be treated with the external deference, due to the rank which had been so rudely wrested from her. Of silent sorrow, of domestic grief, of anguish beyond expression, patiently, nobly, unmurmuringly endured, history never preserves a record. We know only of Katharine's life, during her seclusion, between her abandonment and her divorce, that her time was passed, among her faithful ladies, in acts of charity, devotion, piety, varied only by the feminine arts and occupations of embroidery, to which she had always been addicted. Wherever she lived, the poor inhabitants of the neighborhood profited by her goodness, loved her, prayed for her, followed her with their sighs, when she was removed from among them.

In the meantime, Cranmer was raised to the archbishopric of Canterbury, vacant by the death of Warham, taking the oaths of obedience to the pope, under the mental reservation, that he took that oath so far as it should not bind him to anything, contrary to the law of God, prejudicial to the rights of the king, or prohibitory of the reforms, which he intended to make in the church of England.

The first measure he took, being, indeed, that for which alone he was appointed, was to open his court at Dunstable, for the trial of the case of Queen Katharine's marriage, having the Bishop of Lincoln for his assessor, and the Bishop of Winchester and seven other prelates, for the king's councillors. The queen, who was resident at Ampthill, distant five miles only from Dunstable, was thrice cited to appear, and, not appearing, the citations being proved, pronounced contumacious. Whereupon, Cranmer gave his decision, not divorcing the parties, but declaring the marriage null and invalid, as incestuous contracted and consummated in defiance of the Divine prohibition, and therefore without effect from the beginning.

A subsequent act declared the marriage of Henry with Anne to have been public and manifest, and confirmed it by the pastoral authority of Cranmer himself, so that it was in itself valid from the beginning, and its issue legitimate.

This measure was immediately followed by the coronation of Anne, which was celebrated with unusual splendor; and that by an unmanly and cruel attempt to degrade, yet farther, the forsaken queen.

She was notified at once to be content with the style of Dowager Princess of Wales; her income was reduced to her settlement, as Arthur's widow; and all her attendants, who should persist in giving her the title of queen, were irrevocably dismissed. Still, Katharine would not yield one hair's breadth. "She had come a clean maid to his bed, she would never be her own slanderer, or confess herself a harlot of twenty-four years standing. She valued not the judgment, pronounced at Dunstable, while the cause was still pending 'by the king's license' at Rome, at a pin's fee; and as to fears and threats, she feared not those which have power over the body, but Him only that hath the power of the soul.'"

Henry had cruelty, ability, and courage to carry out his will, under almost every possible shade of circumstances; but if his cruelty sufficed, he either doubted his ability, or lacked the courage, to carry out his persecution, to accomplishment, of his noble and unoffending queen. He could persecute her, and harass her with solicitations and commands; he could discharge her women, and imprison her ecclesiastics and confessors—more than one of whom, after her death, possibly he dared not do it before, he consigned to the fagot and the stake — but he could not bend her to resign, or compel her few faithful attendants to deny to her the title which was her due.

At first she sojourned at Buckden, in what was afterward, and is now, the palace of the Bishop of Lincoln; where her life, sad as it was, was embittered by the constant annoyances heaped on herself and on her servants, who would not be sworn to wait on her save as on the queen; by the cruel separation from her care of the young princess, Mary; by the act of succession, passed solely to illegitimate that unoffending child; by the persecution of the adherents of her creed; and, above all, by the judicial murder of Fisher and More, who, as she believed, to the end, were victims only to their attachment to herself.

When a commission was sent down, with authority either to intimidate her by threats, or induce her by conciliatory offers of augmented rank and increased income, into consenting to her own degradation, her reply was still the same,—"For the vain glory of being styled queen, she cared nothing. But the king's wife she was, and would be; and her daughter was the king's child, as God had given her unto them; and so she would render her unto him, and in no otherwise."

Then she commanded, as a queen, and as the queen they presumed not to disobey her, that the minutes of the conference should be brought to her; and wherever the words

"Princess Dowager of Wales" occurred therein, she erased them with the dash of an indignant pen by her own royal hand. She was the lawful queen of England, she lived so and, though she made no boast—as did her unfortunate successor, without making her boast good — that no one could prevent her from dying, as she had lived, England's queen, she died so. Henry himself dared not, or could not prevent it.

While she was yet at Buckden, it was only a few months before her death, that the remarkable passage occurred in which, when she heard one of her ladies cursing Anne, she appears to have foreseen, in her knowledge, doubtless, of her husband's character, the fate of her haughty rival. "Curse her not, curse her not," she said, "but rather pray for her; for even now is the time fast coming, when you shall have reason to pity her and lament her case."

And so was the time, indeed, fast coming; but Katharine's own time was coming faster. Sorrow and suffering, hope deferred, and agony protracted, and the ineffable, indescribable heart-break of a spirit high yet humble, proud yet patient, shattered yet self-sustained, had done more than the work of years on her delicate and deranged system. And, when the damp climate and clay soil of the low, fenny Buckden so aggravated the malady and depressed yet more the sinking spirits, of the native of the golden Granada, that she asked of her savage despot a change of scene and air, he ordered her to Fotheringay, a place so notorious for its "ill air," that she refused to be removed thither, unless she should be "drawn by ropes" to that gloomy and malarious abode; the prison in after days of a more calamitous and lamentable, because less innocent and noble, queen.

The castle of Kimbolton, when she would not go, unless per force, to Fotheringay, received her—a residence, agueish and almost deadly, to the most recent times, from the influence of the miasma of the rivers Ouse and Nene, and the stagnant waters, not far distant, of Whittlesea More. Sir Edmund Bedingfield was, nominally, her castellan,—virtually, her gaoler; for no person was allowed access to her, even on her death-bed, without a warrant from the privy council; her only child was not permitted to gladden her dying eyes; and her intimate friend, the Lady Willoughby, obtained access to her chamber, in her last moments, only by the exertion of much fortitude and firmness, seconded by some female artifice.

The will of this excellent woman and admirable queen, praying for the payment of a few just debts to her immediate dependents, out of her own jointure as dowager of Wales, of which wretched pittance, even, her base and brutal husband, who had already pocketed her dowry, and plundered her jewel box and wardrobe, regularly defrauded her, speaks volumes for her worth and her unworthy treatment.

Her last letter, to the husband of her youth, the father of her child, the destroyer of her happiness, her life, her all, except her honor, might have wrung tears from stone. It is here :—

"My lord and dear husband, I commend me to you. The hour of my death draweth fast on, and, my case being such, the tender love I owe you forceth me, with a few words, to put you in remembrance of the health and safeguard of your soul, which you ought to prefer before all worldly matters, and before the care and tendering of your own body, for the which you have cast me into many miseries, and yourself into many cares. For my part, I do pardon you all, yea, I do wish and devoutly pray God that he will also pardon you.

"For the rest, I commend unto you, Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father unto her, as I heretofore desired. I entreat you also in behalf of my maids, to give them marriage portions, which is not much, they being but three. For all my other servants, I solicit a year's pay more than their due, lest they should be unprovided for.

"Lastly, do I vow that mine eyes desire you above all things."

I said, that this letter might have wrung tears from stone. It is on record that it did wring tears from Henry. How far those were Egyptian tears, such as the crocodile is feigned to shed, he can judge, who is informed, that, after weeping, this most unkingly husband of that right royal queen, dispatched his right-hand rascal — I know no other word, in our strong Saxon tongue, wherewith to typify Solicitor-general Rich, or my Lord-chancellor Wriothesley — to Kimbolton, to devise means, whereby he might seize and convert to his own use, without paying her just debts, the miserable goods and chattels, the relics of the scanty wardrobe—not equal to that of an English yeoman's goodwife—of her, his true queen, and the daughter of the mighty Ferdinand and Isabella, to whom, beside Castille and Arragon and Leon, Columbus had given a new world, beyond the Herculean pillars and the western sea.

Whether the king and his attorney succeeded in their scheme, history has not told us—if they did not, pettifogging Rich was not to blame for it. He advised his master, that to claim her goods, as his own, would be to acknowledge her his wife; and therefore suggested, that he should administer for her, as Princess Dowager of Wales, and then confiscate all, as insufficient for the charges of her funeral.

It matters not whether the advice was acted upon or no. The *animus*, the intent, are undeniable. The advice, in this case, condemns no less the receiver, than the giver. Such a servant must have had no other than such a master. Tacitus has recorded the atrocities of the Cæsars, he has told how they butchered their sisters, mistresses, wives, mothers, but it was left to the Defender of Faith and the first Head of the church of England, to cut the purses and rob the legatees of his victims.

As Katharine of Arragon, I know of no woman, recorded in veritable history, or portrayed in romance, who approaches so nearly to perfection. So far as it is permitted to us to see her character, without or within, there was no speck to mar the loveliness, no shadow to dim the perfection, of her faultless, christian womanhood. If anything mortal could be perfect, that mortal thing, so far as man may judge, was Katharine of Arragon.

"In the words of Dr. Harpsfield,* 'she changed this woful, troublesome existence for the serenity of the celestial life, and her terrestrial ingrate husband, for the heavenly spouse, who will never divorce her, and with whom she will reign in glory forever.'"

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* Quoted from Strickland's Queens of England, to whose research—although I differ *toto cœlo* from most of her deductions, and estimates of character—I gladly record my obligation.

her as Infanta of Spain, as Queen of [illegible], and as a [illegible] mand[illegible] for the dignity of her position.

[illegible] whether the [illegible] was [illegible] or no. The [illegible] are [illegible]. The [illegible] [illegible] no [illegible] than [illegible]. [illegible] have had no other [illegible]. [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] their [illegible] left to the Defender of Faith and the [illegible] of England, to cut the purses and rob the lockers of the [illegible].

As Katharine of Aragon [illegible] history [illegible] romance [illegible] nearly to perfection. [illegible] her [illegible] no shadow [illegible] womanhood. [illegible] that [illegible] thing, so far as [illegible] Katharine of Aragon.

In the words of Dr. Hueffer[illegible] [illegible] for the [illegible] her [illegible] will never divorce her and [illegible] forever."

[illegible]

ANNE BOLEYN.

MARRIED, 1533; BEHEADED, 1536.

> When passion taught a monarch to be wise,
> And gospel light first dawned from Anna's eyes.
>
> Gray.
>
> What daughter of her beauties was the heir?
>
> Byron, *Childe Harold.*

ANNE BOLEYN.

BORN, 1501–7; MARRIED, 1533; BEHEADED, 1536.

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> And gospel light first dawned from Anna's eyes.
> GRAY.
>
> What daughter of her beauties was the heir?
> BYRON.

CHAPTER V.

THAT female beauty has a magic spell, dazzling the eyes and bewildering the judgment of contemporaries, who, beholding its brightness, are under the direct influence of its power, is too notorious to be a matter either for marvel or comment. It is but the old story of that Athenian advocate, who, finding that, on the evidence, his frail client must needs be convicted of the crime laid to her charge, unveiled her charms to the eyes of the aged judges of the Heliæa, and won from them by the mute eloquence of that unrivalled beauty, the verdict, which he despaired of gaining by all his powers of oratory or argument, which had no innocence for its support. But that the mere report of loveliness, which their own eyes have never looked upon, and which they receive only at tenth hand from hearsay, when centuries have passed since that vaunted excellence of form and feature has mouldered into the all-equalizing grave, should warp the candor and disarm the judgment of grave and sober-minded historians, converting them into mere partisans, apologists, or even encomiasts, does, indeed, appear wonderful and unaccountable, but, not for that, is it the less true.

In two instances, especially, that of the unhappy lady, of whom it is my earnest aim and intent to draw a truthful portrait, having it still in mind, "naught to extenuate and naugh set down in malice," and that of the no less woful queen, Mary of Scotland, has this been the case.

In both cases, their charms, while they were living, so maddened the spirits of men and fascinated their understandings, that nothing approaching to an impartial censure of their conduct or characters could be expected from those, who looked upon them, where they were not manifestly hostile and influenced by religious hatred, only to admire, to love, and to deem them incapable of wrong. But it is strange, that to this day, men speak tenderly, pitifully, forgivingly, almost lovingly, of those two unhappy sirens, seeming to consider it almost a sacrilege to impute guilt, or attach suspicion, to creatures so enshrined in the halo and consecrated by the odor of grace and loveliness, as these two fair, and, it must out, frail, enchantresses of a bygone age. The tradition of their fascinations haunts us, as if it were a real presence; the memory of their sorrow melts, the bitterness of their fate revolts us. We feel, as if we sate in judgment on their reputations, as if we saw their pale, despairing faces, their deep, earnest eyes waiting our decision, and witching us to mercy, "in the scorn of consequence." We almost fancy, that to pronounce adverse sentence is to bid the beautiful heads roll again upon the gory scaffold, the lovely eyes and lips, again to quiver in convulsions, when held up to the gaze of the abhorrent spectators.

Another object stands in the way of the truthful historian of the lives of these fatally fascinating queens, whose love and favor seem to have brought misery or death to all on whom they rested—it is this, that in the case of each, their virtues or their vices have been made almost articles of faith by the partisans of two hostile religions, who have identified their causes with the characters of the unhappy ladies, and have gone all lengths, and hesitated at no expedients, to vilify their reputations or sustain their innocence.

The Romish party, justly attributing the English schism to the influence of Anne over the lustful and licentious despot, who shook off, in mere wanton wickedness, the yoke of Rome from the English neck, have assailed her memory with no less rancor, since her destruction, than her contemporaries, of the same creed, hunted her living to the block.

The Protestants have, in like manner, but with far less cause, since Anne was no more a Lutheran, than she was a follower of Mahomet, or a favorer of reform, except so far as regards the subversion of pontifical authority in England, which was with her merely a matter of policy and self-interest, not of religion, persisted as far and as blindly in her vindication.

Precisely opposite has been the course, adopted by the two religious parties, in the case of Mary Stuart, the Scottish Calvinists, with the fierce, intolerant, fanatic, Knox, at their head, and the English Protestant subjects of Elizabeth, combining to blight her memory, after cutting short the thread of her sad life; while the Papists as religiously maintained her purity, and still regard her as a martyr, almost canonize her as a saint.

The lives of both these ladies have been given to the public by authors of their own sex; but little can be said of their fairness or impartiality; naturally, perhaps, but, beyond doubt, unfortunately, they have chosen to buckler the cause of their sex, rather than that of truth; and the result — more particularly in Miss Benger's life of the hapless queen, now under discussion—has been, indeed, lamentable. It is not too much to say, that never was a work professing to be a history, so wholly unworthy of reliance. She omits all notice of dates, where to notice them would invalidate or controvert her theory; she resorts to vague probabilities, not only in lieu of, but in contradiction to, approved facts; and, in every possible way, manufactures evidence to suit her purpose, without the smallest regard to consistency or truth.

It is easy, it seems to me, to discern the difference between absolute innocence and absence of proved crime. It is possible to distinguish between illegal sentence, and undeserved punishment. Above all, as it is natural to sympathize with a person cruelly persecuted, unlawfully condemned, and murderously sacrificed to the lust of bloody vengeance, not to the majesty of the law–so it is unnecessary and untrue, to attribute all possible excellences and an absolute immunity from all reproach, to the victim of injustice, however flagrant, sanguinary, or atrocious, when that injustice is manifest, but in a single instance—and still more so, where the charges, although unsustained by sufficient evidence, are yet so countenanced by glaring probabilities, and self-evident presumptions, that it is as difficult positively to pronounce the judgment virtually unjust, as it is easy to declare it actually illegal.

I shall endeavor to lay the pitiful case of Anne Boleyn—for pitiful it is, although her conduct toward others was not such as to entitle her, in her own turn, to claim much pity for herself—faithfully, and charitably before my readers, not forgetting that it is a duty to lean to the side of innocence, where guilt is not manifestly proven, and to look with suspicious eyes on persecution, where the object of the persecutor is notorious. Of Anne Boleyn's early life but little can be positively ascertained, owing to her long-continued absence from England, and to the want of correct memoranda concerning a person, who was of little personal consequence, until her romantic rise and disastrous fall, after she had advanced, at least, toward maturity. The date, even, and the place of her birth are doubtful; the records and anecdotes of her youth are few and far between; and it was found necessary to treat so fully of her conduct, in relation to her predecessor, the august Katharine of Arragon, in making up the memoir of that sovereign lady, so closely were the threads of their fortunes and fates intermingled during the pendency of the proceedings for divorce, and of Anne's accession to her perilous, and, as it proved, disastrous dignity, that little remains to be given, beyond a brief recital of facts, up to the date of her royal rival's decease, and the commencement of her own decline.

It is stated by Lingard, a most industrious, laborious, trustworthy, and generally impartial writer, that Anne Boleyn was born in the year 1507, but little more than a twelvemonth prior to Henry's accession to the throne. Miss Benger assumes the date, without inquiry, as a fact; though she subsequently discredits it, in a note, which, apparently, is done without her being aware that she does so.

She was of illustrious, if not strictly noble, blood; of a family, which had long enjoyed a high degree of royal favor, and which was connected by intermarriage with many of the proud est and most ancient lines in the realm. Her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, who had distinguished himself in the late reign, fighting for the present king's father, against the Cornish insurgents, was the son of Sir William Boleyn, of Blickling Hall, in Norfolk, by Margaret, sister and coheir of Thomas Butler, the last earl of Ormond, and married Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the renowned Earl of Surrey, victor of Flodden-field, afterward raised for his services in that battle to the dukedom of Norfolk, which title had been previously in the family, till forfeited by his father for adherence to Richard III., at Bosworth, and which remains in it to the present day. This marriage brought Sir Thomas Boleyn into close connection with the blood royal; as his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Howard, created Earl of Surrey, on his father's elevation to the dukedom, who himself led the vanguard at Flodden, having succeeded his brother, Sir Edward, as lord high admiral, had married Anne Plantagenet, sister of Elizabeth of York, wife of Henry VII., and mother of Henry VIII. He was, therefore, brother-in-law to the king's aunt; and to this, probably, is due the early and constant promotion of himself and his family to offices and places of trust, about or under the crown.

Hever Castle, in Kent, Rochefort Hall, in Essex, and Blickling Hall, in Norfolk, have all been named as the birth-place of Anne, but the evidences are strongly in favor of Blickling. Oral tradition still asserts the fact, which is believed even by the peasantry of the neighborhood; and the older portion of the mansion, which is coeval with her birth, was long supposed to be haunted by her domestic spectre. Blomefield, the historian of Norfolk, and the antiquary, Sir Henry

Spelman, in his Icena, the latter himself a Norfolk man, simply assert it to be her birth-place, as a matter beyond cavil.

"No fairer spot than Blickling," says Miss Strickland, from whom the above facts are derived, "is to be seen in the county of Norfolk.

"Those magnificent, arcaded avenues of stately oaks and giant chesnut trees, whose majestic vistas stretch across the velvet verdure of the widely-extended park, reminding us, as we walk beneath their solemn shades, of green, cathedral aisles, were in their meridian glory three hundred and fifty years ago, when Anne Boleyn first saw the light in the adjacent mansion.

"The room where she was born was shown, till that portion of the venerable abode of the Boleyns was demolished to make way for modern improvements."

Here, then, it may be assumed, the future queen of England was born, in or about the year 1501—not, with all deference to Lingard's authority, in 1507—when her lord and master, that was to be, was but ten years old. A difference of age so small as to set aside the possibility of the stupid and malicious slander, that she was Henry's own daughter; and coinciding nearly with Lord Herbert's estimate, who states, that she returned to England, on the recall of the English students from Paris, consequent on the declaration of war against Francis, which occurred in 1522; and that she was then in about the twentieth year of her age. It is also known, that she accompanied Mary, the beautiful sister of Henry VIII.–on her going to France as bride of Louis XII.–in quality of maid of honor, in the year 1514; which is not credible of a child of seven years, much less is it to be believed, that, on Mary's return to England a few months later, on her royal husband's death, so mere an infant, as she is represented to have been, should be continued in that office, with a second queen of France, Claude the Good, the lovely wife of Francis of Valois.

There is, however, evidence of her age, yet more conclusive, in a letter, yet extant, which she wrote to her father, on reception of her appointment as Mary's maid of honor, and which is evidently the composition of no child, but of a mature-minded and sensible young woman, containing more advanced ideas, than one would now expect from a girl of fifteen years. It is, moreover, certain, as we shall see hereafter, that, subsequent to her return to England, being about twenty years old, she had love passages of some considerable duration, and, as some have affirmed, a contract of marriage with Henry Percy, son of the Earl of Northumberland. Now, Henry Percy was married to Mary Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, in the year 1523, after his flirtation with Anne had been brought to a close, by the interference of Wolsey and the young lord's father, at Henry's positive command. This is, of course, conclusive as to the fact of her being born long prior to 1507, as alleged; since it is equally improbable, not to say impossible, that she should have been a maid of honor at seven, and that at fifteen she should have made so deep an impression on the mind of Henry, already a man of double her years, as to determine him on divorcing his lawful wife, in order to make so young a creature queen.

It is not stated, positively, that she was present at the meeting of the kings of France and England, at the field of Cloth of Gold; but as both the queens were sharers in the pomp, with their respective retinues, and as she was, at the time, Claude's maid of honor, it cannot be doubted that she figured in the show, though it is, surely, somewhat bold to speculate, with Miss Benger, on the chances of her having danced at a masque given in honor of Henry, on the occasion of his visiting her royal mistress.

After having remained some years—it cannot be stated with precision how long—in the service of Queen Claude, who was a lady something of Katharine of Arragon's stamp, pious, grave, devotional, and addicted to serious exercises and discipline almost conventual, more than to gayeties and court pleasures, Anne was tranferred to the household of the gayer, younger, livelier, though still perfectly discreet and virtuous, Margaret of Alençon, afterward queen of Navarre, of whose retinue she continued one, until the time of her recall to England.

It appears that the character of the young English maid of honor had been liable, from an early date, to aspersions and imputations of something more than levity, Francis I. having been named as too closely intimate with her, for her good fame; but it is just to say, that these tales have no more weight than this—that they prove her conduct to have been early marked with that extreme levity and indiscretion which, in the end, without, probably, any real criminality, brought her to death and shame; and that, in her desire for indiscriminate admiration, she cared little to preserve her character unstained by report, whether true or false, in its origin.

It is evident, from many different circumstances, that, in 1522, as a preliminary to the declaration of war, which ensued shortly afterward, the English students, at the university of Paris, and the English residents of superior class, were recalled to England, and among these came Anne Boleyn. There is reason to believe, moreover, that certain family reasons made her return desirable at this juncture, a dispute having arisen, and proceeded to a pitch of mutual exasperation, which perhaps threatened the public peace, between the powerful Or monds and Boleyns, concerning the inheritance of Anne's grandfather, the last Earl of Wiltshire. This strife, it was proposed, at the suggestion of the Earl of Surrey, to compose by the union of Anne with Sir Piers Butler, the rival kinsman; and it is stated, that Cardinal Wolsey wrote to France on the subject, previous to Anne's return, and a few months subsequent to the marriage of Mary, Anne's younger sister, and Henry's second mistress, to William Carey. It is worthy of notice, as it explains the false and horrible report, that Anne was Henry's own daughter, while it in no wise diminishes one's sense of disgust at all the proceedings of the brutal and lustful tyrant, that the step-mother of these unhappy sisters, a Norfolk woman of low birth, whom Sir Thomas married after the decease of his noble Howard wife, was much about the court, stood high in Henry's favor, and yet not above the suspicion of his love. The error between a real mother and a father's second wife, is easily reconcilable in the historian; but what must we say of the man, who could be so much as suspected of having two sisters, and a step-mother, as his successive paramours, and one of the three his wife, after consenting to be his mistress.

What became of the project of marriage with Sir Piers Butler, does not appear, but it probably never came even to a regular engagement, since Henry, who was singularly scrupulous concerning such technicalities, made no allusion to such precontract, prior to his nuptials, nor use of it when he was seeking a divorce, as he surely would have done, had he known or suspected the existence of any such.

Shortly after her return, however, Henry, lord Percy, eldest son of the Earl of Northumberland, who was precontracted, much against his will, to Mary Talbot, was struck by the charms and accomplishments of the new imported beauty, bedecked with all the fashions, graces and refinements of the French court, then as in all after time the *arbiter elegantiarum* of all the civilized world. Anne had been appointed, immediately on her arrival, maid of honor to the queen of England, as she had been already to two queens of France; Henry Percy, the descendant and namesake of the gallant Hotspur, was constantly in attendance on the cardinal, in whose household he was a principal gentleman. The young persons were, therefore, thrown into frequent contact, both in the saloons and the ante-chambers of royalty; they played their parts in the same pageants; danced in the same masques, and soon came to distinguish one another from all the members of the gay and festive company, and, although Anne was already the cynosure of many eyes, wooed, openly, by Sir Thomas Wyatt; admired, perhaps, secretly by Norris, who was afterward so unfortunately connected with her fate; and possibly—though this is a question—privately marked by Henry himself, as an object of adventure; of which fact, however, if it were one, neither she, nor any other, as yet, entertained a suspicion—from fancy and flirtation, they soon came to mutual love, if not to troth-plighting and private marriage contract.

By the direct orders of the king, Wolsey proceeded, in the first place, to take Percy to task for his conduct, and then, to bring the paternal authority of old Northumberland to his aid, in order to dissolve the unpalatable project, if not troth-plight. It is capable of proof, that the alleged cause of this measure was the engagement, existing on the part of both the lovers, to third parties; and it is quite within the scope of probability, that Henry's despotic temper, enraged by opposition to the will he had expressed in sanctioning Anne's marriage with

Piers Butler, had as much to do with his interference in the matter, as any fixed passion on his own part for the maid of honor.

Anne, certainly, at this time, apprehended nothing less than that she was beloved of the king; for we find, that, several years afterward, so late as 1527, while he was engaged in forwarding Henry's divorce from Katharine, Wolsey himself so little understood the extent of the king's infatuation, that he desired, and believed it possible, to bring about the union of his master, with a French princess, probably Reneè, the sister of Queen Claude.

What is certain is, that Percy was banished the court, and, in the autumn of this same year, 1523, was compelled to marry Mary Talbot, in compliance with his early betrothal; and farther, that Anne was dismissed from her situation about the queen, and was sent home in a species of disgrace.

From this period, until the end of 1526, or the commencement of 1527, Anne resided at Hever Castle, with her father and his second wife, whose union seems to have created a cool ness between the Boleyns and the noble house of Howard; and this coolness may have, in some degree, led to the ill-will so strongly manifested by the duke toward his unhappy niece, at the time of her trial for adultery and high treason. Of the conduct, deportment, or occupations of Anne, during her period of seclusion in the peaceful shades of Hever, no records exist, unless it be a local tradition, said to be preserved in Kent, that, the king on one occasion visiting Hever, Anne took to her chamber, on plea of indisposition, in order to avoid seeing the royal visitor—conduct which, if truly told, may point as well to coquetry as to either modesty or anger. Miss Benger chooses. gratuitously, to ascribe it to the virtue and discretion of Sir Thomas Boleyn, whom she supposes to have been so much alarmed by the indiscretion of Mary, and evident admiration of the royal lover for Anne, that he desired to discountenance the growing intimacy—an hypothesis utterly inconsistent with the known character of this cunning old courtier, who was commonly known as the *pick-lock* of princes, and whose undignified exertions to bring about the divorce, at all hazards, between the king and his lawful wife, so as to pave the way for his daughter's elevation, were so notorious as to provoke a public rebuke from Charles of Spain, when he visited Madrid as the king's commissioner.

About the time of the supposed visit to Hever, Sir Thomas was elevated to the peerage, as Viscount Rochefort, which is the second title to the earldom of Wiltshire, so long the disputed point between the Ormonds and Boleyns; and, in the ensuing year, Anne was recalled to court, where she resumed her old office, and, shortly after her return, received a magnificent set of jewels from the king, and became, at once, the object of his devoted attention, and impetuous solicitation.

A question has been raised, and even magnified into a point of importance, as to when and where Henry VIII. first saw or noticed Anne Boleyn, whether at Greenwich or York House, better known afterward as Whitehall; but to me it appears of less than no moment. For I much doubt, whether the king's agency in the affair of Percy had aught to do with personal admiration or attachment; inasmuch as it is scarcely conceivable that, if he banished that young nobleman in order to be rid of his rivalry, he would have driven the object of his illicit passion into the country, and abstained from all solicitation for a space of four years. Such an idea is neither con sistent with human nature in general, nor with the rash, furious and fiery impetuosity of Henry, in particular.

It may not be void of interest, to my fair readers more particularly, to select from the accounts of contemporary writers—all of whom well knew, and one of whom, the splendid poet-courtier, Sir Thomas Wyatt, loved her, dared to rival the king, himself, for her favor, and wrote her encomium after her ruin and death—some description of her person and accomplishments, when first she appeared in the court of Katharine.

"There was, at this time presented to the eye of the court," says Wyatt, "the rare and admirable beauty of the fresh and young lady, Anne Boleyn, to be attendant on the queen. In this noble imp, the graces of nature graced by gracious education, seemed, at the first, to have promised bliss unto hereafter times; she was taken at that time to have a beauty not so whitely clear and fresh, above all we may esteem, which appeared much more excellent by her favor passing sweet and cheerful, and these both also increased by her noble presence of shape and fashion, representing both mildness and majesty, more than can be expressed. There was found, indeed, upon the side of her nail, upon one of her fingers, some little shew of a nail, which was yet so small, by the report of those that have seen her, as the workmaster seemed to leave it an occasion of greater grace to her hand, which, with the tip of one of her other fingers might be, and usually was, by her hidden, without any least blemish to it. Likewise, there were said to be upon certain parts of her body, certain small moles, incident to the clearest complexions; and, certainly, both these were none other than might more stain their writings with note of malice, than have catch at such light moles in so bright beams of beauty, than in any part shadow it, as may right well appear by many arguments, but chiefly by the choice and exquisite judgment of many brave spirits that were esteemed to honor the honorable parts in her, even honored of envy itself."

Sanders, who is decidedly hostile to Anne, and who in every instance, where her character can be regarded in two lights, looks to the worst, thus speaks of her; and his account is agreeable to the pictures which the writer has himself seen of her, and in which, though the features, especially the eyes, are lovely, he can easily conceive expression to have been her predominant charm. "Anne Boleyn was in stature rather tall and slender, with an oval face, black hair, and a complexion inclining to sallow; one of her upper teeth projected a little. She appeared, at times, to suffer from asthma. On her left hand a sixth finger might be perceived. On her throat there was a protuberance, which Chateaubriant describes as a disagreeably large mole, resembling a strawberry; this she carefully covered with an ornamental collar band, a fashion which was blindly imitated by the rest of the maids of honor, though they had never before thought of wearing anything of the kind. Her face and figure were in other respects symmetrical; beauty and sprightliness sat on her lips; in readiness of repartee, skill in the dance, and in playing on the lute, she was unsurpassed. She was unrivalled in the gracefulness of her attire, and the fertility of her inventions in devising new patterns, which were imitated by all the court belles, by whom she was regarded as the glass of fashion."

"This gentlewoman," I quote from Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who, though in the main, favorable to Queen Katharine, is fair and candid enough toward her successor, "being descended on the father's side from one of the earls of Ormonde, and on the mother's from a daughter of the house of Howard, was from her childhood of that singular beauty and towardness, that her parents took all care possible for her good education. Therefore, besides the ordinary parts of virtuous instruction, wherewith she was liberally brought up, they gave her teachers in playing on musical instruments, singing and dancing; insomuch, that when she composed her hands to play and voice to sing, it was joined with that sweetness of countenance, that three harmonies concurred; likewise, when she danced, her rare proportions varied themselves into all the graces that belong either to rest or motion. Briefly, it seems the most attractive perfections were eminent in her."

After this passage, the historian proceeds to relate that "our king did not love her, at first;" and then, after narrating the circumstances of her love passages with Henry Percy, and the breaking off of that marriage, leaves it in doubt whether the cause of her anger toward the cardinal, which he emphatically mentions, arose from her ignorance of the king's passion, or from her preference of Percy. This doubt, dependent, in his own words, on a whether, Miss Strickland perverts into an assertion on his part, that Anne "would rather have been Percy's countess, than Henry's queen." This is the way in which ladies write history concerning ladies.* But, though the gallant cavalier will not undertake to pronounce upon the lady's intentions, he does testify very powerfully to the falsity of the charges of her being Henry's daughter, as also of her having been the leman of Francis I., and, moreover, vigorously insists on the reality of her beauty, of which, by the way, the eccentric lord was a competent judge. "As for the beauty," says he, "and handsomeness of Anne Bullen, which the same author," it is Rastal, of whom he speaks, "doth traduce, beside that it contradicts common sense, she having been, by their allegation, the minion to two kings, even that picture of hers, extant still with the Duchess of Richmond, doth sufficiently convince."

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* The passage in Lord Herbert, which Miss Strickland has thus distorted, and which I have been at some pains to hunt up, runs thus: "But Mrs. Bullen, whether that she were ignorant, yet, how much the king loved her, or howsoever had rather be that lord's *wife* than a king's *mistress*, took very ill of the cardinal, &c., &c.

Shortly after Anne's return to court, it is certain that the king began to make amorous assaults and lay violent siege to Anne's virtue; and it is no less certain, that for a time she resisted his addresses, with a constancy and steadiness of virtue, which no one has the right to attribute, as I certainly have not the desire to do so, to anything but unfeigned modesty. After a first repulse and rebuke, Henry declared, it seems, that he should persist to hope, and her reply has been preserved—"I understand not, most mighty king, how you should retain such hope; your wife I cannot be, both in respect of mine own unworthiness, and, also, because you have a queen already. Your mistress I will not be."

This is the language of virtue, and by virtue, I doubt not, it was prompted. Her ambition was not yet awakened; she had no reason to dream that she ever could become the king's wife, or that he had either the idea or the power of making her so. The subject of the divorce had not yet been mooted; nor was it a thing likely to occur to the mind of a young woman, who knew, doubtless, that the king had indulged himself in illicit loves before—once with her own sister—and who would, of course, naturally suspect him of entertaining the same and no other intentions toward herself.

I regard, therefore, the imputation of some authors, that, from her first acquaintance with the king, or even so late as 1527, she had a design to supplant the queen, and that she held back only in coquetry, with a view to increase his ardor, and not from modesty or virtue, as purely malignant and cruel. There is no rule more imperative, whether in forming private judgments, or in criticising the conduct of historical personages, than that good motives must always be ascribed, not only to good, but even to questionable actions, until evil motives are decidedly proved. In this case, and up to this time, Anne's conduct was irreproachable, and it is unmanly, as well as unjust, to attribute baseness, where no baseness is shown. At this period, and much later, I doubt not Anne Boleyn would have chosen to be the wife of Percy, or of any other loyal gentleman, rather than to be Henry's mistress, nor, I believe, did she ever become the latter, until she was assured that the king was determined to make her his wife, and until she believed that the divorce would be sure and easy of attainment. It was about this period, that the divorce was first mooted, and Wolsey sent abroad to procure it, by tampering with the pope, the king of France, and other powers, whom it was believed that the offer of English alliance would induce to favor the king's wishes. But it was not until his return from France, that he learned, and on learning endeavored by all means to combat, his master's resolution to raise Anne to the throne. This the cardinal opposed, not from dislike, as has been absurdly argued, to Anne, much less from any doubt of her leaning to Lutheran or Wickliffite doctrines, to neither of which, as Lord Herbert clearly shows, had she ever the smallest tendency. "And for her religion," says he, "there is no probability that it should be other than what was commonly profest. Since it appears by original letters of hers, that she was a special favorer of the clergy of that time, and preferrer of the worthiest sort of them to ecclesiastical livings, during her chief times of favor with the king. Though I will not deny but upon his defection from some articles of the *Roman* church, she might also comply." The same testimony is borne by Archbishop Cranmer, in his letter to the king, at the time of her condemnation; in which he declares, "that he loved her formerly, because he thought that she loved the gospel." And on this expression Lingard well observes, in a note, "from this and similar expressions, the queen has been represented a Protestant. She was no more a Protestant than Henry. The 'gospel' means the doctrine professed by Henry; had the archbishop meant anything else he would have only accelerated her ruin." This is, indisputably, true; the only article, in which Henry differed from the Roman church, was that which rendered it *Roman*, its dependence on the Bishop of Rome, as its head. He maintained all its most ultra and offensive doctrines to the end, and was on the point of putting his last wife, Katharine Parr, on her trial for heresy. Had Anne Boleyn been a Lutheran, Henry would have been at no pains to prove her an adulteress, or to divorce her, but would have sent her to the stake as a heretic. At this time he had just been engaged in writing against Luther, and had newly received his title of "Defender of the Faith."

It was not, therefore, from dislike to Anne, it was not from disapprobation of her religious tenets—for she had no more religious tenets of any kind, than any gay, volatile, fashionable girl, brought up in licentious courts, is like to have—least of all, was it to subserve his own interests, that he opposed Anne's elevation, for those would evidently have been advanced by the advancement of the king's favorite, and the promoting the king's wishes. His opposition to Anne was founded on his conviction, as an English statesman, that the raising of a private gentlewoman to the throne was in every way impolitic, and injurious to English interests, as tending to alienate and affront foreign princes, to breed intestine strifes, and to give undue preponderance in the state, to private families. And he was in the right; for, from the days of Elizabeth Woodville such have been the results, in every instance, where an English gentlewoman has been made an English queen.

From this moment, however, begins a total change in Anne Boleyn's character and conduct. From this moment, she conceived the idea of becoming Henry's queen, and commenced dealing her cards, for that game. From this moment, we find her a finished coquette, playing fast and loose, hot and cold, as Henry appeared more or less urgent and enamored. At about this period she encouraged the addresses of Wyatt, who was now a married man, to such a degree as to excite his hopes—illicit hopes, for they could have been no other — so far as that he braved the rivalry of the king; and by this means inflamed Henry's passions to the height of jealous fury.

Wyatt, it appears, while toying with the maid of honor, on some occasion, as she sate at her embroidery frame, snatched from her a jewelled tablet and chain, and hung it about his neck, under his doublet, vowing that he would ever wear it for her sake. Henry, about the same time, despairing of winning her to he his mistress, began to court her to marriage, and took from her a ring, which he ever after wore on his little finger as a love token.

Of this matter of the ring, Miss Benger observes, that this ceremony, "had it been performed before witnesses, would have been equivalent to a solemn betrothment." That lady, in her eager advocacy of her heroine, probably meant something, or other, by this ceremony of betrothment; but, except in Utah, I am aware of no place in which a married man's betrothment to an unmarried girl is valid; or where her reputation would not be damaged by such a betrothment. I mention this fact, merely to show how strangely literary partisanship may operate to blind the clearest minds. There never was a more virtuous lady, or one to whom an idea of moral turpitude, in real life, would have been more abhorrent, than Miss Benger; and yet, in her zeal to bolster up Anne Boleyn's reputation, we find her inventing, as exculpatory, a circumstance which, if true, would have been most condemnatory of her — her betrothment to a married man, during his undisturbed cohabitation with his first and lawful wife.

But to return to the tale—a day or two after he had gained the ring, the king was playing at bowls, in high glee and good humor, with the Duke of Suffolk, Sir Francis Bryan, and Wyatt, when there chanced to be a disputed cast, between Henry and the latter knight. The king claiming it, while Wyatt and his partner declared that "by his leave it was not so," the former bethought him of the other rivalry between himself and his fellow-bowler, and, thinking to abash him, pointed with his little finger, on which Anne's ring was conspicuous, to the disputed bowl, and exclaimed, with a meaning smile, "I tell thee, Wyatt, it is *mine*."

Thereupon, Wyatt drew out from his bosom Anne's chain and tablet, and retorting, "And if it may like your majesty to give me leave to measure the cast with *this*, I have good hopes it will yet be *mine*," proceeded to measure the ground. But

Henry, in high dudgeon, spurned away the bowl, and broke up the game, crying, "It may be so, but then I am deceived."

Three things strike one as remarkable in this story, which is related by Wyatt himself; first, the singular equality, which this bluff, cruel, despotical tyrant admitted, in privacy, with his associates; secondly, the unquestionable evidence, which it affords, that the pursuit of Henry, thus far, was regarded, by his nearest friends, as merely licentious — for, had it been imagined, for a moment, that he was courting her to be his wife, no man dared, for his life, to woo her ostensibly to infamy—and, thirdly, to call it by no harsher name, the shameless levity of the girl, who would suffer herself to be the object of amorous rivalry, between two married men, one of them the husband of her royal mistress, whom henceforth, it cannot be denied that she was endeavoring to supplant.

From this time forth, Anne Boleyn took the lead in all the pageantry and splendor of the court; and she now began to assume a state, to which she was in no wise entitled, and which greatly exasperated those of the lords, who retained any feelings of loyalty or independence, and the common people, generally, against her. Once, during the dreadful pestilence, known as the sweating sickness, partly struck with a sort of pseudo compunction—for he seems to have been most unroyally afraid of the plague — partly from a desire to cajole the pope into a belief of his submission, Henry suffered her to retire to Hever, where he plied her with the most ardent love letters, to which she replied, so as to keep him up to fever heat, without surrendering herself to his passion. On her being taken ill herself, with the pestilence, the king sent his own physician to attend her; and, so soon as she had recovered, she was again brought back to court, and reinstated in all her former splendor. After a short residence, however, still in the quality of maid of honor to her injured mistress, within the precincts of the palace, on the arrival of Cardinal Campeggio to try the question of divorce, she was again removed, as a matter of policy, and, in order to keep up an appearance of decorum, once more to the rural shades of Hever, where, though she withdrew reluctantly and even indignantly, she was cheered by constant love-letters, and frequent visits from the royal lover, who stole away, so often as opportunity offered, from his court at Eltham or Greenwich, and rode at the speed of his fastest horse to his lady-love at Hever, accompanied only by his two confidants, Weston and Norris, both of whom, it is strange and awful to relate, shared the fate of the then beloved and courted beauty. "Tradition still points to the hill, in front of the castle, where the well-known bugle announced the king's approach, and his impatience to be admitted to the beloved presence. At this welcome signal, the drawbridge was lowered, the gates were thrown open, and Henry found all his constraint and trouble overpaid by a single glance exchanged with Anne Boleyn." In this, which is quoted from Miss Benger, that lady sees nothing but platonic affection, nothing to detract from the fair maid of honor's unimpeachable delicacy, or to lead her to doubt the affection which she entertained for her noble and saintly mistress.

Miss Strickland, likewise, alludes to the romantic visits to Hever; describes the oak-pannelled chamber, from the casement of which Anne used to watch his approach; and the antique gallery, in which she used to have her stolen interviews with her lover; but, resolute as she shows herself to defend the corporeal purity of her heroine, in spite of the infallible evidence of dates, she cannot absolutely blind herself to the truth, that "if she abstained from compliance with the unhallowed solicitations of the king, it must be ascribed rather to caution than to virtue."

It must be admitted, in fairness, that from her letters, which are probably ascribable to this period of secession from court, and in one of which occurs the following remarkable passage—"I desire also, that if at any time before this I have in any way offended you, that you would give me the same absolution that you ask, assuring you that hereafter my heart shall be dedicated to you alone. I wish my person was so, too. God can do it, if he pleases"—one may infer that she had, as yet, maintained her personal purity, though all her delicacy of mind was, clearly, gone forever. Hereaftèr, however, she lived either in lodgings contiguous to the king's apartment, under the same roof with the queen, though keeping separate state, having a separate train, with chaplains, ladies in waiting, and a train-bearer, or in the splendid palace known as Suffolk House, immediately adjoining Whitehall.

On the 23d of July, 1529, the cardinal legates held their last sitting, and refused, in spite of all the instances of the king's advocates, to grant the divorce, referring the decision to the pope. The fury of Henry can be imagined; but the dark, silent resentment of Anne was yet more deadly and implacable. Once or twice, Henry seemed on the point of relenting toward his old friend and faithful servant, Wolsey, whom she was bent to destroy; but Anne's influence was too strong for him. On the last occasion he ever had to regain the king's ear, when an audience had been promised him, for the following morning, this wily woman carried off her lover on an equestrian expedition to Harewell park, provided a place for him, in which to dine, and there, "while he was dallying with her in the gay greenwood, at their sylvan meal," extorted from him the promise, never to see or speak to the cardinal again.

That promise—as ill promises, for the most part, are—was well kept. Even after his banishment to the see of York, Anne was, as Wolsey himself said, "a *night crow*, that possessed the royal ear against him, and misrepresented all his actions." She never pardoned him; not, when her first lover, Percy, now earl of Northumberland, whom his marriage with Mary Talbot had made the most miserable of men, arrested him at Cawoods, trembling, himself, with excess of emotion at thus sating his thirst of vengeance, and bound his legs, like those of the vilest malefactor, under the belly of his mule; not, when, in his touching address to the Abbot of Leicester, he "came, a poor old man, to lay his bones among them;" not, when he went to his long home, regretting only that he had not served his God as faithfully as he had his king. In the following year, Cromwell's scheme for the separation of England from the Papal see, and the granting of the divorce by an English court, was matured, and the measures were put in force for its accomplishment; and, forthwith, Anne took on herself all the pomp and dignity of queen. At Whitsuntide, 1531, Katharine was ejected from Windsor castle, repudiated from the bed and board of her wicked lord, and forbidden to associate with, or even see, her child. Her rival, at once assumed her apartments, her place at the banquet, at the council-board, in public processions, in private festivities, in everything except style and name, she was queen of England; and, to her ineffable disgrace be it spoken, to the orphaned and illegitimated child, and to all the friends and adherents of her fallen queen and rival, she showed herself, constantly, a cruel persecutress. It is idle to dispute the fact, that from this time, she was openly and ostensibly Henry's mistress. That she was so, a few months later, is evident from the date of her own marriage and of her daughter's birth. To the fact of her being *enceinte* of that daughter, she, unquestionably, owed it, that she was ever more than his mistress, or higher than the Marchioness of Pembroke. Her investiture with that title, argued ill for her chances of coronation; the positive refusal of Francis to bring with him any of the royal ladies of France, when he visited the king at Calais, proves how she was regarded abroad; the prospect of her bearing her lover an heir male made her a queen; and, shortly afterward, her failure to do so, brought her to the block.

It is a significant fact, that her sister-in-law, George Boleyn, Viscount Rochefort's wife — her father had been, now, created Earl of Wiltshire — who was afterward the principal witness against her, and still later a fellow-sufferer with her cousin, Katharine Howard, was at this time committed to the tower, in consequence of her loudly expressed sympathies with Queen Katharine.

To about this date it is, that we must refer a strange story, to which one would hesitate to give credit, were it not related by Wyatt. It is worthy to be repeated, only because, as Miss Strickland well observes, "it shows her determination to be a queen, *coute qui coute*." The following are her words:—

"A book, assuming to be of a prophetic character, was, by some mysterious agency, placed in her chamber, one day. It seems to have been of a similar class with the oracular hieroglyphical almanacs of succeeding centuries, having within its pages certain figures, marked with the letter H, upon one. A, on another, and K on a third, which were expounded as the king and his wives; and to her person certain destruction was predicted, if she married the king. Anne, finding the book on her table, took it up, and, seeing the contents, called her principal attendant, a young lady, named Anne Saville—

"'Come hither, Nan,' said she, 'see here this book of prophecies. This is the king; this is the queen, wringing her hands and mourning; and this myself, with my head cut off.'

"Anne Saville answered, 'If I thought it were true, I would not myself have him, were he an emperor.'

"'Tut, Nan,' replied Anne Boleyn, 'I think the book a bauble, and am resolved to have him, that my issue may be royal, whatever may become of me.'"

In September, 1532, Anne was invested Marchioness of Pembroke, with ceremonies closely resembling those of a coronation, and, immediately afterward, repaired with the king to Boulogne and Calais, where he was to hold the conferences with Francis, regarding a reconciliation with Pope Clement II. Here it was that she met the slight, I have recorded above, in finding no French ladies, who should do her honor; but she was, in some sort, reconciled to the affront, by dancing with Francis, who, on the following day, sent her a present of a jewel, valued at fifteen thousand pounds. Here it was, also, that Henry promised his brother monarch, that he would proceed no farther with the marriage, until another attempt should have been made to gain the consent of Clement.

The circumstance of Anne's pregnancy, however, which appeared before any negotiations had been effected, precipitated matters. On the twenty-fifth of January, 1533, her marriage was performed, as has been related above, privately in the palace of Whitehall. On the twenty-third of May ensuing, the marriage of Queen Katharine was pronounced, by Cranmer, void and of no effect from the beginning, and its issue illegitimate. On the twenty-eighth of the same month, by the same prelate, the marriage of Anne and Henry was declared public and manifest; and was confirmed by him, by his pastoral and judicial authority; and, on the first of June, she was crowned, with unusual splendor, and conducted, in all the pomp and pageantry of the time, from Greenwich to the tower, as the royal Katharine had been conducted, three-and-twenty years before, by the same road which she was, herself, soon to travel on a darker errand. Miss Benger opines, that "although the present ceremony was perhaps not entitled to the same magnificence, which had been displayed on that occasion," the coronation of Katharine, "it might aspire to even superior elegance and taste, since its object was a woman in the prime of youth and beauty," &c., &c. The fair authoress, unfortunately, forgets that Anne Boleyn was, at the time of her marriage, in her thirty-third year, while Katharine of Arragon was but in her twenty-fifth; that, from the accounts of contemporaries, more particularly Sir John Russel, one of Henry's privy council, who directly compares her with Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour, it is very doubtful, if she were not equal, perhaps superior, in beauty to her successor, at the time of their respective marriages; and that as to the romance of their antecedents, and the interest attached to each, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, the patroness of Columbus, herself the nursling of the Alhambra, whose device was the pomegranate of the sunny Granada, the spotless Spanish infanta was as far superior to the child of the *picklock* of princes, the heiress of Hever castle, the concubine and bigamous bride of a wedded bridegroom, as light is to darkness, or the gorgeous sunshine to the twinkling of a farthing candle. On the seventh day of September, so unduly did the child-bed follow the nuptial bedding, was born the Princess Elizabeth, to the ineffable disappointment of the royal parents, though she was destined, after strange vicissitudes of fortunes, to reign as the greatest queen, who ever sat on the throne of England.

The following year was infamous for the judicial murder of the insane, epileptic nun, Eliza Barton, and of those most admirable men, barbarously sacrificed—I write it with regret—rather to the unrelenting hatred of the new queen, than even to the brute rage of Henry,—More and Fisher. The latter had been his tutor, whom he once affected to love and revere, above all men; the former had been his intimate friend, with whom he played practical jokes and jested, as with an equal; but who so well knew the tiger, with whom he was compelled to play, that he once observed to his son-in-law, Roper, after some unusual condescension on Henry's part, that the king, his master, was, indeed, a very gracious master, but that, "to win a small castle in France, he would very readily take his head off his servant's shoulders."

It is reported that, when the news arrived that More's execution had taken place, Henry was playing at tables with Anne, and that, on receiving the tidings, he started up, with a "Thou art the cause of the death of this man," left the room, and shut himself up in his own apartment, in great perturbation of spirit. If, however, his repentance were true, it was no less short-lived; it did not prevent him from reducing the innocent wife and orphan children of his victim, as nearly as it was in his power to do, to beggary and starvation. The pope, on the 30th of August, in the succeeding year, 1535, thundered his anathema, against Henry and Anne, unless they should forthwith separate, and declared their issue illegitimate; and her resentment at this attack led Anne to favor, in some degree, the rising party of the reformation. But, as she held to the doctrine of transubstantiation and to the entire ritual of the Romish church, it is idle to call her a Protestant. During her period of ascendency, moreover, Frith, Bilney, and many other eminent reformers, perished in the flames, without her making, so far as the records show, the smallest effort to rescue them; although, says Miss Strickland, justly, "it could not have been harder to save them, than to destroy her political adversaries." That she did favor and patronize Tindal's translation of the scripture and procure for it Henry's sanction, and that she was liberal, even to profusion, in her charities, is infinitely to her credit. I would willingly admit her to have been, as Miss Benger will have it she was, an earnest pupil and patroness of Latimer; but I find that she quotes, as authority, only that very school of Protestant writers, who have assumed that, because she was the original cause of the schism of Rome, Anne was herself a Lutheran, and "a most sainted queen, oftener upon her knees than on her feet,"—an assumption of no weight, whatsoever, and utterly controverted by all ascertained facts. In this year, Friar Peyto boldly preached, before the face of Henry and his new bride, in the royal chapel, at Greenwich, denouncing his divorce from Katharine, and threatening that the dogs should lick his blood, as they had done that of Ahab; a prophecy, which, by a curious chance, was fulfilled, no less than that, threatening Anne with decapitation, in case of her supplanting Katharine. It is, perhaps, yet more curious, that Henry only laughed, and suppressed the monastery, without either beheading or burning the monk. About this time, it is certain, that a great change came over Anne's conduct, and the demeanor of her court and ladies; from this time, date the beautiful tapestries of Hampton Court, which, I think it is sufficiently authenticated, are the work of her hands, and of those of her maidens; she is said, also, to have labored in making garments for the poor; and this her Protestant biographers, would attribute to the influence of Latimer and Lutheranism. I ascribe it to the growing indifference of Henry, which, doubtless, was visible to his wife, who had watched, with interested eyes, the progress of the same feeling toward her predecessor; and which she seems to have attributed to the increasing influence of her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, at the head of the men of "the old learning," who avowedly hated her, and who were anxious, as she fancied, to reinstate Queen Katharine in her stead, and reconstruct the church of the ancient religion.

To this feeling of insecurity and apprehension, more than to any real cruelty, do I attribute her triumph, odious and revolting as it was, at the death of Katharine. Katharine had never wronged her; she could not, therefore, cherish feelings of resentment or hatred against Katharine. But she feared her. And of all passions, fear is the most cruel. She feared Wolsey, Fisher, More, and, fearing, she destroyed them. She feared even the desolate orphan, Mary, and she was a cruel stepmother to her.

All cruellest of men have been cowards — Augustus, Tiberius, Nero, Hebert, Marat, Robespierre — perhaps, the reason why the English and the Americans are rarely, if ever, cruel, is because they are rarely, if ever, cowards. I believe, I hope, the source of Anne Boleyn's cruelty was her cowardice.

If it were, she was mistaken. She dreaded Katharine, in her aguish prison-castle at Kimbolton; she overlooked the treacherous handmaiden, who sat on her husband's knee, and kissed his lips in her own absence, by her own fireside. She was soon to find her out, to her despair and ruin. She was at the height of her hopes, she was again to be a mother; if the expected heir should be granted to her prayers, her empire over her Henry was assured forever. She came suddenly into her private apartment, and there she found Jane Seymour, her own maid of honor, supplanting herself, even as she had supplanted Katharine. She sate in Henry's lap, caressing and receiving caresses. Anne burst into such an agony of hysterical paroxysms, that Henry himself was alarmed—not for the wretched wife of whom he was aweary, but for the unborn son, for which he longed with such impotent desire. He called her "sweetheart," he bade her "be at peace, and all should go well with her." But it was too late. Peace never again came near to her. Agony of mind brought on agony of body. Premature travail followed, and, after undergoing much anguish and infinite danger, she bore a dead son, on the 29th of January, who, had he been born living, would have made her a queen indeed. But therein it was seen, how

> "this even-handed justice
> Commends the ingredients of the poisoned chalice
> To our own lips."

No pity, no sympathy, no relic of once ardent love touched the cold, cruel despot. He burst furiously into his suffering wife's chamber, and savagely upbraided her with the loss of "his boy."

Rashly and angrily, but, surely, on sufficient provocation, she retorted, that "the fault was his own, if he were disappointed; for the loss of the child was all owing to her distress of mind, about that wench, Jane Seymour." Henry's answer was worthy of him. Few other men were ever born capable of such an one. "She should have no more boys by him;" he said, and banged, sullenly, out of the apartment.

She recovered her health slowly, but she knew too well that her influence was at an end. "When she found," says Miss Strickland, but without giving her authority, "that she had no power to obtain the dismissal of her rival from the royal household, she became very melancholy, and withdrew herself from all the gayeties of the court, passing her time in the most secluded spots of Greenwich park. It is also related, that she would sit for hours in the quadrangle of Greenwich palace, in silence and abstraction, or seeking joyless pastime in playing with her little dogs, and setting them to fight with each other." What sadder scene can fancy conjure up than this? What thoughts, what memories, must have swept over that soul, once so gay and thoughtless, in those moments of agony? How little was her mind really there, with the sports or the quarrels of the spaniels, which she probably felt were the only things, now left alive, which loved her. Her original friend and patroness, Mary of France, the sister of Henry, was no more; her husband, Suffolk, is assumed by all the lady biographers of this hapless queen, to have been her enemy, though I must aver, that I have found no evidence of the fact, but rather presumption of the reverse; since his insult to Wolsey, on the refusal of that cardinal to pronounce the divorce of Katharine, savors, to say the least of it, of good will to Anne. The Duke of Norfolk, the Lord Thomas Howard, of Flodden fame, though her uncle, *was* notoriously hostile to her, as he was to all his family, who had countenanced the claims of the old duchess Agnes of Norfolk, in a certain family feud of long standing. The Lady Rochefort her brother's wife, was, it does not appear why, her deadly enemy. Even the gentle Surrey, the poet, the scholar, the lover of the sweet and graceful Geraldine, and the young Duke of Richmond, the king's illegitimate son, who had married Anne's cousin, the Lady Mary Howard, were ill-disposed toward her. Family feuds had broken up the family connection; and it appears that, since the second marriage of Sir Thomas Boleyn, there had been little friendship or cordiality between his house and that of his first wife's relations.

Whatever was the cause, or the nature, of her forebodings, they were soon proved to be too true. All the rest is horror, mystery, cruelty, suppression of the truth, by authority, manufactured evidence, founded on perjury, and followed by judicial murder. The whole is inscrutable, at this distance of time; and it is useless to attempt to decide, authoritatively, in the absence of all responsible testimony, on the guilt or innocence of the parties. All that can be done, is to state the facts of the case, the nature of the proceedings, and the adumbrations of suspicion, for there is, in truth, nothing stronger than this, on either side, by which to judge even of the probabilities of the question.

On the twenty-fourth of June, a secret committee of the privy council was assembled to inquire into the charges against the queen; on which sate the Duke of Norfolk, her uncle, the Dukes of Suffolk and Richmond, her own father, the Earl of Northumberland, her former lover, and some of the judges. "It has been supposed that her father did not attend," says Miss Strickland; but who supposes it, or on what grounds, she omits to state. It must be admitted, however, that the presence of these two latter noblemen, who certainly were friendly to Anne, on the committee, does not look like an at tempt to pack a jury for condemnation. The committee reported, that there was cause to believe her guilty of incontinence with Brereton, Weston, Norris, the king's musician Smeaton, and—what is, indeed, incredible—with her own brother, Rochefort, against whom the sole testimony was his own wife.

What follows, becomes, at every step, more embarrassing, more incomprehensible; and renders it, more and more, difficult to form a reasonable opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the parties. The incredible levity and familiarity, toward parties so infinitely below her station, as the king's player of virginals, and the sufferance, which she gave to him and others, of talking to her in the loosest strain of gallantry, would argue strongly against Anne's chastity; did not the open and unconscious carelessness, with which she herself detailed the conversations, render it almost impossible to believe that any woman, possessed of one grain of understanding, could, if guilty, have been mad enough so to criminate herself.

That there existed nothing resembling legal evidence against her, or her alleged accomplices, may be taken for granted; since, if any had existed, it would, of course, have been produced publicly. But it must be remembered, that the rules of law were not enforced in those days as now — that, strong presumptions were, it should seem, occasionally allowed to weigh in absence of direct proof — and, above all, that, by a strange perversion of justice, the king's accusation, alone, was supposed to have, *per se*, a certain preponderance, for which allowance was to be made. On the other hand, it is worthy of remark, that not one of the men, all of whom died before Anne, and consequently whose assertions on the scaffold *might* have availed something to save the hapless lady's life, and *would*, undoubtedly, have gone far to clear her reputation, one of them being her own brother, accused of the most horrible and unnatural of crimes, said one word, either in confession or denial of his guilt; unless it were Mark Smeaton, the musician whose last words are susceptible of a double meaning. Again Anne herself, died, and said nothing to the point, although Kingston, the lieutenant of the tower, expected that she would declare herself a good woman, for all men, but for the king She, however, also died silent, either of confession or denial.

It has been suggested that intimidation, or persuasion, might have been brought to bear upon the fears or the loyalty of the victims; and it is asserted that a promise, not to reclaim against the king's justice, had been extorted from them, which they would not break *in extremis.* Those were strange times, I readily admit. "Henry was a marvellous man, and had marvellous folk about him." But I cannot give credit to such an absolute anomaly as this. To persons, under sentence of inevitable death, there can be, one would say, no farther intimidation, since to persons of rank, torture was inadmissible. To persons, wrongfully convicted of base and unnatural crimes, there could be no persuasion, or sense of loyalty, so strong, as to overpower just resentment, and stifle natural indignation. To gentlemen, and men of honor, there could be no stronger feeling, than the desire to rescue a beautiful, innocent, and beloved woman, from an infamous death and a dishonored name.

Lastly, there is something in Henry's pertinacious, deadly, and insatiate rage against Anne, which makes it difficult to be believed, that he had no other object in view than to get rid of her. When Katharine died, he wept; when he had freed himself from his links matrimonial with "the Flanders mare," Anne of Cleves, he treated her as nearly like a gentleman as he was capable of doing, and maintained always a show of decorous respect, and even of friendship, toward her; when he had discovered that, in the case of the miserable Katharine Howard, he had been subjected to

> "The very fiend's arch mock,
> To lip a wanton and suppose her chaste,"

he would not have shed her blood, would she have allowed him, by confessing a precontract, to obtain a divorce, without proving her guilty of adultery.

But in the case of Anne Boleyn, when either the divorce, or the death, would have sufficed to set him free, he must wreak on her the agonies of both; he must mutilate her sweet body, annihilate her fair fame, declare her not merely an adulteress, but incestuous, and bastardize her innocent child, even while he admitted it to be his own — and all this, at the expense of so glaring an inconsistency, if he had ever stickled much for consistency, as the slaying a woman for adultery, alleged to be committed in breach of a marriage, which was declared, in the same breath, never to have existed at all, being null, void, and of no effect from the beginning.

On the day of her murder, he donned his gayest garb, and sat waiting the firing of the fatal gun and the hoisting of the black flag, which should announce her death, on an eminence, in Richmond park, commanding a distant view of those "towers of Julius, London's lasting shame," and when the signal shot was fired, bade them uncouple the hounds, and away! to a fresher, if not a fairer bride.

In everything save the wildest and most raving madness, there is some touch of method; here, there is not a glimpse, even of reason. Even the tiger, when he is neither crossed nor hungered, ceases to slay. Even Henry VIII., though, verily, he spared neither man in his anger nor woman in his lust, though he recklessly crushed everything which crossed his path, which excited his apprehensions, provoked his wrath, or opposed itself to his pleasures, he never, so far as I can find, killed for the mere love of killing. Anne he certainly loved once, and unless, at least, he suspected a cause, one does not see why he should hate her with a hatred to be satiated only by such a vengeance, even if he were aweary of her. Of the rest, the reader can judge as well as the historian.

On the twenty-eighth of April, the committee reported on the charges, and sent Brereton to the tower. Several days before this, Anne would appear to have had some intimation of what was in the wind; for she gave a solemn charge to her chaplain, Mathew Parker, in regard to the religious education of her daughter, Elizabeth, which that good man spoke of, in that daughter's reign, as binding him with a most solemn obligation.

On the 30th—this, be it understood, on her own showing—when she foresaw the coming storm, she saw Mark Smeaton, who, for his musical skill, had been promoted to be her groom of the chamber, standing melancholy and musing, in one of the windows of her presence chamber. In this position, she went up to him, and asked him "why he was so sad." "It is no matter," he replied; but, unless she had admitted it herself, no one could believe that she would have had the incredible folly to say—"You may not look to have me speak to you as if you were a nobleman, because you be an inferior person." Or that he should have replied to his queen, and that queen

Henry's, unless there had been much previous encouragement, "No, no, madam. A look sufficeth me."

On May-day, there was a great jousting match at Greenwich, in which Rochefort was the principal challenger, and Henry Norris one of the defenders. The pageant was unusually splendid, Anne being there, for the last time, in state, as queen, beside her savage lord. Suddenly he rose, in the midst of the sports, with a furious visage, left his balcony, and took his way homeward, attended by six confidential attendants, among whom was Norris, though he had been previously arrested at the barriers, for high treason, together with Rochefort, and Sir Francis Weston.

There is a tale mentioned by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, but by him disallowed, as of slight authority, to the effect, that the king's rage was excited by the dropping of the queen's kerchief into the lists, which Norris picked up, and, after wiping his face with it, returned on his lance's point. I discard it utterly—not because it is wholly improbable, and at variance with the manners of the time; though that were cause enough. But because it conflicts with ascertained facts. The charges were before the privy council, six days before the alleged discovery.

Anne remained at Greenwich, unconscious, says Miss Strickland—though that can hardly be—of what had occurred, until the following day, when she was arrested at the dinner table by Kingston, the lieutenant of the tower, and conveyed to that gloomy fortress, where she was lodged in the apartment which she had occupied on her coronation night. In riding home from Greenwich, it appears that the king conversed apart with Norris during the whole ride, endeavoring to induce him to obtain mercy, by the confession of his guilt. Miss Strickland positively asserts that he denied it, and stoutly refused, to the end, to criminate the queen. Lingard, on the other hand, states, that on examination before the privy council, Norris, at the earnest solicitation of Sir William Fitzwilliam, did confess—of this Lord Herbert states nothing, nor can I discover the authority on which either statement is made. Smeaton, undoubtedly, did confess; but it is almost certain, that he did so under the rack, which could, at that time, be legally used on persons of his condition.

Every illegal means were used to extort evidence, and to entrap the unfortunate queen into admissions which might serve in lieu of testimony against her; she was surrounded in her prison-house by lady spies, who impudently cross-examined her, and then conveyed to Cromwell the smallest word she uttered; even her passionate exclamations of grief and broken interjections, were watched and noted, to be used against her. Thus we have no minutes of the proceedings, no notes of the evidence, no positive knowledge of what crime, whether adultery, or compassing the death of the king, she was found guilty, though it appears probable it was on the latter ground—and in respect of the reasons why her marriage was pronounced null, and of no effect from the beginning, we only know that the act of divorce bears in itself the record, that those reasons are to be taken for granted, as if they were therein recited. But, at the same time, we have every casual word which she let fall, or which was extorted from her by impertinent and intrusive cross-questioning, duly transmitted on the page of history.

It is only clear, that she was in extreme perturbation of mind, now in the highest exaltation of levity, now in the depth of dejection, now declaring that some great calamity should befall the country, and now that no more rain should fall in England, if she were put to death. Now laughing wildly, and jesting hysterically, but still declaring that she was a good woman, to all but the king, and that whoever might accuse her she could only say, "Nay! nay! nay! and they had no witnesses." At one time she would express a childish interest in the prisoners, asking if "they had any one to make up their beds for them;" and then again would reproach them in their absence, for confessing against her—Norris more especially—which gives some cause to believe that he did confess; and lastly, she would complain, that they should all die, together, on a false charge. The strongest things brought against her are her own admissions, to the prying ladies, who were employed to entrap her. Mrs. Cosyns, it seems, asked her "how Norris had come to say, to her almoner, on last Saturday, that he could swear that the queen was a good woman?" "Marry," said Anne, "I told him to do so, for I asked him why he did not go on with his marriage, and he made reply, that he would tarry awhile. 'Then,' said I, 'you look for dead men's shoes, if aught but good should come to the king, you would look to have me.' Then he denied it, and I told him I could undo him, if I would; and then we fell out." In the like manner, she admitted that she had told Weston, "that he did love her kinswoman, Mrs. Skelton, and did not love his wife, and he answered her again, 'that he loved one in her house better than them both?' She asked him 'who?' to which he replied, 'yourself,' when she defied him."

It is true that this is not, legally, evidence at all; most of all, not evidence of adultery; it should be, however, remembered, that the Duke of Buckingham was condemned, for compassing the king's death, merely on account of words spoken, much to the same effect—between compassing and contemplating, little distinction was drawn. Unless it be on Smeaton's confession under the rack, it is probably on this ground that she was convicted, by her own admissions; and her sentence "to be burnt," seems to corroborate this, such being the penalty for petty treason.

The inferior culprits were tried first, and all sentenced; Smeaton to be hanged, and the others beheaded. On the 10th of May, Rochefort and Anne were brought up to trial before twenty-three peers, selected as triers, out of the whole number of fifty-six, the Duke of Norfolk being lord high steward, and Lord Surrey, deputy earl marshal. The Earl of Northumberland was one of the triers, but he was, or affected to be, taken ill, before the arraignment of Lord Rochefort, and was not present at the trial of his old love. This I do not regard as wearing a fair aspect for Anne's innocence. It looks as if he felt that he should not be able to acquit in honor; and as if through feeling, he would not be present to convict.

All that is known beyond this is, that Rochefort defended himself eloquently and with spirit, but was convicted on the evidence of his own wife, who had once seen him lean over the queen's bed, and kiss her. It must not be forgotten that the queen was his sister. On this evidence, he was convicted of adultery and high treason, and condemned to die.

So soon as he was found guilty, Anne was called into court, held up her hand, and pleaded not guilty, without the least emotion. She defended herself with so much courage, wit and eloquence, that it was rumored, without the court, that she was sure of a triumphant acquittal; but it proved not to be so. She, too, on what evidence we know not, was found guilty of what crime we know not, and was sentenced to be beheaded or burnt, at the king's pleasure, receiving the decree of doom with unmoved dignity and spirit.

On the 16th of May, the male prisoners all died, firmly, and after this wise—Smeaton, before he was hanged, said, "Masters, I pray you all, pray for me; I have deserved the death;" leaving it in doubt, whether he would say for *that* crime, or for offences in general. Norris died, obstinately silent. Rochefort entreated the spectators to live according to the gospel; but uttered no word in reference to the charge for which he came to die. Weston deplored his folly in having given his youth to sin, and deferred repentance to old age. Brereton used these words: "I have deserved to die, if it were a thousand deaths, but the cause wherefore I die, judge ye not. If ye judge, judge for the best."

Anne was respited until the 19th, in order that she might give evidence before Cranmer's court—Cranmer, who had pronounced her predecessor's marriage null and void, and confirmed her own, as valid, and manifest by his own authority, pastoral and judicial; and who was now prepared to declare it, also, null from the beginning. It has never been shown what was the cause, admitted by Anne, which rendered her marriage void, or what induced her to make the admission, which deprived her daughter of the right of succession. The inducement to Anne was, it cannot, I think, be doubted, the commutation of the penalty from burning to beheading. The cause was not her precontract to Percy, for he had sworn before, and now repeated his oath, that such a precontract had never existed. Dr. Lingard has proved to my satisfaction, beyond the possibility of contradiction,* that it was Henry's own ante-connubial cohabitation with Mary, Anne's younger sister, though that cohabitation was illicit, which constituted his marriage with the elder sister incestuous. It was exactly the case of Katharine reversed. She, it was alleged, had lived with two brothers in succcession, as man and wife. And, though lawfully married, and by a regular dispensation obtained, her marriage was set aside as incestuous. In this case he had himself lived with two sisters, the first as his concubine, the second as his wife; and this fact rendered his marriage with Anne, on the same grounds as that with Katharine, incestuous, illegal, and void from the beginning.

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* See vol. vi., p. 247. End of vol. vi., note K.

On the nineteenth day of May, Anne came forth to die, arrayed in a dress of black damask, and, as it is said, resplendent with more than her wonted beauty. She had sent Lady Kingston, on the day preceding her death, to ask pardon on her knees of the Princess Mary, for all the wrongs she had ever done her; and she had displayed such buoyant cheerfulness of disposition, that she elicited from Kingston this remark, in his letter to Cromwell—"I have seen many men and women executed, and they have been in great sorrow; and to my knowledge, this lady hath much joy and pleasure in her death."

She did not, however, fulfill his expectation of professing her innocence, but, after some general confessions of unworthiness and as general praises of her cruel husband, performed her devotions, took leave of her ladies, gave her missal, as a last token, to her friend, Mistress Lee, sister of her old admirer, Sir Thomas Wyatt, who remained with her to the last, and then, with calm and cheerful intrepidity, gave herself up to the executioner.

It had been a strange caprice of Henry, that she should be beheaded with a sword, and not with an axe, as usual; and, for that purpose, the executioner from Calais, said to be a fellow of rare skill in his bloody trade, had been imported, to deal the fatal blow. Anne, it, is said, refused a bandage; and tradition records that the melting tenderness of her eyes disarmed the professional butcher, until casting off his shoes, he stole behind his fair victim, and terminated her sorrows at a single blow. It has been recorded by Spelman, that, when the head, yet bleeding, was held aloft by the executioner, the eyes and lips were seen to quiver, and the former to regard, with mournful tenderness, the body from which they were so cruelly dissevered; this, however, savors of romance more than of sober truth. Her remains were thrust, with indecent haste, into an old oak chest, which had formerly contained arrows, and are said to have been interred in the tower, with no religious ceremonies. But Wyatt asserts, in terms which have led many to believe that he was himself privy to their removal, that they were taken thence by night and laid in hallowed earth. It is worthy of remark, as in some sort confirming this tale, that in two several churches, that of Thornden on the Hill, in Essex, and that of Salle, in Norfolk, both contiguous to estates, owned by Boleyns, there are two nameless slabs of black marble, without inscriptions or armorial bearings, under each of which are believed to lie all the mortal remains of the beautiful queen. The popular traditions, both of which cannot, neither of which may, be true, seem to indicate a concealed knowledge, among the vassals of the house of Boleyn, that the body was, in fact, abstracted from the tower, and placed in holy ground, though the place of interment may well have been concealed, or its site forgotten.

To those who believe in true love sympathies, and deaths by broken hearts, it may be interesting to know, that the two persons who most truly loved this young and interesting woman, perhaps, the only two, who ever truly loved her, Wyatt and Northumberland, both followed her to the tomb within four little months.

A beautiful contrast this, to the brutal, bloated tyrant, waiting, on his eager horse, with his huntsmen and his hounds around him, until the dull roar of the culverin, booming down the wind, should tell him that the lovely form, which had so often slept softly on his bosom, was now a mutilated mass of gory clay, and then, amid the blase of bugles and the bay of bloodhounds, the clash of spur and stirrup, and all the clang and clatter of the chase, away to the nuptial orgies, at Wolf Hall in Wiltshire, away to the more recent toy, the newer, not the lovelier or the younger bride, the vain and treacherous Jane Seymour.

The tale is told. Such were her charms, her graces, her faults, her follies—such were her sorrows and her sufferings. What were her sins, or if she, indeed, had any, rests between her and her Maker. There let it rest. I cannot pronounce her guilty, I may not declare her innocent. I will not believe her the former until she is proved to be so. But there is nothing to forbid the chariest to shed a tear over her memory. If she were innocent, she was unhappy; if guilty, she was doubly so. If nothing in her life became her like the leaving of it, at least that became her well. A tear for Anne Boleyn.

JANE SEYMOUR.

MARRIED, 1536; DIED, 1537.

> The doom,
> Heaven, gives its favorites, early death.
> BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

> This fair child of mine,
> Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse.
> SHAKSPEARE, *Second Sonnet.*

JANE SEYMOUR.

BORN, 1501-7—MARRIED, 1536—DECEASED, 1537

The doom,
Heaven gives its favorites, early death.
BYRON.

This fair child of mine,
Shall sum my count, and be my old excuse.
SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER VI.

"But this queen certainly deserved all the favor done her, as being the discreetest, fairest, and humblest of the king's wives· though both Queen Katharine in her younger days, and the late queen were not easily paralleled." So says Lord Herbert of Cherbury, following, as his words show, the judgment he found expressed by others, not rendering his own. It does not surprise me, I confess, that Miss Strickland waxes wroth, at this passage, which she takes, though she misquotes it, even as I have taken it, for the exordium of her memoir of this queen's life. For it is, indeed, no easy matter to discover wherein lay her extreme discretion, unless it be in her conduct subsequent to her marriage with the king. As to her beauty, it is in no wise comparable to that of Anne Boleyn, or of the unfortunate Katharine Howard, if Holbein's picture in the Windsor collection, with which I am familiar, be a likeness, nor to that of Katharine of Arragon, at Versailles, if it be correctly described by Miss Strickland, who also mentions a far lovelier portrait of the Seymour in the Louvre, probably painted at an earlier period in life, than the Windsor likeness. Handsome, however, she must undoubtedly have been, for Henry knew well what beauty was, both in man and woman; and this lady won him away from the all-admired Boleyn, who to beauty united wit, grace and every accomplishment; while this, her successful rival, so far as one can judge, with perhaps the single exception of Anne of Cleves, whose only arts, like those of the king-maker's daughters, were to spin and to be chaste, was the least highly educated and refined of all the king's wives.

Humble, God wot!—as the fair Boleyn's royal daughter would have been apt to say—she might well be, since not only did she lack the cærulean blood, *sangre azul*, of Spain, which coursed in the thrice noble veins of the Arragonese infanta; not only was she unable to show such hot and high blood as that which flowed from the Howards and Ormonds, through the arteries of the murdered Boleyn; but, though the Seymours were unquestionably of gentle Norman origin, she could point to no ancestor who had ever gained historic name, nor to one of her own family, who had risen to higher rank in his own county of Wiltshire, than that of sheriff of the county, no one of the name having been ever returned knight of the shire. To compensate this, however, a fictitious pedigree was trumped up, by which a royal descent is claimed for Jane and her descendants, on the side of her mother, Margaret Wentworth; inasmuch as an antique Wentworth had intermarried with a Lady Percy, daughter of Hotspur, and granddaughter of Lionel, duke of Clarence. To give a color to this, Cranmer went through the farce of granting a dispensation, for nearness of kin between Henry VIII. and Jane; though it is notorious that the Lady Percy in question died without issue, and that, even, had the pedigree been true, the bridegroom and bride would only have been cousins in the fifth degree, which is without the scale of prohibited affinity.

Miss Strickland, however, who is admirable authority as to matters heraldic, and who has, under favor be it spoken, the nose of one of her own northern sleuth-hounds for a disputed pedigree, well observes that, if the royal kindred be doubtful, the plebeian blood is not so. For it is undeniable, that, by this alliance, the sovereign of England gained one brother-in-law, whose name was Smith, and another whose grandfather was, actually, a blacksmith at Putney—Jane's sister, Elizabeth, had married the son of the minister, Cromwell, whose origin was well known; and her sister, Dorothy, was the wife of Sir Clement Smith, of Little Baddow, in Essex.

Whether the Seymours had cause to be humble or no, it is very clear to me that the Smiths had cause to be proud of this alliance; their name was manfestly in the ascendant.

Jane Seymour was the eldest daughter of Sir John Seymour of Wolf Hall, Wiltshire; she was almost exactly of the same age as Anne Boleyn, which I have set down, at the head of her life, as dating variously from 1501 to 1507. This I have done, because both years are assigned to her birth, by writers of credit, though I doubt not, in the least, for reasons rendered in the text, that the earlier is the correct time, and that Anne was at least thirty-two, when she was married, if not in her thirty-third year, and thirty-six at the time of her decapitation. Jane is unanimously allowed to have been the eldest daughter of her father, who had eight children, one of whom, a son, younger consequently than Jane, was one of the children of honor to Mary of England, when Anne Boleyn accompanied that princess to France.

She could not, therefore, have been much younger than Anne, who, it will be remembered, was but fourteen, at the time of her going abroad. Miss Strickland produces plausible reasons for believing that, although in the first instance Jane was not maid of honor to Mary, she was probably herself in the train, and one of those younger girls who were permitted to remain, when the elder attendants were dismissed; and that she was subsequently promoted to the same rank with Anne. Her reasons for this conjecture are more than conjectural; the picture, above alluded to, in the Louvre, which our authoress confidently affirms, from its likeness to the more youthful English portraits of Jane, which are well ascertained to be no other than this lady, is entitled, in the French gallery, "Maid of honor to Marie d'Angleterre, queen of Louis XII." It hangs, moreover, as a pendant to a magnificent full length portrait of Anne Boleyn, likewise entitled, "Maid of honor to the queen of Louis XII." "These two well known portraits," she adds, "are clad in the same costume, though varied in ornaments and color. They are not now recognized in France as queens of England, but as companion *suivantes* of an English princess, queen of France." It represents a beautiful, full-formed woman of nineteen or twenty.

It may be added, that the English portraits of *Queen* Jane Seymour, which appear to represent a faded and delicate valetudinarian of three or four-and-thirty, have enough of the character of the younger heads, to satisfy any observer of the identity of the persons delineated.

Of no person, probably, who afterward became queen of

England is so little known, as of this most fortunate of Henry's wives—most fortunate, perhaps, because so little *is* known. It cannot even be ascertained, how she became, in the first instance, Anne's maid of honor. It is not improbable, that she came to her, as an appendage to the crown, from her own supplanted predecessor; that she entered Katharine's service with her, on their return from France; and learned, from observation of her own manœuvres, the art of supplanting queens in the affection of their lords.

I am not prone to take things for granted in history, or to presume possibilities into probabilities, and then assume probabilities as facts. But in this case, the coincidence of ages, of the pictures of the maids of honor to the same French queen, and the conjuncture of the same two women, as successive maids of honor in the English court, appear to justify a little stretch of the imagination. For all that we positively know of Jane Seymour, her first appearance on the historic stage is at the moment when she is found sitting on Henry's knee, utterly regardless of all the decencies and delicacies, which one would expect to find in a young woman of gentle blood and nature, yet not so young withal, as to be ignorant of the proprieties of the world.

How far her indecorous conduct was carried, we have no means of knowing. Its duration was probably not long; for the effect of the discovery of her vileness on Anne's unborn offspring, and consequently on Anne's hold on the king's affections, gave her the victory at once. There is a story, traditionally told by both Miss Aiken and Miss Strickland, though admitted to rest on no authority, that Anne first discovered the intrigue of her maid with her husband, from detecting a miniature of the king hanging about her neck; but this I discard, as I did, in the life of Anne Boleyn, the legend of the discovery of her guilt by the dropping of her kerchief in the lists at Greenwich, because it manifestly conflicts with ascertained facts. If Anne had been aware that there were love passages between Henry and Jane, she would not have been surprised, or thrown into hysterical paroxysms and premature labor by finding the maid of honor sitting on his knee. It was the first shock of knowing herself supplanted, and the perfect certainty of what was to follow, that overcame her. The first suspicion awakened, the rest follows, of course; and Anne had doubtless sat many times too often on Henry's knee herself, while Katharine was queen, to doubt that such was the natural, if not the necessary, consequence, of once admitting his addresses.

How long after the disgraceful discovery Jane remained at court, is nowhere told, but long enough beyond doubt to witness the ruin of her unhappy rival's last hope, for we know that, after her tedious convalescence, there was a struggle on Anne's part to procure the dismissal of her enemy; but, that failing, she fell into a stupor of despondency, from which she was aroused only by the crash of all her earthly fortunes. It is like, if the whole scene were told us out truly, as it is of Katharine's and Anne's matters, we might find that, when Boleyn retired to her premature accouchement, Jane took her place at Henry's banqueting board and council table.

But it is Jane's especial good fortune, that she alone, of all Henry's queens, was neither adopted, nor attacked, by either of the belligerent religions. The whole hatred of the Romanists was concentrated against the unhappy Anne, whom they regarded as the personal enemy of Katharine, the most Catholic, and as the head and front of the English schism. The extreme reformers, on the other hand, never rallied under Anne's party, which they did zealously and fanatically under that of Jane's son, Edward VI., who may be regarded as almost a Puritan king; so that, when Jane was dead and gone, they regarded her only as the mother of their Protestant king; while the Romanists equally upheld her, for her comparative kindness to Mary, the daughter of Katharine. The consequence is, that during her life the party of the Anglican church upheld her, because she was of their communion; the Romish church supported her, because she had overthrown their arch-enemy, Anne; and neither kept any watch on her proceedings, or took any heed of her short comings and transgressions. After she was dead, all parties, most causelessly, most unjustly, combined to glorify her. Before her marriage to the king, her conduct was the most heartless and cruel, and far from the least unchaste of that of any one of his least reputable queens; afterward, she was a mere passive, negative doll —a beautiful doll, probably, for, if not for her beauty, heaven knows there was nothing else for which Henry should have chosen her—but a most uninteresting, cold-blooded woman, and a most *faineante* queen.

I say she was not the least unchaste of his least reputable queens; and I say so, advisedly. I do not mean to say, positively, that she was the mistress of Henry, before her marriage with him, as Anne Boleyn was; or the mistress of some one else, before her marriage with Henry, as Katharine Howard was; but I do mean to say, that, as to her real chastity, it does not matter a pin's fee whether she was or was not. The girl, who will sit on the knee, and submit to the caresses of a married man, with the avowed intent of seducing him from his affection and fealty to his lawful wife, is capable of anything; and, to my thinking, is unchaste, though, from coldness of temperament, or caution, she may have preserved her person as unstained as that of Diana. Indeed, I can readily imagine one, who has fallen to the arts of the seducer, loving not wisely but too well, chaster and purer in soul, than she who, seducer herself, has kept a polluted mind in an unpolluted body. But the subject is an odious one, at best; almost as odious as "the discreetest, fairest, humblest wife" of the defender of the faith.

How long she tarried at the court, as I have said, is not to be ascertained; perhaps, she attended the queen in the balcony, during those fatal jousts at Greenwich; perhaps she was one of the ladies, who waited in silence round the dinner table, unwilling to be the first to disclose the horrid tidings, which they were not all unwilling to see arrive, while the fated sovereign wondered why the king's waiter came not, with his wonted compliment, "much good may it do you," until the *surnap* was removed, and Kingston and the cruel Duke of Norfolk came to remove her to the tower.

But she was not at the court, when the doom was pronounced, when the two-handed broadsword flashed, and the beautiful head fell. She was not at the court then. But it was from no sympathy, no pity, no delicacy of mind, no tenderness of heart. No! it was not, even, from the natural decency, which the vilest woman would assume, if she had it not. No! she was at her father's seat of Wolf Hall, in Wiltshire, fashioning the snowy robe, embroidering the bridal veil, wreathing the orange crown, mixing the bride-cake, drawing the marriage wine, red as the blood which must flow from another lovely woman's veins, before that festive draught can go round among the shouting company; and all that, while the heart was yet alive and warm and palpitating in untold agony, which must cease to beat, ere her happiness could be consummated. Atrocious, odious, abominable, as is the character of that detestable man and king, to me it seems gentle, genial, and commendable, as compared with that of the heartless, unsexed woman, who waited in her well named abode—it should have been a Wolf Hall truly to afford a den to so true a she wolf—with eager eyes and panting heart, for the coming of the bloody-souled, if not bloody-handed, newly made widower, who should make her the murderous bride of a murderer.

Such was "the discreet, fair, humble queen," whom Protestant and Papist have vied with one another who should praise the most fulsomely—of whom, historian after historian has repeated the glib, parrot-story—whom American women, when they read the loathsome narrative of her ascent through deceit, lust, and blood, to royal eminence, are taught to regard as modest, virtuous, meritorious, and, for aught that I know, worthy of imitation.

One portion only of the legend must needs be false. It is that, which tells us, that after awaiting the booming of the noonday gun, telling of the perpetrated murder, either in Epping chase, or in Richmond park, for, in both localities, tradition points to the exact oak tree under which he stood, Henry rode, that same night, to Wolf Hall, in Wiltshire, and was wedded on the following morning. If it be true that he waited in either place, it must necessarily have been at Richmond, which is nine miles on the route toward Wiltshire; while Epping chase lies thirteen in a diametrically opposite direction. Still, Winchester stands sixty-three miles south-west of London, while Tottenham park and Wolf Hall cannot be less than ten or fifteen farther, the whole making a distance, which, even now, with the advantage of the excellent roads of the nineteenth century, it would be difficult to find a horse to cover between sunrise and sunset, especially with twenty stone weight, or upward, on his back,—and Henry, measuring six feet four inches in height, and more than obese in proportion, could not have possibly weighed less. As roads were, in those days, and the state of the country in general, even with relays of horses, it would have been good travelling, to a man of Henry's weight and age, if he accomplished it on the second evening, after starting from Richmond at mid-day; and accordingly we find it stated by Lord Herbert, that there were two stories in vogue, one, which represented the marriage as occurring on the next, and the other, more consistently, on the third day following Anne's execution. Yet there is something peculiar in the story, as has been pointed out in Fisher's genealogical history of England,* namely, that the nineteenth of May, in 1536, fell on Friday, and Saturday, the twentieth, was the day before Rogation Sunday; so that, if the wedding were not performed on that day, it could not have taken place until after Whitsuntide. Now the marriage did take place before Whitsuntide; for the bride was presented in London at that time to the citizens, and the wedding festivities were mingled with the rejoicings usual on that day. The ceremony certainly, therefore, *was* performed on the twentieth day of May, in Tottenham church; the bridal party partook of a splendid banquet served up in a detached building at Wolf Hall, which is yet entire, and, after dinner they proceeded to Marwell, near Winchester, where the chamber is still shown in which the newly married couple passed the night.

The only solution of the difficulty is, if Anne were not executed until twelve o'clock on the nineteenth, that Henry, in his furious eagerness, must have ridden through the livelong night, by aid of relays posted, in advance, along the road, and reached Wolf Hall on the morning of the 20th, in time to celebrate his wedding. A great feat, indeed, for a man, then in his forty-fifth year, of luxurious habits, and gigantic frame, who had already been noticed, at his second interview with Francis of France, to have become too unwieldy and obese to take part any longer in his once favorite pursuits of the tilt-yard and the tournay; and one which shows how strong and resolute was his will, when once fairly aroused, and how puissant his frame, even in its impaired condition, to meet every tax, which he chose to impose on it. Several members of the privy council, it seems, were present at the marriage, which was performed in church, as is evident from the following passage, as also at the feast that followed it; for Lord Herbert, speaking of the wedding, says, "Concerning the ceremony whereof, as well as the opinion held in those times of the different perfections of the king, and his two queens, I shall out of our records produce the censure of Sir John Russel, afterward earl of Bedford, who, having been at church, observed the king to be the goodliest person there; but of the two queens gave this note, that the richer Queen Jane was in clothes, the fairer she appeared, but that the other, the richer she was apparelled, the worse she looked."

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* Quoted by Miss Strickland, iv. 210.

The strange and disgraceful subserviency to this monster king, of his parliaments, is well shown in the addresses presented on his marriage, by the two houses, and the new act, by which the succession was vested in the heirs of the body of Queen Jane, "whose age and fine form give promise of issue," Elizabeth, the daughter of Anne being declared illegitimate, just as Mary had been, previously, on Anne's elevation.

The speaker, chosen by this precious house of commons, was Solicitor-general Rich, the perjured caitiff, who had sworn away the life of Sir Thomas More, and who now unblushingly compared the bloated tyrant "for strength and fortitude, to Samson, for justice and prudence, to Solomon, and for beauty and comeliness, to Absalom."

"Thus did the English senate," observes the lady, from whom I have so often quoted, "condescend to encourage Henry in his vices, calling his self-indulgence, self-denial, and all his evil, good; inflating his wicked willfulness with eulogy, till he actually forgot, according to Wolsey's solemn warning, 'that there was both heaven and hell.' While the biographer is appalled, as the domestic features of this moral monster are unveiled, surely some abhorrence is due to the union of atrocities that met in the heads and the hearts of his advisers and flatterers."

A curious testimony of the circumstances of this act of abhorrent treachery and domestic wickedness exists in the dedication to Coverdale's bible, printed in Zurich, in 1535. In the preface to this work, the names of Henry and his queen were to be mentioned with eulogy, as reforming princes, but the hapless Anne having been sacrificed, and Jane Seymour set in her place, while the sheets were going through the press, an attempt has been made to reconcile the error by the interlineation of a J above the word Anne, as often as it occurs in the text. Oddly enough, this is not the only instance of *ex post facto* alterations of printed forms, which occurs in this reign. When Anne was brought to bed of Elizabeth, so confident were the king and his council that the royal will could control that of heaven, that an instrument was actually prepared and printed, beforehand, announcing the birth of a prince. When the child appeared, and proved to be a girl, the gender had to be altered in the text; and, there not being room for two letters, a single *s* was interpolated, making the queen to be delivered of a prince*s*; whence some authors have fallen into the error of imagining that Anne Boleyn gave birth to a male heir, who died, before Elizabeth.

There is hardly a fact, worthy of commemoration, recorded of the brief reign of this Jane, who has been described as a paragon of human virtues; the only direct document of her queenship, which has been preserved, is an order to the park-keeper at Havering at the Bower, to deliver "two bucks in high season" to certain gentlemen named; and this instrument, as authority to which she cites the king's warrant and seal, is signed, in a sprawling, awkward manuscript, "Jane the Quene." The only act of kindness or charity, which can be quoted in her favor, is her reception of the young Princess Mary, at Greenwich palace, during the Christmas rejoicings of 1537. Yet the hard terms on which this unhappy child was reädmitted to her father's partial favor, only after confessing under her own hand, her own illegitimacy, and the unlawfulness of her mother's marriage, and making the most abject submission for her past undutifulness, speaks little either for the kindness of this queen's heart, or the potency, if it were honest, of her intercession with the king.

Her only known grief was caused by the death of her father, in the sixtieth year of his age, at the height of honors and ambition, leaving his eldest daughter queen, and his eldest son, created Earl of Beauchamp, and appointed for life lord-chamberlain of England; and how much she was grieved at this event, or how far consoled by the wealth and honors, which flowed in upon her family, from every quarter, is not to be discovered.

We learn, also, that the winter was a severe one, and that the queen, with her husband and all his court, crossed the Thames to Greenwich, on horseback, on the ice. In the following spring, the royal pair made a progress to Canterbury, not, one may be sure, on a pious pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, though that saint was concerned in the matter. It will not be forgotten, that, when Henry was busy reforming abuses and abolishing shrines, this rebellious saint, who had been dead three centuries, or thereabouts, was cited into court to show cause why he should not be found guilty of sedition against his royal master, Henry II. The saint, not appearing, he was allowed thirty days, in which to make his appearance in person, or by proxy; that being, it must be presumed, the ascertained period in which the journey may be made between earth and Paradise—for we cannot suppose a saint to have had any other abiding place; and, failing to do this, he was condemned to forfeit all his worldly goods to the king, and to have his bones burned, as a public admonition to future saints, in expectancy, to pay due respect to kings. The latter portion of the sentence was, of course, duly executed; but Henry seems to have imagined that there was some trickery on the part of the saint, that the worldly goods had not all been duly handed over. Perhaps, the saint had made them over to some brother or sister saint, in order to cheat his majesty's exchequer. At all events, it was a matter, evidently, worth looking after; and it appears, that it was to no small purpose, that Henry did look after it; for he ever after wore, as a thumb ring, the magnificent diamond, presented to St. Thomas by King Lewis VII., and known by the pilgrims to the time-honored shrine of the martyred bishop, as "the Lustre of France."

On his return from this progress, Henry, it seems, was desirous that, as both his former wives had enjoyed gorgeous coronations, though they had both been afterward discrowned, his present wife should not lack, at least, the former distinction; but, in the first place, the plague, which raged at Westminster, intervened; then, the birth of Prince Edward opposed farther delay; and, lastly, the greatest of mortal monarchs, King Death, took the matter into his own hand, and determined by that decision, from which there lies no appeal, that the fair Jane Seymour should be neither crowned, nor discrowned, by any fingers but his own.

It was on the sixteenth of September, 1537, that Queen Jane, according to the ceremonial then in use with English queens, took to her chamber at Hampton court, one month previous to the expected event, during the whole of which time she was not permitted to quit her apartment, and was waited on by ladies only. On the 12th of October, after terrible sufferings, during which the queen's attendants put the cruel question to Henry, "Whether he would desire saved, if to save both should prove impossible, his wife or the child," she was delivered of a prince, on Friday, the vigil of St. Edward's eve. The question having been put, as it doubtless was—for such is the rule in the case, at least of royal *accouchements*, and the writer well remembers that it *was* put in the instance of the Princess Charlotte Augusta of Wales, though, in that instance, answered on the christian view of the subject, but in vain — there can be no doubt that Henry did reply, as he is said to have replied — "The child, by all means. Other wives can be found easily." To have made the other choice was not in Henry's nature. The child, however, survived, without recourse to the dreadful alternative, to inherit his mother's beauty, and especially her starry eyes—to inherit, I think, something of her character, for he seems from childhood to have been cold, formal, narrow-minded, and in spite of his after admirable education by Henry's last and most excellent wife, Katharine Parr, to have had but a narrow share either of heart or intellect.

The queen, with ordinary care, might have recovered and survived; but, whom the agonies and perils of child-birth had spared, the christening festivities destroyed. The boisterous king was furious and brutal in his joy, as he was in his rage, in his tenderness, in all things. The court, at his beck, bidding, and example, went mad. Revelry waxed into riot, and riot roared through the palace. The ceremony took place on the Monday after the birth, and the faint queen was forced to rise from her bed, to lie on a state pallet, and play her part in the pageant, which proceeded from her very chamber.

Never was seen such a procession—never in any procession were such persons brought together. The sponsors were the Princess Mary, Cranmer, and the Duke of Norfolk. The infant Elizabeth, borne aloft in the arms of the arrogant and ambitious Seymour, the queen's brother, carried in her baby hands the crimson, for the son of her, to make whom queen she was herself made motherless and bastardized; and the Earl of Wiltshire, the father of the murdered Boleyn, assisted at the rite, a weak, white-headed dotard. Of these persons, Mary, the first sponsor, succeeding her brother, the first Protestant defender of the faith, for whom she that evening responded, among the cruellest deeds of her cruel Romish reign, consigned to the stake and fagot one of her associates, Cran mer, in that solemn, christian rite; the other, the Duke of Norfolk, who narrowly escaped his own bloody doom by

Henry's timely death alone, being his prosecutor and deadliest enemy. Elizabeth, destined to be the most puissant of English queens, and to efface by the glories of her reign the dark and doleful memories of her mother, was led back in the returning procession, by her sister Mary; her train borne by the Lady Herbert, sister of yet a future queen of England, Katharine Parr—both disinherited, both illegitimated, both to wear the crown of England, the one under the bloodiest, the other under the bravest and brightest auspices.

What a leaf was there to be read in the book of fate, turned at that christening, if any had been there endowed with lore to read it.

After the ceremonial, which lasted until midnight—during the whole duration of which time the king sat revelling and rollicking, in his great content, by the side of the sick queen's pallet, killing her, while he was designing in the rude style of his rough tenderness to cheer her—the royal child was borne back to the chamber, with trumpets braying, kettle-drums booming, and heralds bellowing the proclamation of the new born infant's titles, to receive his mother's blessing.

It is no wonder that, on the Wednesday ensuing, the mother was so ill that it was held necessary to administer the sacrament to her. Still she died not yet, as some writers have supposed, but survived a fortnight; finally, and it is like fortunately for herself, departing this life at Hampton Court, on the 28th day of October, the only one of Henry's six wives, who died a queen, the only one who bore him an heir male, and the last who bore him a child, though she had three successors in her perilous state.

She received a splendid funeral, and was buried in great pomp, Mary officiating as chief mourner to her friendly stepmother, in St. George's chapel, at Windsor, where, on her tomb, was engraved the following epitaph, in allusion to herself and to Prince Edward, who sprang from her decease:

> "Phœnix Jana jacet, nato Phœnice, dolendum,
> Sæcula phœnices nulla tulisse duos."
>
> "Here a phœnix lieth, whose death
> To another phœnix gave breath.
> It is to be lamented much
> The world at once ne'er knew two such."

Henry wrote a characteristic letter to Francis, on this event, deploring the death, and exulting at the birth, but confessing that the latter gave him far more joy, than did the former grief. He failed, however, in no mark of respect to her memory, causing his whole court to wear mourning for her, even during the holidays of the ensuing Christmas — no slight tribute when it is considered how utterly he abhorred the sight of black, which he believed ominous of evil, for devoid as he was of all mercy, humanity, or grace, he was, by no means, wanting in superstition.

It is remarkable, that in his last will the king commanded that the bones of his "loving queen Jane," in her quality, doubtless, of mother to the future king, should be laid in his own tomb; and his orders were obeyed, for when George IV. caused the vaults of Windsor chapel to be searched, for the corpse of Charles II., the coffin of Queen Jane lay, side by side, with the gigantic skeleton of Henry VIII., which some previous accident had exposed to view.* "He likewise left directions for a magnificent monument to their mutual memories, which, he intended, should be erected in Windsor chapel. Both their statues were to be placed on the tomb; the effigy of Jane was to recline, not as in death, but as one sweetly sleeping; children were to sit at the corners of this tomb having baskets of roses, white and red, made of fine, oriental stones—jasper, cornelian, and agate, 'which they shall shew to take in their hands and cast them down, on, and over the tomb, and down on the pavement; and the roses they shall cast over the tomb shall be enamelled and gilt, and the roses they cast on the steps and pavement shall be formed of the said fine, oriental stones, and some shall be inlaid on the pavement.'"

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* Miss Strickland, vol. vi. 224.

The beautiful design, though directed by Henry's own sign manual, was never executed; it was begun, indeed, but never finished; and the materials are said to have been stolen during the civil wars.

But the monument—which he stated he would have to Queen Katharine's memory, which should be "one of the goodliest monuments in christendom," the beautiful abbey-church of Peterborough, namely, spared from the common destruction that befell all monasteries, because it covers her remains—survived the barbarous iconoclasm of Ireton, Brooke, and Peters in the seventeenth century, and still stands—though the actual place of her interment is unmarked save by a small brass plate—the actual monument of that most royal and magnificent of all his royal consorts.

Thus, it is shown, in one more instance, that whatever man may propose, it is God only who disposes; and that, plan and purpose as we may, the plans and purposes will turn only to the final end, which he has predetermined.

ANNE OF CLEVES.

MARRIED, 1540; REPUDIATED, 1540.

> In such a business, give me leave to use
> The help of mine own eyes.
>
> I cannot love her, nor will strive to try.
>
> Shakspeare. *All's Well that Ends Well*

ANNE OF CLEVES.

BORN, SEPTEMBER 22, 1516; MARRIED, 1540; REPUDIATED, 1540.

> In such a business, give me leave to use
> The help of mine own eyes.
>
> I cannot love her, nor will strive to try.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER VII.

AMONG the many principalities, which existed of old, supporting distinct populations, and governed by noble, brave, and warlike princes, which at the end of the great Napoleonic war, in 1815, were merged in the larger empires, one among the most considerable of the lesser German powers, was the duchy of Cleves, which, with its dependencies of Berg, the county of Mark, Ravensburgh, Juliers, and Ravenstein, was ruled by a line of hereditary princes, who, in the reign of Henry VIII., lacked neither dignity, influence, nor importance, among the European sovereigns of the time. It has since, with all its subordinate possessions, been absorbed by Prussia.

The ruling monarch of these principalities, who had in fact united them, himself, for the first time, into one government, by his marriage with Maria, the heiress of William, duke of Juliers, Berg, and Ravenstein, was John, surnamed the Pacificator, who had succeeded his father, John the Clement, in 1521.

He was a politic and powerful prince; he was closely connected with that potent confederacy of German princes, known in history as the Smalcaldic league, whereof that heroic prince, John Frederic, duke of Saxony, who had married Sibylla, his eldest daughter, was the most distinguished chief and leader. This Princess Sibylla, late of Cleves, now of Saxony, was one of the most meritorious and renowned ladies of her age in Europe, equally noted for her great beauty, her unusual talents, and her high spirit. This princess had two sisters, Anne and Amelia of Cleves, both her juniors, and both said greatly to resemble her in their physical and mental qualifications.

John of Cleves, the Pacificator, was a reformer and a Lutheran, and his son-in-law of Saxony, "for his invincible adherence to his principles, and his courage in adversity, was surnamed the Lion of the Reformation."

After the death of his third wife, Jane Seymour, Henry VIII., who was, one would say, never contented, either with a wife while he had one, or without one when a widower, immediately began to cast about his eyes for another consort; and having, now, taken into his head that a French lady would suit his tastes, which, to do him justice, were, at least, more refined than his temper, he applied to his friend, Francis the First, to aid him to the object of his wishes. Francis, it seems, made some general complimentary reply, to the effect that there was no single lady in the kingdom, who would not hold herself honored by the offer of his hand; whereupon, the literal-minded Englishman coolly requested him to send down a batch of the handsomest women of his court to Calais for inspection.

Francis, of course, declined the offer, saying that it was impossible to trot noble ladies out, like horses at a fair, and to pick them for their shapes and paces. But this strange man was not to be put off easily. He had fallen in love, or, what is the same thing, imagined he had fallen in love with the lovely Marie of Lorraine, dowager duchess of Longueville; and, though he was distinctly informed that he could not have her, since she was betrothed to his nephew, James of Scotland, he, in perfect consistency with his temper, only became the more pertinacious, from the opposition. At last, Chatillon, the French ambassador at the court of London, who was at times entertained, at times worried, by his persistence, asked him, as he informs his sovereign and employer, "whether he would marry the wife of another." To which he made answer that "he knew she had not passed her word yet, and that he would do ten times as much for Francis, as the king of Scots could do." When this project of alliance fell through, owing to Madame de Longueville's actual marriage with James, an union with that lady's handsome sister, or with Mademoiselle de Vendome, was suggested to him, when he instantly recurred to his first idea of personal inspection. Chatillon hinted that he could send some one to look at them for him,—"Pardie," replied he, "how can I depend on any one except myself?"—besides, he said, he wanted to see them, and especially to *see* them sing. It is known, that he was an enthusiastic and skillful musician and amateur, and passionately fond of music; but it seems, by this, that his love of sweet sounds could not overpower his love for handsome faces; and that it was as indispensable in his ideas that the lady of his love should look pretty while she was singing, as that she should be a proficient in that art.

At length, reluctantly enough, as it appears, finding that he could do nothing with Chatillon, nor by any means get a chance of a reënactment of the judgment of Paris, with his own hand, in lieu of an apple of gold, as the *detur pulcherrimæ* of the ladies of France, he gave up the idea of a queen from that land of grace and refinement.

It must not be forgotten, as it is absolutely necessary for understanding the history of the times, that England was at this time divided into two, or, one may say, three great religious parties; on the ascendency of the one or other of which, all the politics of the time depended, and according to the successive alternations of which the alliances and foreign policy of the country alternated. The first of these was the old Romish party, sustained by many of the noblest families of the peerage, especially in the north country, where to this day that creed prevails more largely than elsewhere in the realm, with the Howards, Percys, Cliffords, and other great names at their head. These looked for nothing less than a return to the old order of things, a reconciliation with the pontiff, and the restoration of Roman authority in England. The second was the court, or Anglican church party, which, adhering to all the doctrines and traditions, and using the ritual of Rome, objected to the foreign supremacy, and approved of the English system as established by Henry, without desiring any farther reforms, or countenancing the Lutheran innovations. The third were the true Protestant reformers, whether Wickliffites or Lutherans, who were afterward termed Puritans, and who, though neither in this nor any succeeding reign, except the short one of Edward VI., did they dare to avow their principles openly, were yet a powerful and increasing body, especially among the middle classes. It was, in fact, the weight of this secret organization, that secured the establishment of Henry's church, with a view to the introduction, as occasion should serve, of yet farther reforms. This latter party, of which Latimer and, secretly, Cranmer, were the leaders, though often persecuted by the Anglican party, always made common cause with them against the Papists, the common enemies of both, and, when the Anglicans needed their support, were aided by them.

From the beginning to the close of Henry's reign, it was a struggle between these parties, and also between the Romanists and Reformers on the continent, which should possess the king's ear by means of his wife; and we constantly find that, when he chanced to be a widower, either party used every exertion to find him a helpmate of its own persuasion; and when he had a wife, that party to which she did not belong, had recourse to every method, however cowardly or wicked, to dethrone and destroy her. This strange warfare waged by religious sects, with royal wives for their weapons, began with the cruel injustice done to Katharine of Arragon, which the Romanists vainly resented and resisted. Frustrated by the elevation of Anne Boleyn, they had materially contributed to her fall, if, indeed, they did not plan and execute it. Under the passive reign of the cipher, Jane Seymour, who had no religion, or any, just as her husband might desire, both parties remained inactive, both flattering and praising the power that was at least harmless, and preferring the rule of queen log, to that of queen stork, in spite of creed or church.

When Jane departed this life, and the king's hand was again in the market, the struggle recommenced, and it soon appeared that fortune favored the Reformers. The inability of Henry to obtain a French queen, and the unwillingness shown by most of the ladies of the European courts—Spain being entirely out of the question, in consequence of the alienation of the princes—to enter into any alliance with a king, who was generally believed to have poisoned two, as he had unquestionably beheaded one, of his three wives, suggested to the Protestant party the idea of securing and advancing the reformation, by marrying the uxorious widower to a Lutheran princess, and entering into a close alliance with the German princes of the Smalcaldic league.

Cromwell proposed to the king the princesses of the house of Cleves, and advances were made to the German princes, in order to see how they would regard the project. The gallant and noble elector of Saxony, at first objected strongly, and opposed the union of any female member of his family to a man of so inconstant, brutal and capricious a disposition, as the king of England. But it was represented to him earnestly, that wavering already in the scale, and half inclined to join heart and hand with the reformers, such a marriage would decide the English monarch, to the infinite advantage of Germany, which, strengthened by the solid alliance of England, might defy the united force and fraud of Spain and Rome; and, ultimately, religion and policy carried the day, and, as usual, female happiness was sacrificed to the demon idol of expediency and state intrigue.

It was signified to Henry that either of the sisters, Anne or Amelia, was open to his addresses; agents were despatched to report upon them and their respective charms; the famous painter, Hans Holbein, visited the court of the Pacificator, to portray their charms, and send the result of his labors for the inspection of Henry.

It is impossible to doubt, that Cromwell had recourse to deceit and intrigue to carry his end; for all his agents, Christopher Mount, Nicholas Wolton, and, in short, all who were employed in this business, did, beyond doubt, send the most glaring and exaggerated accounts of the beauties, talents and capabilities of the ladies; and Holbein, whether merely from the natural propensity of painters to flatter ladies' portraits, and make foul fair, or that he received a hint from the wily minister to make the best of it, transmitted two miniatures, both more than usually comely, but one, that of Anne, so eminently handsome, that the king was amazingly taken with it, and, learning that she was of a tall and well developed person, became, as usual with him, urgent and impatient for the immediate consummation of the marriage.

The truth is, that Anne was a fine, tall, shapely German girl, with a good, grave, somewhat heavy, gentle, placid face, a dark complexion marred with the small pox, which, of course, did not appear in the miniature, good eyes and hair, and no more. In short, she had no pretensions to beauty, whatever. She was in all respects *provincial*, as compared to the accomplished, refined, volatile beauties of the French and English, or to the stately graces of the proud donnas of the Spanish courts. She had not a pretension to style or grace. Probably her fine and shapely person was not *set up*, as it is termed, by any elegance of carriage or demeanor; she could speak no language but her own, not even French or Latin; she did not dance, or yet play on any instrument, or even sing. In a word, she differed fully as much from the ladies with whom Henry had been wont to associate, as would the plain, unadorned daughter of a German merchant, professor or counsellor, in any of the inferior Rhenish cities of to-day, differ from a reigning beauty of the exclusive coteries of London or Paris.

I, in no respect, mean or desire to detract from this excellent and much injured lady—injured almost as much by the neglect and contempt which she has met from posterity and history, as by the insolence and brutality of her husband.

In my memoir of Anne Boleyn, I observed on the fact, how strangely the reputation of ladies, having possessed bewildering beauty, has operated on minds which, never having been subject to their influence, might be expected to be impartial, yet have been warped into showing as much favor to the bright creatures, as though they had been themselves expectant lovers. I must now notice the converse of this position. For it is not to be denied, that the silence of history with regard to the high qualities, the gentle virtues, the unmurmuring patience of this much wronged princess, her unvarying kindness to her step-daughters, Elizabeth and Mary, her domestic excellencies, and all the fine points of her character, which endeared her to her subjects, and preserved their regard when she became their fellow subject, must be attributed to the report of her plainness of person, homeliness of habit, and entire lack of all the qualifications which we attribute to a gorgeous queen, or a heroine of romance. Happily, for her, she had nothing of romance, nothing of sensibility or sentiment in her disposition. She had strong sense of duty, strong love of right, of order, of decorum, of comfort; and, under circumstances which, to a person of higher excitability, more nervous temperament, and greater need of sympathy, would have been a cause of endless misery, lived happy, and died honored, in a far country and among a foreign people, with whom she had no kindred or community, even of language.

It must be admitted that the king was aware of her being deficient in those accomplishments, which he so much craved and admired; though he was assured that she possessed the talents, which would easily enable her to acquire them. It is not probable, that this was the case; for, though she was by no means wanting in ability, her capacities appear to have been rather administrative and domestic, with a disposition inclining to be passive and acquiescent, than brilliant, rapid, or comprehensive.

The very fact, however, that he so lightly accepted a bride deficient in all the mental graces, which we must allow him to have appreciated, induces the opinion, that he had formed the most exalted estimate of her personal beauties. It was a daring trick, indeed, if it were a trick, that Cromwell played on his dangerous master; if an error, it was a fatal error. In any event, it ruined him beyond redemption.

But to return to the course of events. Some small delays occurred to the arrangement of the contract of marriage, owing to the death of Anne's father, and to some talk of a precontract, which was said to have existed between herself and the Duke of Lorraine. But these difficulties were easily overcome; the contract of marriage was signed at Dusseldorf on the 4th of September, 1539, and, in the first week of October, she departed from that, her native city, and proceeded overland, with a splendid cortege, through the Netherlands, to her husband's French stronghold of Calais. There she was met by the Earl of Southampton, lord high admiral of England, the Lord William Howard, Gregory Cromwell, the brother-in-law of the late queen, and a splendid train of gentlemen and nobles. It is a curious fact, that, in that train, were kinsmen of five out of Henry's six queens.

What these nobles thought of the person of their new queen, it is not stated. Whatever was their opinion, doubtless, they kept it to themselves: since to report her plain in case the king might chance to find her handsome, or handsome if he should judge her plain, would have been equally dangerous. For several days, she was detained at Calais, by stress of weather, and there kept her Christmas, royally; probably that was the pleasantest insight into royalty that she ever enjoyed. On the 27th of December, she took ship, landed at Walmer castle, and proceeded, nobly escorted, to Rochester, where she was entertained magnificently by the bishop, who had made preparation for her passing New Year's day at his palace.

Hither, on New Year's eve, came Henry, *incognito*, intending to visit her privately on the morrow, in order, as he told Cromwell, "to nourish love"—and hither he sent Sir Anthony Brown to inform her, that "he had brought her a New Year's gift, if she would please to receive it."

Brown stated afterward, "that he was struck with consternation when he was shown the queen; and was never so much dismayed in his life to see a lady, so far unlike what had been represented."

Yet greater, it seems, was the dismay of Henry, who, in his anxiety to see his new bride, in whom, probably, he expected to find something that should surpass in beauty the serene majesty of Katharine of Arragon, the sparkling grace of Anne Boleyn, the lovely gentleness of Jane Seymour, entered her apartment, that same evening, somewhat abruptly, unable to control his impatience. He absolutely recoiled, when he saw her. Lord Russel, who was present at the interview, bears witness, that he "never saw his highness abashed, but only then."

What poor Anne thought of her burly bridegroom we know not; but it is clear, that she had the most cause to complain; for Henry had lost every particle of the robust and manly beauty, for which he had been once famous, and was now merely a coarse, bloated, unwieldy man, bordering on his grand climacteric, and bearing on his broad, red face the traces of all sorts of indulgences, physical and mental, of sensuality, pride, cruelty and ungoverned temper. Probably, she was both terrified and revolted; the rather, that he was in one of his moods of sullen fury; she sank on her knees, however, at his entrance, and tried, to the best of her power, to tender him a loving welcome. Furious, as he was, and disappointed, the meekness and humility of her demeanor so far moved him, that, he for once, did so much violence to his feelings, as to behave himself like a gentleman; he raised her up graciously, kissed her, and supped, and passed the evening with her; yet, as she spoke no English, he no Dutch, and as scarce twenty words passed between them, and those through the medium of an interpreter, the first unfavorable impression was not like to be counteracted; the rather that her German accent grated as harshly on Henry's musical ear, as her large, heavy features offended his classic eye.

With that evening interview, all his forbearance ended. Wo betide the ministers and nobles who had to bear the brunt of his displeasure!

The first on whom he fell was Southampton, the lord high admiral, who had brought her to England—all this would be ridiculous, if it were not simply brutal. "How like you this woman?" was his first salutation to the earl. "Do you think her so personable, fair and beautiful, as report hath been made unto me? I pray you tell me true." "I take her not for *fair*," said the admiral, who evidently did not mean to be held amenable, "but to be of a *brown* complexion." The next on whom his fury burst after his return to Greenwich, whither he rode back sulkily and alone, having sent his New Year's gift of a rich suit of sables, which he did not consider Anne handsome enough to receive from his own hand, with a cold message, by Sir Anthony Brown, was Cromwell, who was dearly to rue his agency in this matter. On seeing him, he vituperated him, with the most wholesale abuse; charged him with having bound him to "a Flanders mare," and commanded him on his peril to find some means to extricate his neck from that yoke.

But when he found that he could not withdraw without giving the German princes cause of war against him, which he could not afford to do while Spain was on ill terms with him on account of his conduct toward Katharine, he sullenly, reluctantly, and with many brutal, ungentlemanly and unmanly expressions of disgust and dislike, celebrated and consummated his marriage with this gentle, unoffending, dignified and virtuous lady, who was as far superior to him in every particular, as Hyperion to a Satyr, which he most resembled.

The pomps were splendid, the pageantry magnificent, and to those of the commons, who were ignorant of the guilty and brutal secrets of the royal breast, the content of the king was considered perfect; while he was, in truth, secretly devising how he might get rid of his newly wedded queen, and on what grounds or charges he might compass the death of Cromwell whom he had determined to destroy, in requital of his agency in this detested marriage.

To the other odious qualities of his character, Henry had now added consummate hypocrisy; and, while he was living with her as man and wife, showing her much outward attention, and calling her "sweetheart," and "darling," in the presence of her ladies, he was privately tormenting her with his captious temper, irritating her by every species of taunt and aggravation, and, yet worse and more infamously impugning her virtue, in private, as if she had not come a virgin to his bed, and declaring, in public, that it never had been his intention to own her his wife.

How to get rid of her, however, appears to have been the difficulty; and, as was usual with him, when he was planning any unusual enormity, he began to talk about his tenderness of conscience, and his scruples at living with a heretic Lutheran; when happily, perhaps, for herself, she let fall an expression, which enabled him to release himself from her, without accusing her of adultery, shedding her blood, or shaming her honest name by any charge of infamy.

Driven one day to extremity by his irritating persecution, when she was conscious of striving to the utmost of her ability to gratify his every whim, she was provoked into saying to him, "that if she had not been compelled to marry him, she might have fulfilled her engagement to another, to whom she had promised her hand." This was enough.

It gave him a clue, on which he was not slow to act; but, first, he had work of blood and vengeance to perform; and from work like that, he never held back his hand. Reginald de la Pole had given him fresh offence, and he was resolved to punish him by the judicial slaughter of the last of his kindred. Gertrude, marchioness of Exeter, and De la Pole's mother, the last of the high blood of the Plantagenets, the aged Countess of Salisbury, must be brought to the block, in order that the king might be avenged on his enemy. There was no proof, no charge, no shadow of offence against them, but, at Henry's order, Cromwell procured their attainder, by act of parliament, without hearing, and their condemnation to death, without witnesses, written evidence or criminal process. This was an enormous villainy of Cromwell's own creation, a high handed outrage on law and justice, which he had been the first to introduce into the desecrated courts of England. Perillus-like, he was the first to suffer by his own monstrous creation. He had taught

> "Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
> To plague the inventor."

The unhappy ladies were committed to the tower, reprieved for a while, and detained as hostages for their kinsman's good behavior, yet not to escape, one of them, at least, the dread conclusion of the scaffold and the axe. But Cromwell, so soon as he had accomplished this last crime, as if, with truly fiendish malignity, Henry had resolved that he should jeopard his own soul before he would destroy his body, was arrested, on a charge of heresy and high treason, by the Duke of Norfolk, at the very council board, over which he had so long presided. He was brought to the block with all speed, by the method he had himself introduced, of attainder, without trial, hearing, or opportunity of defence. On the 10th of June he was arrested; on the 28th of July, he laid down his head on the block, and died on Tower hill, professing himself a Catholic and no heretic, to the last; guiltless, certainly, of the crimes for which he suffered, but surely worthy of death, for the very many wickednesses he had aided the king to commit, and for the very many innocent victims he had sent before him, on the bloody way he was himself bound so soon to travel.

The son of a blacksmith, he rose, by no good arts, but by the practice of all evil ones, by pandering basely to the passions, ministering to the willfulness, and furnishing weapons to the wickedness of the king, to be lord privy seal, viceregent to the king, in spiritualities, knight of the garter, earl of Essex, lord great chamberlain of England. While the king had work for him, he used him; when the work was done, he broke him and cast him away. Like Haman, he was hanged upon the gallows he had erected for Mordecai, and there were none who pitied him.

Nearly at the same time, another, but a blameless, victim to his agency in this inauspicious and unhappy marriage, the pious and learned Doctor Barnes, perished yet more cruelly. He was patronized and beloved by Anne, yet Anne could not save him. He died nobly, a martyr for his principles and his faith, in the devouring flames, in Smithfield.

It is credible, that recourse was had to these arrests and prosecutions, for the purpose of intimidating the queen, and deterring her from opposing the will of her tyrant lord. For he had now seen Katharine Howard—whom he had first met at a dinner party at the Bishop of Winchester's, and appointed maid of honor to the queen—long enough to love her, and determine on raising her to the crown. And, within a few days after the arrest of Cromwell, Anne of Cleves was commanded to withdraw herself to Richmond, on the pretence that she needed change of air. Yet a few days afterward, some of the very lords, who had been instrumental in bringing about her marriage, moved the peers, on the ground that they doubted the validity of the contracted alliance, and had fears concerning the succession, to petition the king for leave to call a clerical convention, and inquire into the question, to decide on it according to the law. Whether intimidation was intended or no—and I doubt not it was—indisputably, it was effected; as is evident, from the agony of terror, into which this unhappy lady fell, when Suffolk, Southampton, and Wriothesley visited her at Richmond, in order to convey to her the king's determination.

For the matter had been pushed rapidly forward, as was, indeed, everything that Henry undertook, from the moment of its first inception. The king had answered the lords' petition cheerfully, as if he were doing a great favor to the country, professing himself willing to take any measures that should be for the good of his well beloved people, and ready to answer any questions, that might be proposed to him for that end.

The convocation of the clergy was held, and, on the 9th day of July, unanimously declared the marriage null, on three grounds; first, that she was precontracted to the Prince of Lorraine; second, that the king had wedded her against his will, and had never given his *inward consent* to the consummation of the marriage; and third, that there were no hopes of issue.

When the three councillors entered her apartment, at Richmond, of whom Suffolk was the constant instrument of Henry's matrimonial tyrannies, and Wriothesley, the basest, meanest, and cruellest of all his low-born tools, conspicuously infamous for his rudeness and brutality to ladies, mindful of the fate of Anne Boleyn, the queen fell fainting to the floor in an agony of terror. It required all their assurances to soothe her and banish her terrors; but when she learned, that no more was required of her, than to consent to the divorce, and, in so far as she might, to reconcile her brother and friends thereto, she consented with almost too much cheerfulness and alacrity. Henry, who could not conceive that his persecuted and abandoned wives should do otherwise than idolize him, to the last, was astonished; it was too good news to be true. Neverthe less, it was true. Anne not only professed her perfect willingness to pleasure the king in all things, but returned him her wedding ring; spoke of her marriage as *pretended;* accepted with thankfulness her allotted rank of the king's adopted sister, which was given to her, with precedence over all ladies in the realm, except the future queen and the king's daughters, Elizabeth and Mary; and agreed to carry on no correspondence with her family abroad, which should not be subject to the king's inspection. This done, she received grants of three thousand pounds a year, in lands, most of them the forfeited property of Cromwell, who died, unpitied, a few days after her divorce, but on the condition only, that she should reside within the realm. Richmond palace was assigned to her as a residence; and there, with a peaceful little cours, and among ladies assigned to her, after those had been dismissed, who were sworn to attend her as queen, she lived contentedly, merrily, and in happiness, not often granted to ladies who sat, in those days, on England's thorny throne.

Cranmer pronounced her divorce. It was the strange fate of this man, thrice to pronounce the same marriages of his master valid and invalid. If the old Earl of Warwick, in a former reign, excited wonder, as the king-maker, surely this prelate should have excited greater wonder, who made and unmade three queens of England, without a cause for making, or pretext for unmaking one.

Anne, who signed herself, hereafter, "daughter of Cleves," was evidently detained, in some sort, as a hostage for the peaceable conduct of her German relatives; among whom, her brother, the reigning Duke of Cleves, was thrown into a rage of grief and indignation, and wept burning tears of humiliation at hearing of the disgrace and repudiation of his beloved sister who, evidently from the tenor of more than one of her letters to him, enjoining on him caution and quietude, considered that her life might be endangered by any "untowardness" on his part.

Twice she fell under suspicion from the jealous king, who ever kept a watchful eye of espoinage over his adopted sister's doings, and both times for the same cause—a false rumor of her being pregnant. The first time, immediately after his marriage with Katharine Howard, when between his love for his new doll, and his furious desire for heirs, it was something doubtful, whether he wished or feared that the rumor should prove true — the second time, after the fall of the fair and frail Howard. On both occasions, the rumors were easily proved false; but, on the latter, one of her ladies, Elizabeth Basset, who had exclaimed, when she heard of that unhappy girl's execution, "What a man the king is! and how many wives *will* he have?" had some difficulty in saving her own head, and only got off, by declaring that the tidings of Katharine Howard's *naughtiness* had so far astounded her, that she must have lost her senses when she used those words.

Anne of Cleves, in all these difficult matters, showed consummate prudence and judgment. She dressed splendidly; entered largely into all sports and diversions; kept a liberal household, partly after the old English open hospitality, partly after the decorous fashion of German economy; and, whether that she really *was* exuberantly rejoiced to be free from the perilous chains of royal wedlock, or merely that she affected excessive happiness, in order to lull to sleep Henry's suspicions, showed herself much livelier, cheerfuller, and more openly gay, after the dissolution of her marriage, than she had ever been during its pendency, when she was probably distracted with anxieties and apprehensions.

Henry visited her, not unfrequently at Richmond, and always found a pleasant and light-hearted welcome from her. During the brief reign of her successor, Katharine Howard, she was once a visitor of the royal pair, and passed some days with them at the royal residence of Hampton Court; but when, after her rival's bloody death, her friends, in Germany, and the Protestant party in England, hoped and endeavored to reinstate her, she held prudently but positively aloof, unwilling, if it had been offered to her, to resume the dangerous dignity from which she had so happily escaped.

It is remarkable, that Hever castle, the patrimony of Anne Boleyn, of which the king had, with his usual grasping tyranny, possessed himself on her murder, became one of the jointure houses of Anne of Cleves, to which was added, in exchange for the manor of Blitchingley, which was also her property, Penshurst, famous in after days, as the birth-place of the gallant Sir Philip Sydney. Here, and at her other rural manors, the noble daughter of Cleves happily and tranquilly passed the noon of her life. She had become thoroughly English in her heart and feelings, and lived the life —useful, serene, and tranquil, but noiseless and unshining,—of a noble English lady. When she appeared in public, the precedence, which had been guaranteed to her, was unhesitatingly accorded. But that was not often, for she shunned splendor and sought repose. She lived in the closest amity with her step-daughters,—the Protestant Elizabeth, as with the Romish and priest-ridden Mary,—as the constant interchange of gifts and good offices between them, and the bequests to them in her last testament, clearly evinces. Her last public appear ance was at the inauspicious marriage of the latter princess to Philip of Spain, a union which entailed misery on her country, infamy and detestation on her name. "The daughter of Cleves" survived her barbarous and brutal lord by ten years, and, by his death, was at liberty if she chose it, again to try the bitters and the sweets of the matrimonial cup; but her experience was not such as to tempt her to the trial. She died as she had lived, an honorable, unpretending, happy, English lady; but strange to say, having entered that Protestant realm, a Protestant, she left it, when she died, a Papist. She died peacefully, at the palace in Chelsea, of a declining sickness, in the forty-first year of her age, leaving a will singularly indicative of her amiable and gentle character. "Her beneficent spirit," says Miss Strickland, with much truth, "was wholly occupied in deeds of mercy, caring for the happiness of her maidens and alms-children, and forgetting not any faithful servant, however lowly in degree."

Many more beautiful and showy women, many greater and more celebrated queens have gone to their long homes, but few, if any, more highly endowed with all the best and sweetest qualities of womanhood.

She was buried, by Queen Mary's order, with some magnificence, in Westminster Abbey. Her tomb occupies a place of great honor, near the high altar, at the feet of King Sebert, the original founder of that minster church; but it is rarely recognized, though on a close inspection her initials, A. C., interwoven in a monogram, may be discovered on various parts of the structure, which was never finished. "Not one of Henry's wives," says Fuller, "excepting Anne of Cleves, had a monument, and hers was but a half a one."

KATHARINE HOWARD.

MARRIED, 1540; BEHEADED, 1541.

> Was she chaste and fair,
> Worthy a king's, or more, a Roman's bed?
>
> How lived, how loved, how died she?
>
> BYRON. *Childe Harold.*

KATHARINE HOWARD.

BORN, 1522; MARRIED, 1540; BEHEADED, 1542.

> Was she chaste and fair,
> Worthy a king's, or more, a Roman's bed.
>
> How lived, how loved, how died she?
>
> BYRON.

CHAPTER VIII.

History, in all its sad details, has no sadder tale than this of the young, beautiful, unhappy Howard, whom youth, station, beauty seem only to have betrayed into deeper and more inevitable ruin. In all England's splendid and illustrious aristocracy, there is no nobler name than that from which she sprang; and at no period, earlier or later, of English history was that noble name more gloriously or more constantly brought before the public, than during the reign of Henry VIII. In the first brilliant years of his sway, full of promise and prosperity, before one trait of his evil passions had developed itself, while he was yet, to all eyes, the brave, intelligent, aspiring youth, full of the high, mingled blood of the Tudors and Plantagenets, eager to win honor and renown from, then, hereditarily hostile France, one scion of this noble name distinguished himself by his gallant bearing and glorious death, as lord high admiral of England, the brave, blunt, truly English sailor, Sir Edward Howard. He left, in his testament, the gold and jewelled cup of Thomas à Becket to Queen Katharine of Arragon, and to the king his golden whistle, the insignia which belonged, of right, to his office, and which he suspended about his neck by a chain of the same precious metal. It fell to the lot of a grander and nobler legatee. Boarding a French galliot, under the batteries of the bay of Conquèt, he was unsupported by his men, and died, fighting desperately against the pikes of the enemy, thus making good in his death his favorite maxim, that the valor of a sailor ought to be akin to madness. Before he fell, however, he cast his whistle into the waves, that it should not be a trophy in the hands of the enemy. It is not unfit that the sea should receive the noble legacy of one dying English admiral, when so many of those have won their laurels from the sea.

To him succeeded, as high admiral, his brother, the Lord Thomas Howard; for at that time the distinction was not clearly defined, between the sea and land services, and even at a much later date we find instances of admirals, such as Coligny and D'Andelot, performing the duties of generals by land; and of generals, on the other hand, commanding ships at sea. In fact, the services were not distinct; for the crew who worked the ship, under marine officers, had nothing to do with the fighting of it; while the men-at-arms, who fought under the command of their own captains, had nothing to do with the nautical manœuvres, and probably scarce knew the stem from the stern of the vessel.

In the terrible and glorious victory of Flodden, which was won by his father, the gallant Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas led the English van, on which fell the brunt of the action, and which was for a considerable time in much jeopardy being oppressed by numbers, and nearly borne down by the serried phalanx of Scottish spears, under Lennox and Argyle. Under Sir Thomas, served yet another brother, Edmund, who showed singular valor in the action, and was thrice dismounted, three horses being killed under him. For their share in this victory, the Earl of Surrey was elevated to the dukedom of Norfolk, Lord Thomas to the earldom of Surrey, and an augmentation was granted to the arms of Howard, the upper half of a red lion, the royal bearing of Scotland, pierced with an arrow.

This Sir Edmund—who was one of the noble *bachelors* who followed Mary of England in her bridal train to France, in which figured also his lovely niece, daughter of his own sister, Anne Boleyn—married Joyeuse, or Jocosa, daughter of Sir Richard Culpepper, of Hollingbourne, in Kent, and widow of Sir John Leigh. By her he had three sons, first, and thereafter three daughters, the second of whom is the subject of this memoir, being, in a word, his fifth child. Now, supposing Sir Edmund to have been married in the autumn of the very year in which we find him a bachelor, that is to say, 1515, it is impossible that his fifth child could have been born previous to the close of the year 1520, or the commencement of 1521.

There is an object in this calculation, as will appear hereafter, stronger than the mere verification of a date; since to her extreme youth may be ascribed all the imprudencies and miseries of this unhappy girl, and on it must be founded all that we can offer in her apology.

Early in Katharine's childhood her own mother died — the greatest misfortune, beyond doubt, that can befall a woman—and her father married, a second time, Dorothy, the daughter of Lord Troyes. The old and noble duke, the Earl of Sur rey of Flodden, dying shortly after Edmund's first wife, Sir Thomas, afterward created Earl Surrey, became duke; and Sir Edmund, being about this time appointed controller of Calais and its marches, availed himself of the offer of his stepmother, Agnes Tylney, the dowager duchess, to bring up the little Katharine in her household.

It must be borne in mind, that at this period it was not the general use of parents, especially of royal or very noble houses, to bring up their children at home, but rather to place them out in other households of equal rank, where they were educated, it seems to have been supposed, better and more stringently—a certain degree of honorable semi-servitude being then considered necessary to the formation of the youth of both sexes—than they could have been under the domestic roof. In this instance, the practice was the ruin of Katharine.

Of the character or history of this Agnes Tylney, the old duchess of Norfolk, as she was called, to distinguish her from the wife of her step-son, little is known; and that little equally unfavorable to the qualities of her heart and of her head, but more especially of the latter. She appears, in the circumstances brought up by this sad case, to have been a person of no judgment, a vain, talkative, weak, gossipping old woman, without either prudence or common sense.

She was continually at feud, and, it would seem, engaged in lawsuits with her step-sons, especially with the present duke; to which must, apparently, be attributed the rancorous enmity exhibited by that nobleman to both his unfortunate nieces, at times when their cruel situation most claimed the sympathy if not the succor and support, of a kinsman.

The duchess, at the time when Katharine was committed to ner charge, resided at Lambeth, which was a very general resort of Henry's nobles and courtiers, being regarded as one of the most pleasant and fashionable quarters in the vicinity of the court, with fine lawns, orchards, and gardens, sloping to the river, and numerous palatial residences, among which were those of Katharine's uncles, the Duke of Norfolk, the Lord William Howard, as also of the Lord Beaumont, and other great persons.

In the court of her elder niece, Anne Boleyn, the old countess played a somewhat prominent part, figuring both in her coronation and in the christening of Elizabeth, the two events taking place in the same year, 1533 — a fatal one, indeed, to the unhappy Katharine, who was now only in her thirteenth year. We know so little of the interior and domestic arrangements of the great baronial houses of this day, that it is scarcely possible to say how far the circumstances of this child's ruin—for she was but a child — are to be attributed to especial neglect on the part of the duchess, and how far they are ascribable only to the lax system and rude and vicious habits of the time. It is certain, however, that she was made to associate with waiting women, persons not of family or station, as their names clearly indicate, but mere servants, living among them, and sleeping at night with them, in the same common dormitory. And, melancholy to relate, they chanced to be the most depraved of their sex.

There was in the household of the duchess, one Henry Manox, a player of virginals—it is worthy of remark in this connection, that at this time, and long after, the musicians, lute-players, and singers of the court society, perform a large part, in all the most disgraceful intrigues of the day. Low born, and often illiterate men, raised for the most part by their mu sical talents from the dregs of society, not gentlemen from innate instincts, education, or high feeling, and yet raised by their art, and by their position as instructors, to a certain station of equality among gentlemen, and to terms of intimacy with their pupils, their standing in the community was anomalous, their influence was almost invariably evil, and themselves, for the most part, thorough profligates and villains. This Manox had become intimate with the unlucky child, at Horsham, the country place of the duchess, in Norfolk; and, though he had not seduced her, which her tender years forbade, he had obtained a fearful degree of intimacy with her; had brought her to consent to a clandestine correspondence with him, which was carried on, in succession, by two of the duchess's women, one Mistress Isabel, and, after her, one Dorothy Barwyke. About this juncture, a person named Mary Lascelles, entered the household of the duchess; she had been nurse to the Lord William Howard's first child, and, on the death of his wife, was engaged to attend the youthful Katharine. This woman, speedily discovering, from the prattling of the servants, that there were love passages between the young lady and the musician, reproached him violently; threatened him for his presumption, and concluded by telling him, "She is come of a noble house, and if thou shouldst marry her, some of her house would kill thee." He replied, in the most profligate language, avowing openly that he thought not of marriage, that his intentions were dishonorable, and that, from the liberties Katharine had permitted him, he was confident of success.

This infamous Lascelles, who, after ruining the girl, in the end betrayed the queen, and brought her to the block, instead of reporting this villainy to the duchess, who might have prevented farther misery and shame, told Katharine herself what had passed and, although the poor child answered, in her shame and indignation, that "she cared not for him," she immediately gave the lie to her own words, by going, in the company of this base woman, in search of the virginal player, to the servant's hall of Lord Beaumont, where she found and upbraided him with his infamy; but on his pleading the excess of passion as his excuse, saying "that he was mad, and knew not what he said," she had the weakness to forgive him. She was once seen in his company, afterward, walking in the orchard of the duchess with him at Lambeth.

Such is the history, a sad one and pitiable, of her first lapse from discretion, if not from virtue. If she were innocent in fact, it was her tender years alone, that protected her; chance, not steadiness or honor, that preserved her. Of the villain, Manox, no more is known; nor does he again figure in history, until he is found, shortly previous to the concluding tragedy, a musician in the king's household, into which, like another infamous person, Joan Bulmer, a confidant of her guilty indiscretions in early youth, who called herself Katharine's secretary, he had compelled the queen to procure his admission, by threats of disclosure.

The next case is more conclusive, not of indiscretion, but of actual guilt, infamy, and turpitude almost inconceivable. A bold, wild, dashing cavalier, named Francis Dereham, a gentleman pensioner of the Duke of Norfolk, who maintained a band of these daring desperadoes, fierce profligate hangers on, the last remains of the feudal retainers of the middle ages, a bold, handsome, insinuating man, an especial favorite of the old duchess, and a distant blood relation of the family, succeeded next to make himself master, not of her heart only, but of her person.

Of the fact, there is no doubt; it cannot be disputed or concealed; nor did Katharine herself attempt to deny it, although she persisted, to the last, in asserting that all the favors he obtained from her, were obtained by violence. This, however is totally disproved, and rendered impossible by the circumstances, which are too gross and revolting for detail or comment.

This Dereham, as it was shown, and admitted, on her trial, had obtained means of access to the women's dormitory, after the duchess had locked the door, as was her wont, and retired for the night. Hither he used to repair often, bringing with him wine, strawberries, and other dainties, to regale the young lady of his lawless love, and her attendants; and there, it was notorious that he was almost openly admitted to possession of her charms.

There is much reason to believe that she truly loved this bold, bad man, and some, to suspect that she was troth-plighted to him. It was shown that they were in the habit of kissing and caressing each other publicly, before witnesses, and calling each other husband and wife. Dereham was wont to procure her articles of dress and feminine finery, at her request, at his own expense; she wore embroidered pansies for "remembrance" of him, and friar's knots for "Francis;" and so open and indiscreet were their endearments, that the old duchess at length discovering that something was amiss, boxed Mrs. Bulmer's ears for permitting such improprieties, and chastised both her young relation, and Dereham, whom she drove from her presence.

It is even doubtful whether already, and not at a later date, though still prior to her marriage with Henry, the duchess was not aware of all the circumstances of the case.

At length Dereham, who was a most reckless adventurer, was involved in some transaction, which rendered it necessary that he should leave his country for a while, when he betook himself to Ireland, with which he had some unnamed connection, and where he is said, and that with much probability, to have been periodically engaged as a buccaneer or pirate. At this, his first evasion, he left all his money, to the amount of above a hundred pounds, in Katharine's charge, declaring that if he came not back again, he constituted her his heiress; but, unhappily, he did return; the correspondence was renewed, and the whole affair was discovered. It cannot be doubted that it was, now, actually known to many persons, though from respect to her father, and the great family to which she belonged, it was hushed up for the moment.

Dereham was now fain to fly in earnest, lest some of the ruined girl's hot-blooded and infuriate relations should sacrifice him, as they surely would have done, an offering due to vengeance and family honor.

For a time, through the woman Ackworth, afterward by marriage Bulmer, styling herself her secretary, Katharine still continued to keep up a secret correspondence with the fugitive, to whom she had said, amid tears and last embraces, as, at peril of his life, he bade her his last adieu, these memorable words—"Never shalt thou live to say to me, 'thou hast swerved.'"

It would almost appear, from this peculiar mention of Katharine's secretary, in connection with letters of a nature, which no woman would be likely to entrust to an amanuensis, and from some other circumstances which occur later in her history, as well as from the fact that there is no trace, among the state papers, of anything in the shape of a document, written or signed by her, that this high born lady was not able to write. Yet in the age in which she lived, when a higher degree of knowledge was common among refined women, including even the use of Latin and Greek, than is often met at the present day, this would be a thing so unaccountable as to argue, on the part of her guardians, even a greater degree of neglect and want of supervision, than we have a right to assume.

After Dereham's departure, a remarkable change came over Katharine. She seemed to awake to a clear sense of her criminality, of the ruin and disgrace into which she had been betrayed; and to a clear perception of the unworthiness and infamy of those who had destroyed her. She was, henceforth, as remarkable for her extreme modesty, feminine reserve, and maidenly deportment, as she had been before for willfulness and wantonness, which seem, however, to have arisen more from the thoughtless levity and the want of proper education, and the absence of proper standards, than from a perverted heart, or the dominion of evil passions.

All her errors were committed at a very early age; certainly before she had attained her fifteenth year; and, as she advanced toward womanhood, the delicacy and sense of shame which she had never learned in her childhood from a mother's holy teaching, seems to have dawned on her all at once, and increased immediately to their full force, so as to become, from that day forth, the rule and motive principle of her life. Dereham, it appears, after a time, returned clandestinely from Ireland, and made some efforts to regain his ancient intimacy with her; but, with the reserve and refinement which had come to her, alas! too late, she had contracted a repugnance, amounting almost to personal abhorrence and fear of the man, who had perverted her innocent ignorance of evil to such base uses.

She repelled him contemptuously; and when a report having arisen to the effect that she was about to be married to her maternal kinsman, Thomas Culpepper, Dereham, attributing her altered manner to this circumstance, asked her "if she was going to be married to him, for he heard it so reported," answered him with scorn and anger—"what should you trouble me therewith, for you know I will not have *you;* and if you heard such a report, you have heard more than I do know."

It is alleged, moreover, that he endeavored to use his influence to prevent her from going to court; but if he did so, influence and authority were alike wanting to him; she went, in an evil hour to herself, and he returned to his wild practices and buccaneering habits, whatever they were, in Ireland.

When Henry was first acquainted with Katharine, when she was first appointed maid of honor to Anne of Cleves, when the sprightliness and beauty of her manner and her person first attached the wandering passions of the king, does not appear; nor can it be positively ascertained how old she was when she was married, though she could not have been older than her eighteenth year. Report says that her first meeting with the arbiter of her life, if not of her fates, for *they* were in some sort determined beforehand, took place at a dinner party at Gardiner's, the bishop of Winchester, and that, even on that first occasion, she had riveted Henry's fancy.

The gossip soon got abroad, and we find it recorded in private letters that, "the king is going to part from his wife, that he may be married to Mrs. Howard, a very little girl"—and again we have Marillac writing to Francis, "Now it is said the king is going to marry a lady of great beauty, daughter to a deceased brother of the Duke of Norfolk. It is even said, that the marriage hath already taken place, and it s kept secret."

It was now, that Katharine's dangers began—her old enemy, Bulmer, hearing of her advancement, wrote, claiming to be admitted into her royal household; and intimidated, doubtless, by fear of disclosure, with that folly which is almost akin to insanity, born of consciousness and terror, she consented.

Secondly, Francis Dereham reäppeared on the stage, and, well aware of what was in progress, observed to one of his comrades—"I could be sure of Mrs. Howard if I would, but I dare not; the king begins to love her, but were he dead, I am sure I might marry her."

Lastly, the old Duchess of Norfolk—whose garrulous folly, continually inquiring of the domestics, as if purposely to keep up the old memories, "what had become of Francis Dereham?" and expressing her opinion "that belike Katharine Howard would know where he was," could scarcely fail to kindle suspicion—was now guilty of the indescribable folly of recommending her to the king, as a person suitable to the honor which he designed for her. By all accounts that remain, all evidence that can be adduced, Katharine was guilty of none of that odious levity and treachery in supplanting her mistress, which must create so much indignation against her cousin Anne, and Jane Seymour. Her conduct was perfectly decorous; she was not wedded until after the divorce of Anne of Cleves was pronounced and promulgated; so, at least, it is authoritatively stated, although no records of the solemnization of this marriage were ever produced. Shortly, however, after its public announcement, Anne of Cleves was the guest of Henry and his new queen, at Hampton court, a fact which is entirely incompatible with the idea of her having wronged her royal mistress, while serving as her maid of honor.

Of this unhappy queen, little is known save the commencement and the end of her career, the sin and the punishment. Of her married life, brief as it was, there is scarcely preserved a memorial. The royal treasures were nearly exhausted, at the date of her marriage, by the pomps and pageants so profusely bestowed to conceal the hollowness, which lay within the outer show, that blazoned the nuptials of the detested, Flemish bride. The royal pair lived, during the first half year, almost like a private couple, amid the peaceful retirements of the country, and in the green shades and grassy parks that surround Hampton court and Windsor castle, the loveliest of England's semi-rural, yet all-magnificent suburban palaces. The king waxed every day fonder and fonder of his beautiful young bride, and but for that fatal, retrospective blot, that hidden blight, cankering unseen, the blush of her bosom's purity and faith, it would be difficult to say that she deserved not his love.

The only memorial, which remains of this portion of her married life, is a sweet, a beautiful, a touching memorial. It shows a feeling heart, one unhardened by the policy, the state intrigue, the cruelty, of a cold court-world, one fearless of misconstruction or reproach, where charity was called for, or sympathy required. It is an order on her tailor—nothing more—in those times tailors were not confined solely to the ruder and harder sex—for a suit of warm, winter apparel, furred night-gowns and petticoats, worsted kirtles and the like, for the venerable Countess of Salisbury, the last of the Plantagenets, who lay, during the cold, winter weather, in the damp dungeons of the tower, a prisoner under sentence of death, despoiled of all her substance, doomed to the block, on which she was scarce to lay her head before it should be followed by the bright, youthful head of her, who now cared so kindly for her wants, in the time of trouble. During the following summer, the royal pair made a progress through the north country, where an unsuccessful rebellion had been recently suppressed, and where, eager to demonstrate their returning loyalty, the whole population received them in extacies of joy and congratulation.

Never had Katharine seen or enjoyed so much of the splendors and charms of royalty, as during this progress; yet, in this progress, she committed the fatal errors that destroyed her. At Pontefract Dereham intruded himself on her, and compelled her, by his pertinacity and threats, seconded by the persuasions of the old duchess, to give him the appointment of her private secretary; or as some say, to employ him, only, in the transcription of two or three private letters, in the absence of her proper secretary. At Lincoln, a few days afterward, she imprudently granted a long private interview to Thomas Culpepper, in her closet or privy chamber, no person being present except the lady Rochefort, the accuser of Anne Boleyn, and witness against her own brother, who was Katharine's lady of the bedchamber.

On the 26th of October, the royal party returned to Windsor, and on the 30th, proceeded to Hampton court, there to keep the feast of All Souls; and so little fear did Katharine now entertain from the past, that it may be said, without exaggeration, that never before were the skies of her future so bright and full of promise.

Henry had actually drawn up a memorandum, and handed it to the Bishop of Lincoln, whereby he should frame a thanksgiving to be offered up to God on the morrow, recording his especial gratitude for the excellent good wife he had vouchsafed to him, and for the happy times he was enjoying and hoped to enjoy with her.

When that morrow came, Cranmer handed him in return, a a paper containing a full and succinct account of all Katharine's ante-connubial errors, praying the king to examine it at his leisure, and inform him of his pleasure on the subject.

It was pretended that the brother of the wretched woman, Lascelles, had divulged the circumstances, which he had from his sister—who was represented as being stung by conscience—to the Archbishop; that he disclosed it to his colleagues, Lord Hertford, and the lord chancellor; and that, together, they judged it too grave a matter to be concealed from his majesty.

The truth is probably this. By the divorce of Anne of Cleves, the Lutheran party, which had gained a temporary ascendency, was cast down, and the "men of the old learning," had regained the king's ear by Katharine's elevation, that lady being, as has been noted, the niece of the Duke of Norfolk, and patronized by Gardiner who were avowedly inclined to that party. It has been alleged that Henry's fifth queen had enlisted herself in their cause, and was using the influence she possessed with the king, which was very great, to overthrow Cranmer and the reformers. No proof can be adduced of this tradition. Katharine Howard does not appear to have possessed the talents implied by the supposition of such a scheme, if she had the will, which is doubtful, nor was she of a jealous or intriguing disposition. Beyond question, however, a privy council had been held at Gorstwick's house—the owner of which had, the preceding spring, openly accused Cranmer of heresy in parliament—Gardiner presiding; at which it was resolved to take strenuous measures against that prelate, who was undeniably in secret a reformer, to the full extent of the Lutheran creed.

To save himself, it was necessary to strike a blow that should be felt by the whole of the Romish and Anglican church-party, and what so ready method of doing so, as through the queen? Her secret, known to so many, had undoubtedly been whispered secretly abroad, since her rise to such high station; for faults and sins, which may lie hid in the humble and the lowly, "whose fortunes and the stories of their lives are plunged," as Sallust has it, "in the same obscurity," are instantly revealed and made clear as day by the blaze of distinction, which makes public the virtues alike and the vices of the high and proud in birth and station. To the great it is permitted to have nothing secret. Katharine, unhappy child, was neither proud nor haughty—with all her faults, she had a loving nature, a humble and retiring disposition; but the curse of greatness had fallen upon her, and wear it as she might, she was to rue it. Attention once called to her early life, suspicion once awakened, and revenge and policy seeking her destruction, witnesses were easily obtained without subornation, and the whole truth was revealed; nor the truth only, for doubts were circulated, as if she had persisted in her licentious courses, and dishonored the king's bed.

The king was, at first, utterly incredulous; but, as was natural, for his own satisfaction, and for her honor, which he fully expected to establish, he ordered an inquisition of the most private character. The woman, Lascelles, was brought up from the country; Dereham was arrested on a charge of piracy. But before any examination was had, the fact that Bulmer, Manox Dereham, were all found in her household, by her own appointment, told fatally against her. To this was added, as usual, the folly of the old Duchess of Norfolk, who actually pointed Dereham out to a lady, in the queen's chamber, with a "There, that is he that fled to Ireland for the queen's sake."

Lascelles persisted in her story. Dereham boldly avowed the truth. He had been troth-plighted to Katharine; had lived with her as a man with his wife; they were regarded so by the servants; they were wont to call one another husband and wife, before witnesses, and he had given her money whenever he had it. He thought, doubtless, to save her life by this avowal; as, if sustained, it would suffice to procure a divorce, and no one desired her blood. He positively denied any subsequent connection, even under the extremity of torture, to which he was submitted with the utmost barbarity.

Henry's proud and savage heart was almost broken. He burst into an agony of tears in the presence of all his council—what torture it must have needed to wring such testimony of weakness from his imperious character and merciless temper! He had really loved this woman, and again and again, even after she had confessed her early sins, which she did earnestly, simply—and no one can read her depositions without seeing that they were sincere, also—though she still persevered in denying all subsequent wrong or defilement of the royal couch, his heart still yearned to her, still relented; and though he could never, obviously, be reconciled to a woman so tainted, or receive her back to his bosom, he would have spared her—he was eager and earnest to spare her, and would have done so, could he have been separated from her by any legal process. How different from his conduct toward Anne Boleyn, whom, without half the evidence, he hunted with unrelenting fury to the block.

Even Cranmer, it seems, content with her fall, would have spared her life, and urged her to admit a precontract with Dereham, which would have enabled them to grant a divorce. But whether from folly, or pride, she persisted. There had been no troth-plight—she had never thought to marry him—whatever he had obtained from her, was obtained by violence!

That sealed her fate beyond redemption. The king must be liberated. He could be liberated by her blood only. Therefore, her blood must flow.

The privy council, unable to find the least shadow of evidence against her, in the matter of Dereham, determined that she should be accused of adultery with Culpepper. All her relatives, from the old duchess downward, were arrested for misprision of treason, and, though no evidence could be produced against any one, except this—that Culpepper had been in the queen's chamber, on one occasion, in the presence of the Lady Rochefort, only—they were all found guilty. The queen, the Lady Rochefort, Culpepper and Dereham, of high treason—all the rest for misprision of treason, which was at that time also a capital offence.

Culpepper and Dereham suffered first—the former beheaded, in deference to his rank, the other drawn and quartered, with all the horrors of the then existing penalty for treason. They both denied, to the last, the offence for which they died.

The queen and Lady Rochefort were both condemned, unheard, and without defence, by attainder. It is stated that the queen had confessed, but it is evident, throughout the whole proceedings, that she confessed nothing, as she was, in deed, guilty of nothing, *subsequent to her marriage.*

"When the commons entered," says Miss Strickland, "the assent of the king to the bill was given by commission, and the fatal sentence, *le Roi le veut*, was pronounced to the act which deprived a queen of England of her life, and loaded her memory with obloquy of so dark a hue, that no historian has ventured to raise the veil, even to enquire how far the charges are based on fact.

On the 11th of February the fatal doom was decreed; on the thirteenth she was led to the scaffold, in company with Lady Rochefort, the innocent victim of the present plot of Cranmer, the guilty accomplice of Anne Boleyn's murder. They both died humbly, meekly, piously—confessing that for sundry misdemeanors and grievous offences, they deserved to die; but both declaring their innocence of that for which they suffered. There is no doubt that they were innocent; and from the stones of the tower yard, in front of the church of *St. Peter ad vincula*, their blood still cries to heaven for vengeance.

The rest of the prisoners received pardon, on various terms of composition; but the fierceness with which Henry henceforth raged against the blood of the Howards, the death of "Surrey of the deathless lay," and the doom of the Duke of Norfolk—prevented only by the previous death of the tyrant—can be attributed to no other cause than this. Acts so absurdly stringent, against any woman, who should marry the king, not being a maiden, and against all her relatives, if knowing the fact, they should fail to disclose it, now passed the parliament, that it was generally said in derision, that if the king should marry again, he must needs marry a widow—a jesting prophecy, which was realized by the fact—since no virgin would dare to accept him under the penalties.

So great was the detestation of his sanguinary conduct, and such the disgust in which he was now held, on the European continent, that, when he offered his hand to Christina, the dowager duchess of Milan, she declined it, with the remark, that "if she had two heads, one would have been at the service of his majesty of England."

KATHARINE PARR, OF KENDAL.

MARRIED, 1543; DIED, 1548.

SHE actually told him, "that it was better to be his mistress than his wife." LETI. *Quoted by Miss Strickland.*

'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord.
I am a subject, fit to jest withal,
But most unfit to be a sovereign.
SHAKSPEARE. *King Henry VI.*

KATHARINE PARR.

BORN, 1513; MARRIED, 1543; DECEASED, 1548.

SHE actually told him, "that it was better to be his mistress than his wife.

LETI.

'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord.
I am a subject, fit to jest withal,
But most unfit to be a sovereign.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE sixth queen of Henry, and first Protestant queen of England, was one of those fortunate women, who ran her course through the world, blessed and dispensing blessings, yet in a course so noiseless and serene, that she has scarce left a sign or a sound to tell of her transit. Such is ever the case with the purest and holiest lives, as it is with the calmest and most peaceful epochs.

Her gentle and graceful career, much of which was spent in the peaceful dales of Westmoreland, and the green lap of Kendale, wherein she was born, was like that of those men, celebrated in the harmonious words of Longfellow, those innocent Acadian farmers,

"Whose lives glided on, like rivers that water the woodland,
Darkened by shadows of earth, yet reflecting the image of heaven."

Beyond bare dates, and the brief statement that she was good, learned, virtuous, humble, meek, and beloved, wheresoever she went, there is little to relate of her—that she lived, was Henry's wife, and, wonderful to tell, outlived him. At a very early age she lost her father, and also at a very early age she wedded the Lord Borough, a north country nobleman, who had a fine mansion at Catterick, and another at Newark upon Trent. He was a widower, with children, and was connected in about the fourth degree to Katharine. He died in 1528–9, and left Katharine in her fifteenth year, a widow, an heiress, young, beautiful, childless.

For several years she remained a widow, residing for the most part at Sizergh castle, in the lake country, wherein is still shown an apartment known as the queen's chamber, in which are preserved specimens of her handiwork, a bed-quilt and toilet-cover of white satin, elaborately embroidered, in colors and on a material, which, according to Miss Strickland, far exceed in quality, hue, texture, and finish, any productions of the present degenerate day.

The lady I have quoted, is ever eager to celebrate even the smallest details concerning those whom she admires and takes under her patronage, and of these her most especial favorite, perhaps, because she was of the blood of the Stricklands, is Katharine Parr. She revels, accordingly, in descriptions of all the scenes, halls, castles, bed rooms, withdrawing rooms, banqueting rooms, and all their furniture, which Katharine ever saw, or probably, or even possibly, might have seen or visited. I shall not follow her example.

There are, in fact, but three or four things remarkable in her life. The first, that herself four times a widow, thrice of widowers, she was the sixth wife of a king whom she survived, and then married the only man she had ever loved, only to rue the marriage. That she was once on the point of perishing at the stake for her generous advocacy of the cause of the reformation, and that she escaped that fate only by her own address and cleverness.

Her second marriage was to the Lord Latimer, who, during his short married life, was engaged in the first northern insurrection, received his pardon in 1536, and would have engaged in the second, but for the prudence of his wife, who persuaded him against it, and thus saved his life and preserved his fortunes. He died, leaving Katharine a second time a widow, still under thirty years of age, a greater heiress than before, still passing fair, still childless. He died in 1543, about a year after the death of the unfortunate Katharine Howard, whom his widow was destined to succeed. Shortly after his death, the lady, who had been always of a grave turn of mind, and addicted to learning—she wrote a beautiful manuscript, and was skilled in composition, both in Greek and Latin — rather than to lighter accomplishments, became converted to the new doctrines, of which she continued from that day forth an ardent disciple, and, so soon as she had acquired the power, an eminent patroness and protectress of all who professed it.

Exactly how or when she became intimately acquainted with Henry, does not clearly appear; but there had always existed a friendly connection between the families, manifested by an interchange of courtesies and presents, the Parrs claiming some blood connection with royalty.

Katharine's sister, the Lady Herbert, wife of William, afterward knight of the garter and first earl of Pembroke, of the second creation, was much about his court, and had figured as an important personage about both of his two last queens, little dreaming probably that her own sister would be the next. It has even been conjectured that Katharine herself was retained in the royal household, as preceptress or guardian to Henry's children; but, for this conjecture, there is no foundation, beyond the fact, that after her marriage, she was a kind preceptress to the youthful princesses, that they were sincerely attached to her, and that the manuscript of Prince Edward closely resembles her own.

At this period, Sir Thomas Seymour, the brother of the late Queen Jane, afterward duke of Somerset, the gayest and most glorious cavalier of the day, was struck with the charms of the pious young widow, and it seems that to him, both her ear and her heart she did seriously incline. But, at the same moment, a greater and more formidable suitor entered the lists, even the king himself; and, although Katharine did not express much delight at the honor, or meet the royal suit with much encouragement, Seymour withdrew, daunted probably by the idea of rivalling the cruel king, and in the end, as usual, the suit of royalty prevailed. It is not, indeed, very certain, how far, in such a case, the privileges of the sex might be allowed to prevail, and whether to refuse the king might not be held even a graver offence, than not to give him satisfaction as a wife.

It is certain, at all events, that when the king first disclosed to the lady his intention of raising her to the crown matrimonial, she actually showed terror instead of joy; and, indeed, told him in so many words, that it was better to be his "mistress than to be his wife." Nevertheless, she consented, and on July 10th, 1543, Cranmer granted a dispensation, and on the second day thereafter, the fair widow, throwing off the weeds of her second widowhood, before they had been two months worn, was led to the altar by her singular and formidable bridegroom. The royal coffers were still suffering under the same depletion, which had caused the nuptials of Katharine Howard to be celebrated with so little splendor, and so scanty ceremonial; but if the wedding ceremony of Katharine Parr lacked the pomp and pageantry, which distinguished those of Katharine of Arragon and Anne of Cleves, neither were they marred by the indecent haste and unbecoming secrecy, which disgraced those of Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard.

On the whole, her married life was less unhappy, than might have been expected. Henry, if he had not the furious passion for her, which he had for his earlier idols, had the fullest confidence in her judgment and virtue, and suffered her to exercise much influence over him. To her honor, be it spoken, that influence was ever exerted for the good. The flames of martyrdom were raging cruelly, the scaffold was streaming with noble and Catholic blood, and if she could neither quench the one, nor stop the red torrent which flowed from the other, she at least subtracted many victims, and that without distinction of sect or religion, from both.

In the characters of his three children, most of what is good may be traced directly to her pure and classic education, her firm and sensible yet gentle system.

He showed his confidence in her by appointing her regent of his realm, with greater powers than had ever before been given to a woman, when he went for the last time to wage war in France; and, though on his return, the wiles of Gardiner, Audley, and Wriothesley had nearly involved her in ruin, on a charge of heresy, so that the warrant for her arrest was actually signed, and the guard despatched to arrest her, it needed but a few words from her persuasive lips, ere the danger was overpassed. They were again "sweethearts and fast friends," and when the chancellor came with his beef-eaters to take her into custody, he got nothing for his pains but hard words—"beast!" "knave!" and "fool!" were the mildest terms, which he vouchsafed to the most trusty and subservient ministers of his pleasures, when they chanced to offend him, and when Katharine would, on this occasion, have interceded for her enemy, "Ah! poor soul!" said this most inconsistent of mortal kings or men, "thou little knowest, Kate, how little he deserveth this grace at thy hands. On my word! sweetheart, he hath been to thee a very knave."

Shortly afterward, Henry himself departed from this life, giving up that crown which he had received amid the universal joy of his subjects, in the midst of satisfaction and joy greater, if less noisy, than that which had hailed his coronation.

By his death, he liberated many prisoners, the conqueror of Flodden among the rest, from the dungeon and the death doom; he liberated his kingdom from the terror, under which it had groaned and shuddered, during the last twenty years; and his last fair wife, happier to be his widow than his wife, from chains, which, if gilded, were, nevertheless, chains, and that neither the lightest nor the least irksome.

He, indeed, above all other men who ever lived,

"Left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale,"

while she, his last wife, deserved in very deed the eulogium which was improperly bestowed upon another who deserved it not.

Katharine Parr it is, who, indeed, was "the fairest, discreetest, and most meritorious of all the six wives" of the worst husband, if not the wickedest man, who ever abused great talents, great powers, great position, and disgraced the crown of which she, his last consort, was, perhaps, the brightest ornament.

Except Katharine of Arragon, none other of his wives could compare, for a moment, with Katharine Parr, who, in addition to domestic virtues never surpassed, greatness meekly and mercifully borne, and high talents not wasted, but so used as to bring forth an hundred fold, united this high claim to the regard of posterity—

The last wife of Henry VIII. was the first Protestant queen of England, and she was an English woman born; even as persecuting Mary, the first-born daughter of that persecuting monarch, was its last Papist queen, and God grant she may be the last forever ·

THE END.

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